

School Edition

THE WORKS
OF
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON
POET LAUREATE

69

IN FOUR PARTS

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QUEEN MARY:

A DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

QUEEN MARY.

PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.*

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate.*

SIMON RENARD, *Spanish Ambassador.*

LE SEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador.*

THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner.*

EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon.*

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.*

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME. LORD PAGET. LORD PETRE.

STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.*

EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London.* THOMAS THIRLBY, *Bishop of Ely.*

SIR THOMAS WYATT } *Insurrectionary Leaders.*

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD }
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL. SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD. SIR WILLIAM CECIL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Lord Mayor of London.*

THE DUKE OF ALVA } *attending on Philip.*

THE COUNT DE FERIA }
PETER MARTYR. FATHER COLE. FATHER BOURNE.

VILLA GARCIA. SOTO.

CAPTAIN BRETT } *Adherents of Wyatt.*

ANTHONY KNYVETT }
PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard.*

ROGER, *Servant to Noailles.* WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt.*

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth.*

OLD NOKES and NOKES.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *Mother of Courtenay.*

LADY CLARENCE } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.*

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES }

ALICE }
MAID OF HONOUR *to the Princess Elizabeth.*

JOAN } *two Country Wives.*

TID }

Lord and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshalsmen, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

Marshalman. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your

horns. before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! •Shout, knaves!

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary!

First Citizen. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

Second Citizen. It means a bastard.

Third Citizen. Nay, it meanstrue-born.

First Citizen. Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

Second Citizen. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

Third Citizen. That was after, man; that was after.

First Citizen. Then which is the bastard?

Second Citizen. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

Third Citizen. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses.

Old Nokes (dreamily). Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

Third Citizen. No, old Nokes.

Old Nokes. It's Harry!

Third Citizen. It's Queen Mary.

Old Nokes. The blessed Mary's a-passing! [Falls on his knees.

Nokes. Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

Third Citizen. Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

Nokes. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

Third Citizen. But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

Nokes. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

Marshalman. What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

First Citizen. He swears by the Rood. Whew!

Second Citizen. Hark! the trumpets.

[The Procession passes, Mary and Elizabeth riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace; and death to Northumberland! [Exit.

Remain TWO GENTLEMEN.

First Gentleman. By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

Second Gentleman. She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

First Gentleman. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

Second Gentleman. Ay, that was in her hour of joy; there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again: this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

First Gentleman. And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

Second Gentleman. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

First Gentleman. There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

Second Gentleman. I suppose you touch upon the rumour that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumour.

First Gentleman. She is going now

to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

First Gentleman. Ay, but he's too old.

Second Gentleman. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal; but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman. O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his aching, and his breakage, if that were all: will you not follow the procession?

Second Gentleman. No; I have seen enough for this day.

First Gentleman. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

Cranmer. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Pointet, Barlow,

Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans

Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—

Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;

So they report: I shall be left alone.

No: Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR.

Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name

IV.

Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent

That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

Cranmer. Stand first it may, but it was written last:

Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd

Before me: nay, the Judges had pronounced

That our young Edward might bequeath the crown

Of England, putting by his father's will. Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.

The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,

Damp with the sweat of death, and gripping mine,

Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield His Church of England to the Papal wolf And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd.

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency, She cannot pass her traitor council by, To make me headless.

Peter Martyr. That might be forgiven. I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not own The bodily presence in the Eucharist, Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice: Your creed will be your death.

Cranmer. Step after step, Thro' many voices crying right and left, Have I climb'd back into the primal church,

And stand within the porch, and Christ with me:

My flight were such a scandal to the faith, The downfall of so many simple souls, I dare not leave my post.

Peter Martyr. But you divorced Queen Catharine and her father; hence, her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd.

Cranmer. I cannot help it. The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.

'Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife.'

—'Tis written, 'They shall be childless.' True, Mary was born,

But France would not accept her for a
 bride
 As being born from incest; and this
 wrought
 Upon the king; and child by child, you
 know,
 Were momentary sparkles out as quick
 Almost as kindled; and he brought his
 doubts

And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him
 He *did* believe the bond incestuous.
 But wherefore am I trenching on the
 time

That should already have seen your steps
 a mile

From me and Lambeth? God be with
 you! Go.

Peter Martyr. Ah, but how fierce a
 letter you wrote against
 Their superstition when they slander'd
 you

For setting up a mass at Canterbury
 To please the Queen.

Cranmer. It was a wheedling monk
 Set up the mass.

Peter Martyr. I know it, my good
 Lord.

But you so bubbled over with hot terms
 Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
 She never will forgive you. Fly, my
 Lord, fly!

Cranmer. I wrote it, and God grant
 me power to burn!

Peter Martyr. They have given me a
 safe conduct: for all that
 I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,
 Dear friend, for the last time; farewell,
 and fly.

Cranmer. Fly and farewell, and let
 me die the death.

[Exit Peter Martyr.]

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's
 Officers

Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

Cranmer. Ay, gentle friend, admit
 them. I will go.

I thank my God it is too late to fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit.* A crowd.
 MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURTE-
 NAY. The SIEUR DE NOAILLES *and*
his man ROGER in front of the stage.
Hubbub.

Noailles. Hast thou let fall those
 papers in the palace?

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. 'There will be no peace for
 Mary till Elizabeth lose her head.'

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. And the other, 'Long live
 Elizabeth the Queen!'

Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must tread
 upon them.

Noailles. Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting
 here,

I cannot catch what Father Bourne is
 saying.

Roger. Quiet a moment, my masters;
 hear what the shaveling has to say for
 himself.

Crowd. Hush—hear!

Bourne. —and so this unhappy land,
 long divided in itself, and sever'd from
 the faith, will return into the one true fold,
 seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen
 hath—

Crowd. No pope! no pope!

*Roger (to those about him, mimicking
 Bourne).* —hath sent for the holy legate
 of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal,
 Pole, to give us all that holy absolution
 which—

First Citizen. Old Bourne to the life!

Second Citizen. Holy absolution! holy
 Inquisition!

Third Citizen. Down with the Papist!
 [Hubbub.]

Bourne. —and now that your good
 bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long
 under bonds for the faith— [Hubbub.]

Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in
 among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Elizabeth.

Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as midwinter,
Begin with him.

Roger (goes). By the mass, old friend,
we'll have no pope here while the Lady
Elizabeth lives.

Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith,
fellow, that swearest by the mass?

Roger. Ay, that am I, new converted,
but the old leaven sticks to my tongue
yet.

First Citizen. He says right; by the
mass we'll have no mass here.

Voices of the crowd. Peace! hear him;
let his own words damn the Papist. From
thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him
down!

Bourne. —and since our Gracious
Queen, let me call her our second Virgin
Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true
temple—

First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we'll have
no virgins here—we'll have the Lady
Elizabeth!

*[Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled
and sticks in the pulpit. The mob
throng to the pulpit stairs.]*

Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay,
wilt thou see the holy father

Murdered before thy face? up, son, and
save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come
to harm.

Courtenay (in the pulpit). Shame,
shame, my masters! are you Eng-
lish-born,

And set yourselves by hundreds against
one?

Crowd. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

*[A train of Spanish servants crosses
at the back of the stage.]*

Noailles. These birds of passage come
before their time:

Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard
there.

Roger. My masters, yonder's fatter
game for you

Than this old gaping gargoyle: look you
there—

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our
Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the
city.

*[They seize stones and follow the
Spaniards. Exeunt on the other
side Marchioness of Exeter and
Attendants.]*

Noailles (to Roger). Stand from me.
If Elizabeth lose her head—

That makes for France.

And if her people, anger'd thereupon,
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—
That makes for France.

And if I breed confusion anyway—
That makes for France.

Good-day, my Lord of Devon;
A bold heart yours to beard that raging
mob!

Courtenay. My mother said, Go up;
and up I went.

I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them,
Noailles.

Noailles. You look'd a king.

Courtenay. Why not? I am
king's blood.

Noailles. And in the whirl of change
may come to be one.

Courtenay. Ah!

Noailles. But does your gracious
Queen entreat you kinglike?

Courtenay. 'Fore God, I think she
entreats me like a child.

Noailles. You've but a dull life in this
maiden court,

I fear, my Lord?

Courtenay. A life of nods and yawns.

Noailles. So you would honour my
poor house to-night,

We might enliven you. Divers honest
fellows,

The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from
prison,

Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—

we play.

Courtenay. At what?

Noailles. The Game of Chess.

Courtenay. The Game of Chess!

I can play well, and I shall beat you
there.

Noailles. Ay, but we play with Henry,
King of France,
And certain of his court.
His Highness makes his moves across the
Channel.

We answer him with ours, and there are
messengers
That go between us.

Courtenay. Why, such a game, sir,
were whole years a playing.

Noailles. Nay; not so long I trust.
That all depends

Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

Courtenay. The King is skilful at it?

Noailles. Very, my Lord.

Courtenay. And the stakes high?

Noailles. But not beyond your means.

Courtenay. Well, I'm the first of
players. I shall win.

Noailles. With our advice and in our
company,

And so you well attend to the king's moves,
I think you may.

Courtenay. When do you meet?

Noailles. To-night.

Courtenay (aside). I will be there; the
fellow's at his tricks—

Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*)

Good morning, *Noailles.*

[*Exit Courtenay.*]

Noailles. Good-day, my Lord. Strange
game of chess! a King

That with her own pawns plays against a
Queen,

Whose play is all to find herself a King.

Ay; but this fine blue-blooded *Courtenay*
seems

Too princely for a pawn. Call him a
Knight,

That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
Skips every way, from levity or from fear.

Well, we shall use him somehow, so that
Gardiner

And Simon Renard spy not out our game
Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that

anyone

Suspected thee to be my man?

Roger. Not one, sir.

Noailles. No! the disguise was perfect.

Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

ELIZABETH. Enter *COURTENAY.*

Courtenay. So yet am I,
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to me,
A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.
Pah!

The Queen is ill advised: shall I turn
traitor?

They've almost talked me into it: yet the
word

Affrights me somewhat: to be such a one

As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it.

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your
age,

And by your looks you are not worth the
having,

Yet by your crown you are.

[*Seeing Elizabeth.*]

The Princess there?

If I tried her and la—she's amorous.

Have we not heard of her in Edward's
time,

Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord
Admiral?

I do believe she'd yield. I should be
still

A party in the state; and then, who
knows—

Elizabeth. What are you musing on,
my Lord of Devon?

Courtenay. Has not the Queen—

Elizabeth. Done what, Sir?

Courtenay. —made you follow.

The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox?—
You,

The heir presumptive.

Elizabeth. Why do you ask? you
know it.

Courtenay. You needs must hear it
hardly.

Elizabeth. No, indeed!

I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

Courtenay. Well, I was musing upon
that; the Queen

Is both my foe and yours: we should be
friends.

Elizabeth. My Lord, the hatred of
another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.

Courtenay. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

Elizabeth. My Lord, you late were
loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out
you flutter
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now
would settle
Upon this flower, now that; but all things
here

At court are known; you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected.

Courtenay. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and
sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

Elizabeth. Are you the bee to try me?
why, but now
I cooed you butterfly.

Courtenay. You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly:
Why do you call me butterfly?

Elizabeth. Why do you go so gay then?

Courtenay. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of
Devon

To take my seat in; looks it not right
royal?

Elizabeth. So royal that the Queen
forbad you wearing it.

Courtenay. I wear it then to spite her.

Elizabeth. My Lord, my Lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her
Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince—prelates
kneel to you.—

Courtenay. I am the noblest blood in
Europe, Madam,

A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

Elizabeth. She hears you make your
boast that after all
She means to wed you. Folly, my good
Lord.

Courtenay. How folly? a great party
in the state
Wills me to wed her.

Elizabeth. Failing her, my Lord,
Doth not as great a party in the state
Will you to wed me?

Courtenay. Even so, fair lady.

Elizabeth. You know to flatter ladies.

Courtenay. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.

Elizabeth. My heart, my Lord,
Is no great party in the state as yet.

Courtenay. Great, said you? nay, you
shall be great. I love you,
Lay my life in your hands. Can you be
close?

Elizabeth. Can you, my Lord?
Courtenay. Close as a miser's casket.
Listen:

The King of France, Noailles the Am-
bassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some
others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall
not be.

If Mary will not hear us—well—conjec-
ture—

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me—Your
ear;

You shall be Queen.

Elizabeth. You speak too low,
my Lord;
I cannot hear you.

Courtenay. I'll repeat it.

Elizabeth. No!
Stand further off, or you may lose your
head.

Courtenay. I have a head to lose for
your sweet sake.

Elizabeth. Have you, my Lord? Best
keep it for your own.

Nay, pout not, cousin.

Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many. I believe you mine;
And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, behind.

Mary. Whispering—leagued together
To bar me from my Philip.

Courtenay. Pray—consider—

Elizabeth (seeing the Queen). Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my Lord.

I trust that he will carry you well to-day, And heal your headache.

Courtenay. You are wild; what headache?

Heartache, perchance; not headache.

Elizabeth (aside to Courtenay). Are you blind?

[Courtenay sees the Queen and exit.
Exit Mary.

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

Howard. Was that my Lord of Devon? do not you

Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.

He hath fallen out of favour with the Queen.

She fears the Lords may side with you and him

Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.

And if this Prince of fluff and feather come

To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every-way.

Elizabeth. Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

Howard. But your own state is full of danger here.

The disaffected, heretics, reformers, Look to you as the one to crown their ends.

Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you;

Nay, if by chance you hear of any such, Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,

Let you should be confounded with it. Still—

Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says, You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.

What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

Elizabeth. Whether he told me anything or not,

I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle. Quiet as a dead body.

Howard. You do right well. I do not care to know; but this I charge you,

Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor

(I count it as a kind of virtue in him, He hath not many), as a mastiff dog May love a puppy cur for no more reason Than that the twain have been tied up together,

Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners

So many years in yon accursed Tower—Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;

All oozes out; yet him—because they know him

The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet (Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say,

That you shall marry him, make him King belike.

Elizabeth. Do they say so, good uncle?

Howard. Ay, good niece! You should be plain and open with me, niece.

You should not play upon me.

Elizabeth. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner. The Queen would see you Grace upon the moment.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner. I think she means to counsel your withdrawing

To Ashridge, or some other country house.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner. I do but bring the message, know no more.

Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.

Elizabeth. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word

Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave

Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.

Gardiner. Madam, to have the wish
before the word
Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen is
yours.

I left her with rich jewels in her hand,
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to
make

A farewell present to your Grace.

Elizabeth. My Lord,
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Gardiner. I doubt it not, Madam,
most loyal. [*Bows low and exit.*]

Howard. See,
This comes of parleying with my Lord of
Devon.

Well, well, you must obey; and I myself
Believe it will be better for your welfare.
Your time will come.

Elizabeth. I think my time will come.
Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt within
me

Stirrings of some great doom when God's
just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—his
big baldness,

That irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd
eyes

Half fright me.

Howard. You've a bold heart; keep
it so.

We cannot touch you save that you turn
traitor;

And so take heed I pray you—you are one
Who love that men should smile upon
you, niece.

They'd smile you into treason—some of
them.

Elizabeth. I spy the rock beneath the
smiling sea.

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic
prince,

And this bald priest, and she that hates
me, seek

In that lone house, to practise on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

Howard. They will not, niece.
Mine is the fleet and all the power at
sea—

Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip
and all

Your trouble to the dogstar and the devil.

Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, uncle; they
have lost a sister.

Howard. But why say that? what have
you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the
Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY with PHILIP's miniature. ALICE.

Mary (kissing the miniature). Most
goodly, Kinglike and an Emperor's
son,—

A king to be,—is he not noble, girl?

Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace,
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier.

Mary. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;
All red and white, the fashion of our land.
But my good mother came (God rest her
soul)

Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings.

Alice. By your Grace's leave
Your royal mother came of Spain, but
took

To the English red and white. Your
royal father

(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady.

Mary. O, just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and cause
enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses.

Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,
forlorn!

And then the King—that traitor past
forgiveness,

The false archbishop fawning on him,
married

The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic
 Ev'n as *she* is; but God hath sent me here
 To take such order with all heretics
 That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
 My father and my brother had not lived.
 What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane,
 Now in the Tower?

Alice. Why, Madam, she was passing
 Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
 Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
 Bow'd to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood
 up

Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
 And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady
 Anne,

To him within there who made Heaven
 and Earth?

I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace
 What Lady Jane replied.

Mary. But I will have it.

Alice. She said—pray pardon me, and
 pity her—
 She hath harken'd evil counsel—ah! she
 said,

The baker made him.

Mary. Monstrous! blasphemous!
 She ought to burn. Hence, thou (*Exit*
Alice). No—being traitor
 Her head will fall: shall it? she is but a
 child.

We do not kill the child for doing that
 His father whipt him into doing—a head
 So full of grace and beauty! would that
 mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to be,
 My love, for thy sake only.

I am eleven years older than he is.

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,
 But love me only: then the bastard sprout.
 My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself.
 Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain
 Would treble England—Gardiner is
 against him;

The Council, people, Parliament against
 him;

But I will have him! My hard father
 hated me;

My brother rather hated me than loved;
 My sister cowers and hates me. Holy
 Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me my
 prayer:

Give me my Philip; and we two will lead
 The living waters of the Faith again
 Back thro' their widow'd channel here,
 and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of
 old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms
 of Christ!

Enter USHER.

Who waits, sir?

Usher. Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

Mary. Bid him come in. (*Enter*
 GARDINER.) Good morning, my
 good Lord. [*Exit Usher.*

Gardiner. That every morning of your
 Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's
 prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen
 Gardiner.

Mary. Come you to tell me this, my
 Lord?

Gardiner. And more.

Your people have begun to learn your
 worth.

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's
 debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the
 remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the
 people,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts
 beat for you.

I'd have you yet more loved: the realm
 is poor,

The exchequer at neap-tide: we might
 withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais.

Mary. Calais!

Our one point on the main, the gate of
 France!

I am Queen of England; take mine eyes,
 mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais.

Gardiner. Do not fear it.
Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is
loved.
That I may keep you thus, who am your
friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I
speak?

Mary. I can forespeak your speaking.
Would I marry
Prince Philip, if all England hate him?
That is
Your question, and I front it with another:
Is it England, or a party? Now, your
answer.

Gardiner. My answer is, I wear be-
neath my dress
A shirt of mail: my house hath been
assaulted,
And when I walk abroad, the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and
Philip;
And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-
arms
Guard my poor dreams for England.
Men would murder me,
Because they think me favourer of this
marriage.

Mary. And that were hard upon you,
my Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner. But our young Earl of
Devon—

Mary. Earl of Devon?
I freed him from the Tower, placed him
at Court;
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the
fool—
He wrecks his health and wealth on
courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

Gardiner. More like a school-boy that
hath broken bounds,
Sicken^g himself with sweets.

Mary. I will not hear of him.
Good, then, they will revolt: but I am
Tudor,
And shall control them.

Gardiner. I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost. All the church is
grateful.

You have ousted the mock priest, re-
pulpited
The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the
rood again,
And brought us back the mass. I am all
thanks
To God and to you Grace: yet I know
well,
Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here
to play
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or
church.

Mary (*showing the picture*). Is this the
face of one who plays the tyrant?
Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

Gardiner. Madam, methinks a cold
face and a haughty.
And when your Highness talks of Cour-
tenay—

Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his
life

Were half as goodly (*aside*).

Mary. What is that you mutter?

Gardiner. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly;
marry Philip,
And be stepmother of a score of sons!
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders,
ha!

For Philip—

Mary. You offend us; you may leave
us.

You see thro' warping glasses.

Gardiner. If your Majesty—

Mary. I have sworn upon the body
and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip.

Gardiner. Hath your Grace so sworn?

Mary. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

Gardiner. News to me!
It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
So you st^d care to trust him somewhat
less

Than Simon Renard, to compose the
event

In some such form as least may harm
your Grace.

Mary. I'll have the scandal sounded
to the mud.
I know it a scandal.

Gardiner. All my hope is now
It may be found a scandal.

Mary. You offend us.

Gardiner (aside). These princes are
like children, must be physick'd,
The bitter in the sweet. I have lost
mine office,
It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool.

[*Exit.*]

Enter USHER.

Mary. Who waits?

Usher. The Ambassador from France,
your Grace.

Mary (sits down). Bid him come in.
Good morning, Sir de Noailles.

[*Exit Usher.*]

Noailles (entering). A happy morning
to your Majesty.

Mary. And I should some time have
a happy morning;
I have had none yet. What says the
King your master?

Noailles. Madam, my master hears
with much alarm,
That you may marry Philip, Prince of
Spain—

Foreseeing, with whate'er unwillingness,
That if this Philip be the titular king
Of England, and at war with him, your
Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,
Ay, tho' you long for peace; wherefore,
my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill,
Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn
between you.

Mary. Why some fresh treaty? where-
fore should I do it?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain
All former treaties with his Majesty.
Our royal word for that! and your good
master,

Pray God he do not be the first to break
them,

Must be content with that; and so, fare-
well.

Noailles (going, returns). I would your
answer had been other, Madam,
For I foresee dark days.

Mary. And so do I, sir;
Your master works against me in the dark.
I do believe he help Northumberland
Against me.

Noailles. Nay, pure phantasy, your
Grace.

Why should he move against you?

Mary. Will you hear why?
Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd
My sister, and I will not,—after me
Is heir of England; and my royal father,
To make the crown of Scotland one with
ours,

Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's
bride;

Ay, but your king stole her a babe from
Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.
Sec then:

Mary of Scotland, married to your
Dauphin,

Would make our England, France;

Mary of England, joining hands with
Spain,

Would be too strong for France.

Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain
and we,

One crown, might rule the world. There
lies your fear.

That is your drift. You play at hide and
seek.

Show me your faces!

Noailles. Madam, I am amazed:
French, I must needs wish all good things
for France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight
Than mine into the future. We but
seek

Some settled ground for peace to stand
upon.

Mary. Well, we will leave all this,
sir, to our council.

Have you seen Philip ever?

Noailles. Only once.

Mary. Is this like Philip?

Noailles. Ay, but I oblige to King.

Mary. Hath he the large ability of
the Emperor?

Noailles. No, surely.

Mary. I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

Noailles. Make no allowance for the
naked truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles;
Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring
in him.

Mary. If cold, his life is pure.

Noailles. Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

Mary. Sayst thou?

Noailles. A very wanton life indeed
(*smiling*).

Mary. Your audience is concluded,
sir. [*Exit Noailles.*]

You cannot
Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Enter USHER.

Who waits?

Usher. The Ambassador of Spain,
your Grace. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIMON RENARD.

Mary (*rising to meet him*). Thou
art ever welcome, Simon Renard.
Hast thou

Brought me the letter which thine
Emperor promised

Long since, a formal offer of the hand
Of Philip?

Renard. Nay, your Grace, it hath not
reach'd me.

I know not wherefore—some mischance
of flood,

And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or
wave

And wind at their old battle: he must
have written.

Mary. But Philip never writes me
one poor word,

Which in his absence had been all my
wealth.

Strange is a wooer!

Renard. Yet I know the Prince,
So your king-parliament suffer him to
land,

Years to set foot upon your island shore.

Mary. God change the pebble which
his lying foot

First presses into some more costly stone

Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one
mark it

And bring it me. I'll have it burnish'd
firelike;

I'll set it round with gold, with pearl,
with diamond.

Let the great angel of the church come
with him;

Stand on the deck, and spread his wings
for sail!

God lay the waves and strow the storms
at sea,

And here at land among the people! O
Renard,

I am much beset, I am almost in despair.
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is

ours;

But for our heretic Parliament—

Renard. O Madam,
You fly your thoughts like kites. My
master, Charles,

Bad you go softly with your heretics here,
Until your throne had ceased to tremble.

Then

Spit them like larks for aught I care.
Besides,

When Henry broke the carcass of your
church

To pieces, there were many wolves among
you

Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their
den.

The Pope would have you make them
render these;

So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole; ill
counsel!

These let them keep at present; stir not
yet

This matter of the Church lands. At
his coming

Your star will rise.

Mary. My star! a baleful one.
I see but the black night, and hear the

wolf.

What star?

Renard. Your star will be your princely
son,

Heir of this England and the Netherlands!
And if your wolf the while should howl

for more,

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.

I do believe, I have dusted some already, That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours.

Mary. Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,

Renard?

Renard. The lot of Princes. To sit high

Is to be lied about.

Mary. They call him cold, Haughty, ay, worse.

Renard. Why, doubtless, Philip shows Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still

All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

Mary. Hath he the large ability of his father?

Renard. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

Mary. Is this like him?

Renard. Ay, somewhat; but your Philip Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.

This is a daub to Philip.

Mary. Of a pure life?

Renard. As an angel among angels.

Yea, by Heaven,

The text—Your Highness knows it, 'Whosoever

Looketh after a woman,' would not graze The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,

Chaste as your Grace!

Mary. I am happy in him there.

Renard. And would be altogether happy, Madam, So that your sister were but look'd to closer.

You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales, But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

Mary. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,

And then if caught, to the Tower.

Renard. The Tower! the block!

The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I do think

To save your crown that it must come to this.

Mary. No, Renard; it must never come to this.

Renard. Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to death,

The sentence having past upon them all,

Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,

Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown?

Mary. Dared? nay, not so; the child obey'd her father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

Renard. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

Mary. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

Renard. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,

And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this

Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne

Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come

Till she be gone.

Mary. Indeed, if that were true— For Philip comes, one hand in mine, and one

Steadying the tremulous pillars of the Church—

But no, no, no. Farewell. I am somewhat faint

With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am
 not Queen
 Of mine own heart, which every now and
 then
 Beats m^y half dead : yet stay, this golden
 chain—
 My father on a birthday gave it me,
 And I have broken with my father—take
 And wear it as memorial of a morning
 Which found, me full of foolish doubts,
 and leaves me
 As hopeful.

Renard (aside). Whew—the folly of
 all follies
 Is to be love-sick for a shadow. (*Aloud*)
 Madam,
 This chains me to your service, not with
 gold,
 But dearest links of love. Farewell, and
 trust me,
 Philip is yours. [*Exit.*]
Mary. Mine—but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Your Council is in Session,
 please your Majesty.

Mary. Sir, let them sit. I must have
 time to breathe.

No, say I come. (*Exit Usher.*) I won
 by boldness once.

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to
 Flanders.

I would not ; but a hundred miles I rode,
 Sent out my letters, call'd my friends
 together,

Struck home and won.

And when the Council would not crown
 me—thought

To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,
 And keep with Christ and conscience—
 was it boldness

Or weakness that won there? when I,
 their Queen,

Cast myself down upon my knees before
 them,

And those hard men brake into woman
 tears,

Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that
 passion

Gave me my Crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl ; hast thou ever heard
 Slanders against Prince Philip in our
 Court?

Alice. What slanders? I, your Grace ;
 no, never.

Mary. Nothing?

Alice. Never, your Grace.

Mary. See that you neither hear them
 nor repeat !

Alice (aside). Good Lord ! but I have
 heard a thousand such.
 Ay, and repeated them as often—mum !
 Why comes that old fox—Fleming back
 again?

Enter RENARD.

Renard. Madam, I scarce had left
 your Grace's presence
 Before I chanced upon the messenger
 Who brings that letter which we waited
 for—

The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.
 It craves an instant answer, Ay or No.

Mary. An instant Ay or No ! the
 Council sits.

Give it me quick.

Alice (stepping before her). Your High-
 ness is all trembling.

Mary. Make way.

[*Exit into the Council Chamber.*]

Alice. O, Master Renard, Master
 Renard,

If you have falsely painted your fine
 Prince ;

Praised, where you should have blamed
 him, I pray God

No woman ever love you, Master Renard.
 It breaks my heart to hear her moan at
 night

As tho' the nightmare never left her
 bed.

Renard. My pretty maiden, tell me,
 did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

Alice. That's not a pretty question.

Renard. Not prettily put? I mean,
 my pretty maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

Alice. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.

I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then?

Renard. Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire.

Alice. According to the song.

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,
His friends—as Angels I received 'em,
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd 'em.

Renard. Peace, pretty maiden.
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.

Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure—who else?
and yet,

They are all too much at odds to close at once

In one full-throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY.

Alice. How deathly pale!—a chair,
your Highness.

[*Bringing one to the Queen.*

Renard. Madam,
The Council?

Mary. Ay! My Philip is all mine.
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ALINGTON CASTLE.

Sir Thomas Wyatt. I do not hear from
Carew or the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.
The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew
stirs
In Devon: that fine porcelain Courtenay,
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in
using,
(I have known a semi-madman in my
time
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon
too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?

William. None so new, Sir Thomas,
and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new
news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no
old news that all men hate it. Old Sir
Thomas would have hated it. The bells
are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your
worship hear?

Wyatt. Ay, for the Saints are come to
reign again.

Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no
call

As yet for me; so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,
And head them with a lamer rhyme of
mine,

To grace his memory.

William. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas?
He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne
loved him. All the women loved him.
I loved him, I was in Spain with him.
I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep
in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. But thou could'st drink in
Spain if I remember.

William. Sir Thomas, we may grant
the wine. Old Sir Thomas always
granted the wine.

Wyatt. Hand me the casket with my
father's sonnets.

William. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier
of the old Court, old Sir Thomas. [*Exit.*

Wyatt. Courtier of many courts, he
loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life and
letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song. The sire
begets

Not half his likeness in the son. I fail
Where he was fullest: yet—to write it
down. [*He writes.*

Re-enter WILLIAM.

William. There is news, there is news,

and no call for sonnet-sorting now, nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen's down, and the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

Wyatt. Inverted Æsop—mountain out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse knaves,
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

William. Here's Antony Knyvett.

Knyvett. Look you, Master Wyatt, Tear up that woman's work there.

Wyatt. No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies
you know

For ages.

Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,

Wing'd for a moment.

Wyatt. Well, for mine own work,
[*Tearing the paper.*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;

For all that I can carry it in my head.

Knyvett. If you can carry your head
upon your shoulders.

Wyatt. I fear you come to carry it off
my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer.

Knyvett. Why, good Lord,
Write you as many sonnets as you will.
Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes,
ears, brains?

This Philip and the black-faced swarms
of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the world,
Come locusting upon us, eat us up,

Confiscate lands, goods, money—Wyatt,
Wyatt,

Wake, or the stout old island will become
A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them
—more—

All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no
glory

Like his who saves his country: and you
sit

Sing-singing here; but, if I'm any judge,
By God, you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,
As a good soldier.

Wyatt. You as poor a critic
As an honest friend: you stroke me on
one cheek,

Buffet the other. Come, you bluster,
Antony!

You know I know all this. I must not
move

Until I hear from Carew and the Duke.

I fear the mine is fired before the time.

Knyvett (showing a paper). But here's
some Hebrew. Faith, I half
forgot it.

Look; can you make it English? A
strange youth

Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd,
'Wyatt,'

And whisking round a corner, show'd his
back

Before I read his face.

Wyatt. Ha! Courtenay's cipher.

[*Picks it.*]

'Sir Peter Carew fled to France: it is
thought the Duke will be taken. I am
with you still; but, for appearance sake,
stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows,
but the Council are all at odds, and the
Queen hath no force for resistance.
Move, if you move, at once.'

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken?
Down scabbard, and out sword! and let
Rebellion

Roar till the one rock, and crown fall.
No; not that;

But we will teach Queen Mary how to
reign.

Who are those that shout below there?

Knyvett. Why, some fifty
That follow'd me from Penenden Heath
in hope

To hear you speak.

A haggard Anabaptist. Many such groups.

The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,

Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore God, the rogues—

Were freely buzzed among them. So I say Your city is divided, and I fear One scruple, this or that way, of success Would turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen

In this low pulse and palsy of the state, Bad me to tell you that she counts on you And on myself as her two hands; on you, In your own city, as her right, my Lord, For you're loyal.

White. Am I Thomas White? One word before she comes. Elizabeth— Her name is much abused among these traitors.

Where is she? She is loved by all of us. I scarce have heart to mingle in this matter,

If she should be mishandled.

Howard. No; she shall not. The Queen had written her word to come to court:

Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter,

And fearing for her, sent a secret missive, Which told her to be sick. Happily or not,

It found her sick indeed.

White. God send her well; Here comes her Royal Grace.

Enter Guards, MARY, and GARDINER.

SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a raised seat on the dais.

White. I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies

And guilds of London, gathered here, beseech

Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks

For your most princely presence; and we pray

That we, your true and loyal citizens, From your own royal lips, at once may know

The wherefore of this coming, and so learn Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord Mayor

Of London, and our guilds and companies.

Mary. In mine own person and I come to you,

To tell you what indeed ye see and know, How traitorously these rebels out of Kent Have made strong head against ourselves and you.

They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;

That was their pretext—so they spake at first—

But we sent divers of our Council to them, And by their answers to the question ask'd, It doth appear this marriage is the least Of all their quarrel.

They have betrayed the treason of their hearts:

Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,

Place and displace our councillors, and use Both us and them according as they will.

Now what I am ye know right well—your Queen;

To whom, when I was wedded to the realm And the realm's laws (the spousal ring whereof,

Not ever to be laid aside, I wear Upon this finger), ye did promise full Allegiance and obedience to the death.

Ye know my father was the rightful heir Of England, and his right came down to me,

Corroborate by your acts of Parliament: And as ye were most loving unto him, So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me.

Wherefore, ye will not brook that anyone Should seize our person, occupy our state, Move specially a traitor so presumptuous As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with

A public ignorance, and, under colour Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks To bend the laws to his own will, and yield Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn, To make free spoil and havock of your goods.

Now as your Prince, I say,
 I, that was never mother, cannot tell
 How mothers love their children; yet,
 methinks,
 A prince as naturally may love his people
 As these their children; and be sure your
 Queen
 So loves you, and so loving, needs must
 deem
 This love by you return'd as heartily;
 And thro' this common knot and bond of
 love,
 Doubt not they will be speedily over-
 thrown.
 As to this marriage, ye shall understand
 We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
 And set no foot theretoward unadvised
 Of all our Privy Council; furthermore,
 This marriage had the assent of those to
 whom
 The king, my father, did commit his trust;
 Who not alone esteem'd it honourable,
 But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
 And all our loving subjects, most ex-
 pedient.
 As to myself,
 I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
 But where I list, nor yet so amorous
 That I must needs be husbanded; I thank
 God,
 I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
 But that with God's grace, I can live so
 still.
 Yet if it might please God that I should
 leave
 Some fruit of mine own body after me,
 To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,
 And it would be your comfort, as I trust;
 And truly, if I either thought or knew
 This marriage should bring loss or danger
 to you,
 My subjects, or impair in any way
 This royal state of England, I would never
 Consent thereto, nor marry while I live;
 Moreover, if this marriage should not
 seem,
 Before our own High Court of Parliament,
 To be of rich advantage to our realm,
 We will refrain, and not alone from this,
 Likewise from any other, out of which

Looms the least chance of peril to our
 realm.
 Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful
 Prince
 Stand fast against our enemies and yours,
 And fear them not. I fear them not.
 My Lord,
 I leave Lord William Howard in your city,
 To guard and keep you whole and safe
 from all
 The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these
 rebels,
 Who mouth and foam against the Prince
 of Spain.
Voices. Long live Queen Mary!
 Down with Wyatt!
 The Queen!
While. Three voices from our guilds
 and companies!
 You are shy and proud like Englishmen,
 my masters,
 And will not trust your voices. Under-
 stand:
 Your lawful Prince hath come to cast
 herself
 On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall
 Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,
 And finds you statues. Speak at once—
 and all!
 For whom?
 Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will;
 The Queen of England—or the Kentish
 Squire?
 I know you loyal. Speak! in the name
 of God!
 The Queen of England or the rabble of
 Kent?
 The reeking dungfork master of the mace!
 Your havings wasted by the scythe and
 spade—
 Your rights and charters hobnail'd into
 slush—
 Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling
 blood—
Acclamation. No! No! The Queen!
 the Queen!
White. Your Highness hears
 This burst and bass of loyal harmony,
 And how we each and all of us abhor
 The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt

Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make
oath

To raise your Highness thirty thousand
men,

And arm and strike as with one hand,
and boush

This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea
That might have leapt upon us unawares.
Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens, all,
With all your trades, and guilds, and
companies.

Citizens. We swear!

Mary. We thank your Lordship and
your loyal city.

[*Exit Mary attended.*]

White. I trust this day, thro' God, I
have saved the crown.

First Alderman. Ay, so my Lord of
Pembroke in command
Of all her force be safe; but there are
doubts.

Second Alderman. I hear that Gard-
ner, coming with the Queen,
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his
saddle-bow,

As if to win the man by flattering him.
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

First Alderman. If not, there's no
man safe.

White. Yes, Thomas White.
I am safe enough; no man need flatter
me.

Second Alderman. Nay, no man need;
but did you mark our Queen?

The colour freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look
so stern,

Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of
hers,

To read our faces; I have never seen her
So queenly or so goodly.

White. Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look their
goodliest.

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never
whine

Like that poor heart, Northumberland,
at the block.

Bagenhall. The man had children,
and he whined for those.

Methinks most men are but poor-hearted,
else

Should we so doat on courage, were it
commoner?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for her
own self;

And all men cry, She is queenly, she is
goodly.

Yet she's no goodlier; tho' my Lord
Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold
to-day,

Should look more goodly than the rest of
us.

White. Goodly? I feel most goodly
heart and hand,

And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all
Kent.

Ha! ha! sir; but you jest; I love it: a
jest

In time of danger shows the pulses even.
Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but
sad.

I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,
Tho' all the world should bay like winter
wolves.

Bagenhall. Who knows? the man is
proven by the hour.

White. The man should make the
hour, not this the man;

And Thomas White will prove this
Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,
And he will play the Walworth to this
Wat;

Come, sirs, we prate; hence all—gather
your men—

Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to
Southwark;

I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the
Thames,

And see the citizens arm'd. Good day;
good day. [*Exit White.*]

Bagenhall. One of much outdoor
bluster.

Howard. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful; and his
wealth

A fountain of perennial alms—his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

Bagenhall. Yet thoroughly to believe
in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my Lord.

Howard. It may be.

Bagenhall. I have heard
One of your Council flee and jeer at him.

Howard. The nursery-cocker'd child
will jeer at aught

That may seem strange beyond his nursery.
The statesman then shall jeer and flee at
men,

Makes enemies for himself and for his king;
And if he jeer not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool;
And if he see the man and still will jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the
State.

Who is he? let me shun him.

Bagenhall. Nay, my Lord,
He is damn'd enough already.

Howard. I must set
The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well,
Sir Ralph.

Bagenhall. 'Who knows?' I am for
England. But who knows,
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and
the Pope,

Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON BRIDGE.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT.

Wyatt. Brett, when the Duke of
Norfolk moved against us
Thou cried'st 'A Wyatt!' and flying to
our side

Left his all bare, for which I love thee,
Brett.

Have for thine asking aught that I can give,
For thine help we are come to
London Bridge;

But how to cross it balks me. I fear we
cannot.

Brett. Nay, hardly, save by boat,
swimming, or wings.

Wyatt. Last night I climb'd into the
gate-house, Brett,

And scared the gray old porter and his wife.
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into
the river.

It roll'd as black as death; and that same
tide

Which, coming with our coming, seem'd
to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou
saidest,

Ran sunless down, and moan'd against
the piers.

But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William
Howard

By torchlight, and his guard; four guns
gaped at me,

Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied
me there

And made them speak, as well he might
have done,

Their voice had left me none to tell you
this.

What shall we do?

Brett. On somehow. To go back
Were to lose all.

Wyatt. On over London Bridge
We cannot: stay we cannot; there is
ordnance

On the White Tower and on the Devil's
Tower,

And pointed full at Southwark; we must
round

By Kingston Bridge.

Brett. Ten miles about.

Wyatt. Ev'n so.

But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by us
If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-
morrow.

Enter one of WYATT'S men.

Man. Sir Thomas, I've found this
paper; pray your worship read it; I
know not my letters; the old priests
taught me nothing.

Wyatt (reads). 'Whosoever will ap-
prehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall
have a hundred pounds for reward.'

Man. Is that it? That's a big lot of
money.

Wyatt. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 'tis not written
Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper!

[*Writes 'THOMAS WYATT' large.*
There, any man can read that.

Brett.

[*Sticks it in his cap.*
But that's foolhardy.

Wyatt. No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

Enter MAN with a prisoner.

Man. We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

Wyatt. Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

Brett. Sir Thomas—

Wyatt. Hang him, I say.

Brett. Wyatt, but now you promised me a booz.

Wyatt. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

Brett. Ev'n so; he was my neighbour once in Kent.

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was. We have been glad together; let him live.

Wyatt. He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!

Garble thyself at once out of my sight, Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away! Women and children!

Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and Children.

First Woman. O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

Second Woman. Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

Third Woman. No, we know that ye

be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side-cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there: I come to save you all, And I'll go further off.

Crowd. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

Wyatt. Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES.

Gardiner. Their cry is, Philip never shall be king.

Mary. Lord Pembroke in command of all our force

Will front their cry and shatter them into dust.

Alice. Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?

O madam, if this Pembroke should be false?

Mary. No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards And gone to Ludgate.

Gardiner. Madam, I much fear That all is lost; but we can save your Grace.

The river still is free. I do beseech you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

Mary. I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

Gardiner. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.

Mary. I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

Cries without. The traitor! treason! Pembroke!

Ladies. Treason! treason!

Mary. Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false to me?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die

The true and faithful bride of Philip—A sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,

And I will out upon the gallery.

Ladies. No, no, your Grace; see there the arrows flying.

Mary. I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not fear.

[*Goes out on the gallery.*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard

Truly; shame on them! they have shut the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Southwell. The porter, please your Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry To have the gates set wide again, and they With their good battleaxes will do you right

against all traitors.

Mary. They are the flower of England; set the gates wide.

[*Exit* Southwell.]

Enter COURTENAY.

Courtenay. All lost, all lost, all yielded! A barge, a barge!

The Queen must to the Tower.

Mary. Whence come you, sir?

Courtenay. From Charing Cross; the rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I might To save my royal cousin.

Mary. Where is Pembroke?

Courtenay. I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

Mary. Left him and fled; and thou that would'st be King,

And hast nor heart nor honour. I myself Will down into the battle and there bide

The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

Courtenay. I do not love your Grace should call me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger. Over, your Grace, all crush'd; the brave Lord William

Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley

Was taken prisoner.

Mary. To the Tower with him!

Messenger. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one

Cognisant of this, and party thereunto, My Lord of Devon.

Mary. To the Tower with him!

Courtenay. O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

Mary. Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.

Remove him!

Courtenay. La, to whistle out my life, And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit* Courtenay guarded.]

Messenger. Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess

Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto.

Mary. What? whom—whom did you say?

Messenger. Elizabeth,
Your Royal sister.
Mary. To the Tower with her!
My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.
[*Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her.*
Gardiner (rising). There let them lie,
your footstool! (*Aside.*) Can I
strike
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life
Of Devon: if I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter.
(*Aloud.*) Madam,
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—
Mary. He said it.
Gardiner. Your courts of justice will
determine that.
Renard (advancing). I trust by this
your Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would
not come
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of
Suffolk,
And Lady Jane had left us.
Mary. They shall die.
Renard. And your so loving sister?
Mary. She shall die.
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-
CHURCH,

*Painted with the Nine Worthies, among
them King Henry VIII. holding a book,
on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei.'*

*Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR
THOMAS STAFFORD.*

Bagenhall. A hundred here and
hundreds hang'd in Kent.
The tigress had unsheath'd her nail at
last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd
them.
In every London street a gibbet stood.
They are down to-day. Here by this
house was one;

The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for
bread

To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.

Stafford. It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heretofore.
Sir, see you aught up yonder?

Bagenhall. I miss something.
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

Stafford. What tree, sir?

Bagenhall. Well, the tree in
Virgil, sir,
That bears not its own apples.

Stafford. What! the gallows?

Bagenhall. Sir, this dead fruit was
ripening overmuch,
And had to be removed lest living Spain
Should sicken at dead England.

Stafford. Not so dead,
But that a shock may rouse her.

Bagenhall. I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford?

Stafford. I am ill disguised.
Bagenhall. Well, are you not in peril
here?

Stafford. I think so.
I came to feel the pulse of England,
whether

It beats hard at this marriage. Did you
see it?

Bagenhall. Stafford, I am a sad man
and a serious.

Far liefer had I in my country hall
Been reading some old book, with mine
old hound

Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask
of wine

Beside me, than have seen it: yet I saw it.

Stafford. Good, was it splendid?

Bagenhall. Ay, if Dukes, and Earls,
And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,
Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,
pearls,

That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,
Could make it so.

Stafford. And what was Mary's dress?

Bagenhall. Good faith, I was too sorry
for the woman

To mark the dress. She wore red shoes!

Stafford. Red shoes !

Bagenhall. Scarlet, as if her feet were
wash'd in blood,
As if she had waded in it.

Stafford. Were your eyes
So bashful that you look'd no higher ?

Bagenhall. A diamond,
And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,
Who hath not any for any,—tho' a true
one,

Blazed false upon her heart.

Stafford. But this proud Prince—

Bagenhall. Nay, he is King, you
know, the King of Naples.

The father ceded Naples, that the son
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he
Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk-
hose,

Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a
collar,

Gold, thick with diamonds ; hanging
down from this

The Golden Fleece—and round his knee,
misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with great
emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what. Have you had
enough

Of all this gear ?

Stafford. Ay, since you hate the tell-
ing it.

How look'd the Queen ?

Bagenhall. No fairer for her jewels.
And I could see that as the new-made
couple

Came from the Minster, moving side by
side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon
She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
Which Philip with a glance of some dis-
taste,

Or, so methought, return'd. I may be
wrong, sir.

This marriage will not hold.

Stafford. I think with you.
The King of France will help to break it.

Bagenhall. France !
We once had half of France, and hurl'd

our battles
Into the heart of Spain ; but England now

IV.

Is but a ball chuck'd between France and
Spain,

His in whose hand she drops ; Harry of
Bolingbroke

Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to
stand,

Could Harry have foreseen that all our
nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter-field.
And leave the people naked to the crown,

And the crown naked to the people ; the
crown

Female, too ! Sir, no woman's regimen
Can save us. We are fallen, and as I
think,

Never to rise again.

Stafford. You are too black-blooded.
I'd make a move myself to hinder that :
I know some lusty fellows there in
France.

Bagenhall. You would but make us
weaker, Thomas Stafford.

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
And strengthen'd Philip.

Stafford. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from
the charge

Of being his co-rebels ?

Bagenhall. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing :
We have no men among us. The new
Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,
And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner
buys them

With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith,
no courage !

Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northum-
berland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt
And blubber'd like a lad, and on the
scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

Stafford. I swear you do your country
wrong, Sir Ralph.

I know a set of exiles over there,
Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit
it out

At Philip's beard : they pillage Spain
already.

B

The French King winks at it. An hour
will come

When they will sweep her from the seas.
No men?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man?
Is not Lord William Howard a true man?
Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-
blooded:

And I, by God, believe myself a man.
Ay, even in the church there is a man—
Cranmer.

Fly would he not, when all men bad him
fly.

And what a letter he wrote against the
Pope!

There's a brave man, if any.

Bagenhall. Ay; if it hold.

Crowd (coming on). God save their
Graces!

Stafford. Bagenhall, I see
The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*)
They are coming now.

And here's a crowd as thick as herring-
shoals.

Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pillar,
or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers.

Crowd. God save their Graces!

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-
men, etc.; then Spanish and
Flemish Nobles intermingled.*]

Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall!
These black dog-Dons

Garb themselves bravely. Who's the
long-face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spain?

Bagenhall. The Duke
Of Alva, an iron soldier.

Stafford. And the Dutchman,
Now laughing at some jest?

Bagenhall. William of Orange,
William the Silent.

Stafford. Why do they call him so?

Bagenhall. He keeps, they say, some
secret that may cost

Philip his life.

Stafford. But then he looks so merry.

Bagenhall. I cannot tell you why they
call him so.

[*The King and Queen pass, attended*

*by Peers of the Realm, Officers of
State, etc. Cannon shot off.*]

Crowd. Philip and Mary, Philip and
Mary!

Long live the King and Queen, Philip
and Mary!

Stafford. They smile as if content with
one another.

Bagenhall. A smile abroad is oft a
scowl at home.

[*King and Queen pass on. Procession.*]

First Citizen. I thought this Philip
had been one of those black devils of
Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

Second Citizen. Not red like Iscariot's.

First Citizen. Like a carrot's, as thou
say'st, and English carrot's better than
Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a
beast.

Third Citizen. Certain I had heard
that every Spaniard carries a tail like a
devil under his trunk-hose.

Tailor. Ay, but see what trunk-hoses!
Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none
such. They make amends for the tails.

Fourth Citizen. Tut! every Spanish
priest will tell you that all English heretics
have tails.

Fifth Citizen. Death and the Devil—
if he find I have one—

Fourth Citizen. Lo! thou hast call'd
them up! here they come—a pale horse
for Death and Gardiner for the Devil.

*Enter GARDINER (turning back from the
procession).*

Gardiner. Knave, wilt thou wear thy
cap before the Queen?

Man. My Lord, I stand so squeezed
among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

Gardiner. Knock off his cap there,
some of you about him!
See there be others that can use their hands.
Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

Man. No, my Lord, no.

Gardiner. Thy name, thou knave?

Man. I am nobody, my Lord.

Gardiner (shouting). God's passion!
knave, thy name?

Man. I have ears to hear.

Gardiner. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.

Find out his name and bring it me (*to Attendant*).

Attendant. Ay, my Lord.

Gardiner. Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,

And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*
The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay!

But then what's here? King Harry with a scroll.

Ha—*Verbum Dei*—*verbum*—word of God!

God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

Attendant. I do, my Lord.

Gardiner. Tell him to paint it out, And put some fresh device in lieu of it—

A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?

There is no heresy there.

Attendant. I will, my Lord; The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure

(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly,

And not from any malice.

Gardiner. Word of God

In English! over this the brainless loons That cannot spell *Esaias* from St. Paul, Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare

Into rebellions. I'll have their bibles burnt.

The bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!

Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue!

Man. I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

Gardiner. What hast thou shouted, knave?

Man. Long live Queen Mary!

Gardiner. Knave, there be two.

There be both King and Queen, Philip and Mary. Shout!

Man. Nay, but, my Lord, The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

Gardiner. Shout, then, Mary and Philip!

Man. Mary and Philip!

Gardiner. Now, Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine!

Philip and Mary!

Man. Must it be so, my Lord?

Gardiner. Ay, knave.

Man. Philip and Mary!

Gardiner. I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.

What is thy name?

Man. Sanders.

Gardiner. What else?

Man. Zerubbabel.

Gardiner. Where dost thou live?

Man. In Cornhill.

Gardiner. Where, knave, where?

Man. Sign of the Talbot.

Gardiner. Come to me to-morrow.—

Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,

One crater opens when another shuts.

But so I get the laws against the heretic,

Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William

Howard,

And others of our Parliament, revived,

I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—

Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cowed.

Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit. The crowd following.*

Bagenhall. As proud as Becket.

Stafford. You would not have him murder'd as Becket was?

Bagenhall. No—murder fathers murder: but I say

There is no man—there was one woman with us—

It was a sin to love her married, dead

I cannot choose but love her.

Stafford. Lady Jane?

Crowd (going off). God save their Graces!

Stafford. Did you see her die?

Bagenhall. No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me.

You call me too black-blooded—true enough
Her dark dead blood is in my heart with mine.

If ever I cry out against the Pope
Her dark dead blood that ever moves with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

Stafford. Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died?

Bagenhall. Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning

Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,

So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard

She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—

Seventeen—a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. She came upon the scaffold,

And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;

She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.

But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,

And trusted God would save her thro' the blood

Of Jesus Christ alone.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—

But all in English, mark you; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,

Said 'You will give me my true crown at last,

But do it quickly;' then all wept but she,

Who changed not colour when she saw the block,

But ask'd him, childlike: 'Will you take it off

Before I lay me down?' 'No, madam,' he said,

Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling—'where is it?

Where is it?'—You must fancy that which follow'd,

If you have heart to do it!

Crowd (in the distance). God save their Graces!

Stafford. Their Graces, our disgraces! God confound them!

Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last was here,

This was against her conscience—would be murder!

Bagenhall. The 'Thou shalt do no murder,' which God's hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale—

She could not make it white—and over that,

Traced in the blackest text of Hell—'Thou shalt!'

And sign'd it—Mary!

Stafford. Philip and the Pope
Must have sign'd too. I hear this Legate's coming

To bring us absolution from the Pope.
The Lords and Commons will bow down before him—

You are of the house? what will you do, Sir Ralph?

Bagenhall. And why should I be bolder than the rest,

Or honest than all?

Stafford. But, sir, if I—
And overseas they say this state of yours
Hath no more mortice than a tower of cards:

And that a puff would do it—then if I
And others made that move I touch'd upon,

Back'd by the power of France, and
 landing here,
 Came with a sudden splendour, shout,
 and show,
 And dazzled men and deafen'd by some
 bright
 Loud venture, and the people souquiet—
 And I the race of murder'd Buckingham—
 Not for myself, but for the kingdom—
 Sir,

I trust that you would fight along with us.

Bagenhall. No; you would fling your
 lives into the gulf.

Stafford. But if this Philip, as he's
 like to do,

Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
 Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither
 To seize upon the forts and fleet, and
 make us

A Spanish province; would you not fight
 then?

Bagenhall. I think I should fight then.

Stafford. I am sure of it.

Hist! there's the face coming on here of
 one

Who knows me. I must leave you.

Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again.

Bagenhall. Upon the scaffold.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL
 PALACE.

MARY. *Enter PHILIP and
 CARDINAL POLE.*

Pole. Ave Maria, gratia plena, Bene-
 dicta tu in mulieribus.

Mary. Loyal and royal cousin,
 humblest thanks.

Had you a pleasant voyage up the river?

Pole. We had your royal barge, and
 that same chair,

Or rather throne of purple, on the deck.
 Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,
 The ripples twinkled at their diamond-
 dance,

The boats that follow'd, were as glowing-
 gay

As regal gardens; and your flocks of
 swans,

As fair and white as angels; and your
 shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.
 My foreign friends, who dream'd us
 blanketed

In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
 To find as fair a sun as might have flash'd
 Upon their lake of Garda, fire the
 Thames;

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;
 And here the river flowing from the sea,
 Not toward it (for they thought not of
 our tides),

Seem'd as a happy miracle to make
 glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd country-
 man.

Mary. We heard that you were sick
 in Flanders, cousin.

Pole. A dizziness.

Mary. And how came you
 round again?

Pole. The quick thread of Rahab
 saved her life;

And mine, a little letting of the blood.

Mary. Well? now?

Pole. Ay, cousin, as the
 heathen giant

Had but to touch the ground, his force
 return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banishment,
 Feeling my native land beneath my foot,
 I said thereto: 'Ah, native land of mine,
 Thou art much beholden to this foot of
 mine,

That hastes with full commission from
 the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy.
 Thou hast disgraced me and attained me,
 And mark'd me ev'n as Cain, and I return
 As Peter, but to bless thee: make me well.'
 Methinks the good land heard me, for to-
 day

My heart beats twenty, when I see you,
 cousin.

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's
 death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate!

And Mary would have risen and let him in,
But, Mary, there were those within the
house

Who would not have it.

Mary. True, good cousin Pole;
And there were also those without the
house

Who would not have it.

Pole. I believe so, cousin.
State-policy and church-policy are con-
joint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.
I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.
But all is well; 'twas ev'n the will of God,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,
now,

Makes me his mouth of holy greeting.

'Hail,
Daughter of God, and savor of the faith.
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!'

Mary. Ah, heaven!

Pole. Unwell, your Grace?
Mary. No, cousin, happy—

Happy to see you; never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd.

Pole. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave
your hand

To this great Catholic King.

Philip. Well said, Lord Legate.

Mary. Nay, not well said; I thought
of you, my liege,
Ev'n as I spoke.

Philip. Ay, Madam; my Lord Paget
Waits to present our Council to the Legate.
Sit down here, all; Madam, between us
you.

Pole. Lo, now you are enclosed with
boards of cedar,
Our little sister of the Song of Songs!
You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting
here

Between the two most high-set thrones
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily symbol'd
by

The King your husband, the Pope's
Holiness

By mine own self.

Mary. True, cousin, I am happy.

When will you that we summon both our
houses

To take this absolution from your lips,
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

Pole. In Britain's calendar the bright-
est day

Beheld our rough forefathers break their
Gods,

And clasp the faith in Christ; but after that
Might not St. Andrew's be her happiest
day?

Mary. Then these shall meet upon
St. Andrew's day.

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Council.
Dumb show.*

Pole. I am an old man wearied with
my journey,
Ev'n with my joy. Permit me to with-
draw.

To Lambeth?

Philip. Ay, Lambeth has ousted
Cranmer.

It was not meet the heretic swine should
live
In Lambeth.

Mary. There or anywhere, or at all.

Philip. We have had it swept and
garnish'd after him.

Pole. Not for the seven devils to enter
in?

Philip. No, for we trust they parted
in the swine.

Pole. True, and I am the Angel of
the Pope.

Farewell, your Graces.

Philip. Nay, not here—to me;
I will go with you to the waterside.

Pole. Not be my Charon to the counter
side?

Philip. No, my Lord Legate, the
Lord Chancellor goes.

Pole. And unto no dead world; but
Lambeth palace,
Henceforth a centre of the living faith.

[*Exeunt Philip, Pole, Paget, etc.*

Manet Mary.

Mary. He hath awaked, he hath
awaked!

He stirs within the darkness !

Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak
manners thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue-tied
in my love.

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises.

The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland's,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fieriest partisans—are pale
Before my star !

The light of this new learning wanes and
dies :

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star !

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind !
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples
down !

His faith shall clothe the world that will
be his,

Like universal air and sunshine ! Open,
Ye everlasting gates ! The King is here !—
My star, my son !

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc.

Oh, Philip, come with me ;
Good news have I to tell you, news to
make

Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom too.
Nay come with me—one moment !

Philip (to Alva). More than that :
There was one here of late—William the
Silent

They call him—he is free enough in talk,
But tells me nothing. You will be, we
trust,

Sometime the viceroy of those provinces—
He must deserve his surname better.

Alva. Ay, sir ;
Inherit the Great Silence.

Philip. True ; the provinces
Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled ;
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies ;
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight ;
You must break them or they break you.

Alva (proudly).

The first.

Philip. Good !

Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine?
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THREE PAGES.

First Page. News, mates ! a miracle,
a miracle ! news !

The bells must ring ; Te Deums must be
sung ;

The Queen hath felt the motion of her
babe !

Second Page. Ay ; but see here !

First Page. See what ?

Second Page. This paper, Dickon.
I found it fluttering at the palace gates :—
'The Queen of England is delivered of a
dead dog !'

Third Page. These are the things
that madden her. Fie upon it !

First Page. Ay ; but I hear she hath
a dropsy, lad,

Or a high dropsy, as the doctors call it.

Third Page. Fie on her dropsy, so
she have a dropsy !

I know that she was ever sweet to me.

First Page. For thou and thine are
Roman to the core.

Third Page. So thou and thine must
be. Take heed !

First Page. Not I,

And whether this flash of news be false
or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,
Content am I. Let all the steeples clash,
Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL.

*At the far end a dais. On this three
chairs, two under one canopy for MARY
and PHILIP, another on the right of
these for POLE. Under the dais on
POLE'S side, ranged along the wall,
sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along
the wall opposite, all the Temporal.
The Commons on cross benches in front,
a line of approach to the dais between*

them. In the foreground, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other Members of the Commons.

First Member. St. Andrew's day; sit close, sit close, we are friends.
Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?
It must be thus; and yet, cocksbody!
how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of us
Against this foreign marriage, should
have yielded

So utterly!—strange! but stranger still
that he,

So fierce against the Headship of the
Pope,

Should play the second actor in this
pageant

That brings him in; such aameleon he!

Second Member. This Gardiner turn'd
his coat in Henry's time;

The serpent that hath slough'd will
slough again.

Third Member. Tut, then we all are
serpents.

Second Member. Speak for yourself.

Third Member. Ay, and for Gardiner!
being English citizen,

How should he bear a bridegroom out of
Spain?

The Queen would have him! being
English churchman

How should he bear the headship of the
Pope?

The Queen would have it! Statesmen
that are wise

Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model.

Second Member. Statesmen that are
wise

Take truth herself for model. What say
you? [*To Sir Ralph Bagenhall.*

Bagenhall. We talk and talk.

First Member. Ay, and what use to
talk?

Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's
husband,

He's here, and king, or will be—yet
cocksbody!

So hated here! I watch'd a hive of late;

My seven-years' friend was with me, my
young boy;

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm
behind.

'Philip!' says he. I had to cuff the rogue
For infant treason.

Third Member. But they say that bees,
If any creeping life invade their hive

Too gross to be thrust out, will build him
round,

And bind him in from harming of their
combs.

And Philip by these articles is bound
From stirring hand or foot to wrong the
realm.

Second Member. By bonds of beeswax,
like your creeping thing;

But your wise bees had stung him first
to death.

Third Member. Hush, hush!
You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses

added
To that same treaty which the emperor

sent us
Were mainly Gardiner's: that no foreigner

Hold office in the household, fleet, forts,
army;

That if the Queen should die without a
child,

The bond between the kingdoms be
dissolved;

That Philip should not mix us any way
With his French wars—

Second Member. Ay, ay, but what
security,

Good sir, for this, if Philip—

Third Member. Peace—the Queen,
Philip, and Pole. [*All rise, and stand.*

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.

[*Gardiner conducts them to the three
chairs of state. Philip sits on the*

Queen's left, Pole on her right.

Gardiner. Our short-lived sun, before
his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's
Day.

Mary. Should not this day be held in
after years

More solemn than of old?

Philip. Madam, my wish
Echoes your Majesty's.

Pole. It shall be so.

Gardiner. Mine echoes both your
Graces'; (*aside*) but the Pope—
Can we not have the Catholic church as
well

Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,
Why then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,
And ye, my masters, of the lower house,
Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?

Voices. We do.

Gardiner. And be you all one mind to
supplicate

The Legate here for pardon, and acknow-
ledge

The primacy of the Pope?

Voices. We are all one mind.

Gardiner. Then must I play the vassal
to this Pole. [*Aside.*

*[He draws a paper from under his
robes and presents it to the King
and Queen, who look through it
and return it to him; then ascends
a tribune, and reads.]*

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,
And Commons here in Parliament as-
sembled,

Presenting the whole body of this realm
Of England, and dominions of the same,
Do make most humble suit unto your
Majesties,

In our own name and that of all the state,
That by your gracious means and inter-
cession

Our supplication be exhibited

To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as
Legate

From our most Holy Father Julius, Pope,
And from the Apostolic see of Rome;
And do declare our penitence and grief
For our long schism and disobedience,
Either in making laws and ordinances
Against the Holy Father's primacy,
Or else by doing or by speaking aught
Which might impugn or prejudice the
same;

By this our supplication promising,

As well for our own selves as all the realm,

That now we be and ever shall be quick,
Under and with your Majesties' autho-
rities,

To do to the utmost all that in us lies
Towards the abrogation and repeal
Of all such laws and ordinances made;
Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
As persons undefiled with our offence,
So to set forth this humble suit of ours
That we the rather by your intercession
May from the Apostolic see obtain,
Thro' this most reverend Father, absolu-
tion,

And full release from danger of all
censures

Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,
So that we may, as children penitent,
Be once again received into the bosom
And unity of Universal Church;
And that this noble realm thro' after years
May in this unity and obedience
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
Serve God and both your Majesties.

Voices. Amen. [*All sit.*

*[He again presents the petition to the
King and Queen, who hand it
reverentially to Pole.]*

Pole (sitting). This is the loveliest day
that ever smiled

On England. All her breath should,
incenselike,
Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of
Him

Who now recalls her to His ancient fold.
Lo! once again God to this realm hath
given

A token of His more especial Grace;
For as this people were the first of all
The islands call'd into the dawning church
Out of the dead, deep night of heathen-
dom,

So now are these the first whom God
hath given

Grace to repent and sorrow for their
schism;

And if your penitence be not mockery,
Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice
Over one saved do triumph at this hour
In the reborn salvation of a land
So noble.

[*A pause.*

For ourselves we do protest
That our commission is to heal, not harm;
We come not to condemn, but reconcile;
We come not to compel, but call again;
We come not to destroy, but edify;
Nor yet to question things already done;
These are forgiven—matters of the past—
And range with jetsam and with offal
thrown

Into the blind sea of forgetfulness. [*A pause.*
Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us
By him who sack'd the house of God;
and we,

Amplifier than any field on our poor earth
Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,
Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand-fold,
With heaven for earth.

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands.*

*All kneel but Sir Ralph Bagenhall,
who rises and remains standing.*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us
With His own blood, and wash'd us from
our sins,

To purchase for Himself a stainless bride;
He, whom the Father hath appointed
Head

Of all his church, He by His mercy
absolve you! [*A pause.*

And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,
Do here absolve you and deliver you
And every one of you, and all the realm
And its dominions from all heresy,
All schism, and from all and every cen-
sure,

Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon;
And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church.

[*Turning to Gardiner.*
Our letters of commission will declare
this plainlier.

[*Queen heard sobbing. Cries of
Amen! Amen! Some of the
Members embrace one another.
All but Sir Ralph Bagenhall pass
out into the neighbouring chapel,
whence is heard the Te Deum.*

Bagenhall. We strove against the
papacy from the first,
In William's time, in our first Edward's
time,

And in my master Henry's time; but now,
The unity of Universal Church,
Mary would have it; and this Gardiner
follows;

The unity of Universal Hell,
Philip would have it; and this Gardiner
follows!

A Parliament of imitative apes!
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes,
who not

Believes the Pope, nor any of them
believe—

These spaniel-Spaniard English of the
time,

Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,
For that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore
This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had
been

Born Spaniard! I had held my head up
then.

I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Sir Ralph Bagenhall!

Bagenhall. What of that?

Officer. You were the one sole man in
either house

Who stood upright when both the houses
fell.

Bagenhall. The houses fell!

Officer. I mean the houses knelt
Before the Legate.

Bagenhall. Do not scrimp your
phrase,

But stretch it wider; say when England
fell.

Officer. I say you were the one sole
man who stood.

Bagenhall. I am the one sole man in
either house;

Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

Officer. Well, you one man, because
you stood upright,
Her Grace the Queen commands you to
the Tower.

Bagenhall. As traitor, or as heretic,
or for what?

Officer. If any man in any way would
be

The one man, he shall be so to his cost.

Bagenhall. What! will she have my
head?

Officer. A round fine likelier.

Your pardon. [*Calling to Attendant.*

By the river to the Tower. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM
IN THE PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET,
BONNER, etc.

Mary. The King and I, my Lords,
now that all traitors

Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treason-
ous malice,

Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollard-
ism

To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

One of the Council. Why, what hath
fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs

His forelock!

Paget. I have changed a word with
him

In coming, and may change a word again.

Gardiner. Madam, your Highness is
our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine upon

us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will feel
your light,

Lift head, and flourish; yet not light
alone,

There must be heat—there must be heat
enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the root.
For what saith Christ? 'Compel them

to come in.'

And what saith Paul? 'I would they
were cut off

That trouble you.' Let the dead letter live!

Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and
grooms

May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
For heretic and traitor are all one:

Two vipers of one breed—*an amphiboena*,
Each end a sting: Let the dead letter
burn!

Paget. Yet there be some disloyal
Catholics,

And many heretics loyal; heretic throats
Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,
But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be
Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.
To take the lives of others that are loyal,
And by the churchman's pitiless doom of
fire,

Were but a thankless policy in the crown,
Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

Mary. If we could burn out heresy,
my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of
England—

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

Gardiner. Right, your Grace.

Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,
And care but little for the life to be.

Paget. I have some time, for curious-
ness, my Lord,

Watch'd children playing at *their* life to
be,

And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
Such is our time—all times for aught I
know.

Gardiner. We kill the heretics that
sting the soul—

They, with right reason, flies that prick
the flesh.

Paget. They had not reach'd right
reason; little children!

They kill'd but for their pleasure and the
power

They felt in killing.

Gardiner. A spice of Satan, ha!

Why, good! what then? granted!—we
are fallen creatures;

Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen.

Paget. I am but of the laity, my Lord
Bishop,

And may not read your Bible, yet I found

One day, a wholesome scripture, 'Little children,
Love one another.'

Gardiner. Did you find a scripture,
'I come not to bring peace but a sword'?

The sword
Is in her Grace's hand to smite with.

Paget,
You stand up here to fight for heresy,
You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,
And on the steep-up track of the true faith
Your lapses are far seen.

Paget. The faultless Gardiner!

Mary. You brawl beyond the question;
speak, Lord Legate!

Pole. Indeed, I cannot follow with
your Grace:

Rather would say—the shepherd doth
not kill

The sheep that wander from his flock, but
sends

His careful dog to bring them to the fold.
Look to the Netherlands, wherein have
been

Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?
For yet the faith is not established there.

Gardiner. The end's not come.

Pole. No—nor this way

will come,
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
A better and a worse—the worse is here
To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes: when men are tost
On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
Of their own selves, they are wroth with
their own selves,
And thence with others; then, who lights
the faggot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking
doubt.

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the
Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

Paget. Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

Pole. What, my Lord!

The Church on Peter's rock? never! I
have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—
The cataract shook the shadow. To my
mind,

The cataract typed the headlong plunge
and fall

Of heresy to the pit: the pine was Rome.
You see, my Lords,

It was the shadow of the Church that
trembled;

Your church was but the shadow of a
church,

Wanting the Papal mitre.

Gardiner (muttering). Here be tropes.

Pole. And tropes are good to clothe a
naked truth,

And make it look more seemly.

Gardiner. Tropes again!

Pole. You are hard to please. Then
without tropes, my Lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
When faith is wavering makes the waverer

pass
Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
Of those who rule, which hatred by and by
Involves the ruler (thus there springs to
light

That Centaur of a monstrous Common-
weal,

The traitor-heretic) then tho' some may
quail,

Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
And their strong torment bravely borne,
begets

An admiration and an indignation,
And hot desire to imitate; so the plague
Of schism spreads; were there but three
or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
But! and we cannot burn whole towns;
they are many,

As my Lord Paget says.

Gardiner. Yet my Lord Cardinal—

Pole. I am your Legate; please you
let me finish.

Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
We might go softer than with crimson
rowel

And streaming lash. When Herod-
Henry first

Began to batter at your English Church,
This was the cause, and hence the judg-
ment on her.

She seethed with such adulteries, and the
lives

Of many among your churchmen were so
foul

That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I
would advise

That we should thoroughly cleanse the
Church within

Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd.
So after that when she once more is seen
White as the light, the spotless bride of
Christ,

Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
The Lutheran may be won to her again ;
Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.

Gardiner. What, if a mad dog bit
your hand, my Lord,

Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
Lest your whole body should madden
with the poison?

I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the
heretic,

No, not an hour. The ruler of a land
Is bounden by his power and place to see
His people be not poison'd. Tolerate
them !

Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many
of them

Would burn—have burnt each other ;
call they not

The one true faith, a loathsome idol-
worship?

Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
Than heresy is itself ; beware, I say,
Lest men accuse you of indifference
To all faiths, all religion ; for you know
Right well that you yourself have been
opposed

Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

Pole (angered). But you, my Lord,
beyond all supposition,

In clear and open day were congruent
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the
spring

Of all those evils that have flow'd upon
us ;

For you yourself have truckled to the
tyrant,

And done your best to bastardise our
Queen,

For which God's righteous judgment fell
upon you

In your five years of imprisonment, my
Lord,

Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd
up

The gross King's headship of the Church,
or more

Denied the Holy Father!

Gardiner. Ha ! what ! eh ?

But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,
A bookman, flying from the heat and
tussle,

You lived among your vines and oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder ! You were
sent for,

You were appeal'd to, but you still
prefer'd

Your learned leisure. As for what I did
I suffer'd and repented. You, Lord
Legate

And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to
learn

That ev'n St. Peter in his time of fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my
Lord.

Pole. But not for five-and-twenty
years, my Lord.

Gardiner. Ha ! good ! it seems then
I was summon'd hither

But to be mock'd and baited. Speak,
friend Bonner,

And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal.
The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad
bite.

Must have the cautery—tell him—and at
once.

What would'st thou do hadst thou his
power, thou

That layest so long in heretic bonds with
me ;

Would'st thou not burn and blast them
root and branch?

Bonner. Ay, after you, my Lord.

Gardiner. Nay, God's passion, before me! speak!

Bonner. I am on fire until I see them flame.

Gardiner. Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum—

But this most noble prince Plantagenet,
Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over seas

Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's,

Head fell—

Pole. Peace, madman!

Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not fathom.

Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chancellor

Of England! no more rein upon thine anger

Than any child! Thou mak'st me much ashamed

That I was for a moment wroth at thee.

Mary. I come for counsel and ye give me feuds,

Like dogs that set to watch their master's gate,

Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls,

To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,

You have an old trick of offending us;

And but that you are art and part with us
In purging heresy, well we might, for this

Your violence and much roughness to the Legate,

Have shut you from our counsels.
Cousin Pole,

You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.

His Highness and myself (so you allow us)

Will let you learn in peace and privacy

What power this cooler sun of England hath

In breeding godless vermin. And pray Heaven

That you may see according to our sight.
Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt Queen and Pole, etc.*]

Gardiner. Pole has the Plantagenet face,

But not the force made them our mightiest kings.

Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.

But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha?

Bonner. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

Gardiner. And not like thine
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

Bonner. I'd do my best, my Lord;
but yet the Legate

Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
And if he go not with you—

Gardiner. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?

Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.

And let him call me truckler. In those times,

Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck,
or die;

I kept my head for use of Holy Church;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,

And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge

His foreign fist into our island Church

To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.

For a time, for a time.

Why? that these statutes may be put in force,

And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

Bonner. So then you hold the Pope—

Gardiner. I hold the Pope!
What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?

Come, come, the morsel stuck—this
Cardinal's fault—

I have gulped it down. I am wholly for the Pope,

Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,

Crown'd slave of slaves, and mired king
of kings;

God upon earth! what more? what would
you have?
Hence, let's be gone.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Well that you be not gone,
My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at
first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgive-
ness,
So that you crave full pardon of the
Legate.

I am sent to fetch you.

Gardiner. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha!
Did you hear 'em? were you by?

Usher. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate:
And yet methinks he shews their two
Graces

Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as Legate
He owes himself, and with such royal
smiles—

Gardiner. Smiles that burn men.
Bonner, it will be carried.

He falters, ha? 'fore God, we change
and change;

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors
tell you,

At three-score years; then if we change
at all

We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief
patience,

As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend
Cranmer,

Your more especial love, hath turn'd so
often,

He knows not where he stands, which,
if this pass,

We two shall have to teach him; let 'em
look to it,

Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies
Ira,'

Their 'dies Illa,' which will test their sect.
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—

To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon—of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

Elizabeth. So they have sent poor
Courtenay over sea.

Lady. And banish'd us to Woodstock,
and the fields.

The colours of our Queen are green and
white,
These fields are only green, they make
me gape.

Elizabeth. There's whitethorn, girl.

Lady. Ay, for an hour in May.
But court is always May, buds out in
masques,
Breaks into feather'd merriments, and
flowers

In silken pageants. Why do they keep
us here?

Why still suspect your Grace?

Elizabeth. Hard upon both.
[Writes on the window with a diamond.]

Much suspected, of me
Nothing proven can be.
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

Lady. What hath your Highness
written?

Elizabeth. A true rhyme.

Lady. Cut with a diamond; so to last
like truth.

Elizabeth. Ay, if truth last.

Lady. But truth, they say, will out,
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

Elizabeth. Truth, a word!
The very Truth and very Word are one.
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples: every tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

Lady. I do not follow.

Elizabeth. How many names in the
long sweep of time

That so foreshortens greatness, may but
hang
On the chance mention of some fool that
once
Brake bread with us, perhaps : and my
poor chronicle
Is but of glass. • Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for a spite.

Lady. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it.

Elizabeth. Or a second fire,
Like that which lately crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from. Never peacock against
rain

Scream'd as you did for water.

Lady. And I got it.
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you—
I read his honest horror in his eyes.

Elizabeth. Or true to you?

Lady. Sir Henry Bedingsfield !
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails ; to me ? the
clown !

Elizabeth. Out, girl ! you wrong a
noble gentleman.

Lady. For, like his cloak, his man-
ners want the nap
And gloss of court ; but of this fire he says,
Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
Only a natural chance.

Elizabeth. A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men
make,

Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know
They hunt my blood. Save for my daily
range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
I might despair. But there hath some
one come ;

The house is all in movement. Hence,
and see. [*Exit Lady.*]

Milkmaid (singing without).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now !
Kiss me would you ? with my hands
Milking the cow ?

Daisies grow again.
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow ;
Cuff him could I ? with my hands
Milking the cow ?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now ;
Help it can I ? with my hands
Milking the cow ?
Kingdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow !

Elizabeth. Right honest and red-
check'd ; Robin was violent,
And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a
milksmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake,
and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the
church,

And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. I am Harry's
daughter :

Gardiner would have my head. They are
not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature ; what is weak must
lie ;

The lion needs but roar to guard his young ;
The lapwing lies, says 'here' when they
are there.

Threaten the child ; 'I'll scourge you if
you did it !'

What weapon hath the child, save his
soft tongue,

To say 'I did not ?' and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there to-
morrow ?'

How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight
truth

That it may fall to-day ! Those damp,
black, dead

Nights in the Tower; dead—with the
fear of death!

Too dead ev'n for a death-watch! Toll
of a bell,

Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life in
death—

The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'come
away!

The civil wars are gone for evermore:
'Thou last of all the Tudors, come away!
With us is peace!' The last? It was a
dream;

I must not dream, not wink, but watch.
She has gone,

Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there's no Renard here to 'catch her
tripping.'

Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have
wish'd

That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
Out of the flutter. The gray rogue,
Gardiner,

Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when,
my Lord?

God save the Queen! My jailor—

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

Bedingfield. One, whose bolts,
That jail you from free life, bar you from
death.

There haunt some Papist ruffians here about
Would murder you.

Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir,
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
And God hath blest or cursed me with a
rose—

Your boots are from the horses.

Bedingfield. Ay, my Lady.
When next there comes a missive from
the Queen

It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

Elizabeth. A missive from the Queen:
last time she wrote,
I had like to have lost my life: it takes
my breath:

O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man? Help me:
what think you,
Is it life or death?

Bedingfield. I thought not on my
boots;

The devil take all boots were ever made
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it
here,

For I will come no nearer to your Grace;
[*Laying down the letter.*]

And, whether it bring you bitter news or
sweet,

And God hath given your Grace a nose,
or not,

I'll help you, if I may.

Elizabeth. Your pardon, then;
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy; with free
wing

The world were all one Araby. Leave
me now,

Will you, companion to myself, sir?

Bedingfield. Will I?
With most exceeding willingness, I will;
You know I never come till I be call'd.

[*Exit.*]

Elizabeth. It lies there folded: is there
venom in it?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.
Come, come, the worst!

Best wisdom is to know the worst at once.

[*Reads:*]

'It is the King's wish, that you
should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy.
You are to come to Court on the instant;
and think of this in your coming.

'MARY THE QUEEN.'

Think! I have many thoughts;
I think there may be hardlime here for
me;

I think they fain would have me from the
realm;

I think the Queen may never bear a
child;

I think that I may be some time the
 Queen,
 Then, Queen indeed : no foreign prince
 or priest
 Should fill my throne, myself upon the
 steps.
 I think I will not marry anyone,
 Specially not this landless Philibert
 Of Savoy ; but, if Philip menace me,
 I think that I will play with Philibert,—
 As once the Holy Father did with
 mine,
 Before my father married my good
 mother,—
 For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

Lady. O Lord ! your Grace, your
 Grace,
 I feel so happy : it seems that we shall
 fly
 These bald, blank fields, and dance into
 the sun
 That shines on princes.
Elizabeth. Yet, a moment since,
 I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing
 here,
 To kiss and cuff among the birds and
 flowers—
 A right rough life and healthful.
Lady. But the wench
 Hath her own troubles ; she is weeping
 now ;
 For the wrong Robin took her at her
 word.
 Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk
 was spilt.

Your Highness such a milkmaid ?

Elizabeth. I had kept
 My Robins and my cows in sweeter
 order

Had I been such.

Lady (slyly). And had your Grace a
 Robin ?

Elizabeth. Come, come, you are chill
 here ; you want the sun
 That shines at court ; make ready for the
 journey.

Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke.
 Ready at once. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN
 THE PALACE.

LORD PETRE and LORD WILLIAM
 HOWARD.

Petre. You cannot see the Queen.
 Renard denied her,
 Ev'n now to me.

Howard. Their Flemish go-between
 And all-in-all. I came to thank her
 Majesty
 For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the
 Tower ;

A grace to me ! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
 Flowers now but seldom.

Petre. Only now perhaps.
 Because the Queen hath been three days
 in tears
 For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-
 rose

Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
 However you have prov'n it.

Howard. I must see her.

Enter RENARD.

Renard. My Lords, you cannot see
 her Majesty.

Howard. Why then the King ! for I
 would have him bring it
 Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
 Before he go, that since these statutes past,
 Gardiner out-Gardiniers Gardiner in his
 heat,
 Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—
 Beast !—but they play with fire as chil-
 dren do,
 And burn the house. I know that these
 are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
 Against the King, the Queen, the Holy
 Father,

The faith itself. Can I not see him ?

Renard. Not now.
 And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty
 Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from
 her,

Not hope to melt her. I will give your
 message.

[Exeunt Petre and Howard.]

Enter PHILIP (musing).

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,
I talk'd with her in vain—says she will live
And die true maid—a goodly creature too.
Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have him;
She troubles England: that she breathes in England
Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo.

Simon Renard!—
This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying?

Renard. What your imperial father said, my liege,
To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner burns,
And Bonner burns; and it would seem this people
Care none for our brief life in their wet land,
Than yours in happier Spain. I told my Lord

He should not vex her Highness; she would say

These are the means God works with, that His church
May flourish.

Philip. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.
Thou knowest I had my chaplain, Castro, preach

Against these burnings.

Renard. And the Emperor approved you, and when last he wrote, declared

His comfort in your Grace that you were bland

And affable to men of all estates,
In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.

Philip. In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.
So sick am I with biding for this child.

Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led

Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,

Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come;

Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

Renard. I never saw your Highness moved till now.

Philip. So weary am I of this wet land of theirs,

And every soul of man that breathes therein.

Renard. My liege, we must not drop the mask before

The masquerade is over—

Philip. —Have I dropt it?
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

Mary (aside). With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,

And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to-morrow. [*Exit Mary.*]

Philip (to Renard, who advances to him). Well, sir, is there more?

Renard (who has perceived the Queen).
May Simon Renard speak a single word?

Philip. Ay.

Renard. And be forgiven for it?

Philip. Simon Renard
Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven.

Renard. Well, my liege,
Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving wife.

Philip. Why not? The Queen of Philip should be chaste.

Renard. Ay, but, my Lord, you know
what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

Philip. She play the harlot ! never.

Renard. No, sire, no,
Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller.
There was a paper thrown into the palace,
'The King hath wearied of his barren
bride.'

She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
With all the rage of one who hates a
truth

He cannot but allow. Sire, I would
have you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my
words—

Be somewhat less—majestic to your
Queen.

Philip. Am I to change my manners,
Simon Renard,

Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of
hers?

Renard. Brief-sighted tho' they be,
I have seen them, sire,

When you perchance were trifling royally
With some fair dame of court, suddenly
fill

With such fierce fire—had it been fire
indeed

It would have burnt both speakers.

Philip. Ay, and then?

Renard. Sire, might it not be policy
in some matter

Of small importance now and then to
cede

A point to her demand?

Philip. Well, I am going.

Renard. For should her love when
you are gone, my liege,

Witness these papers, there will not be
wanting

Those that will urge her injury—should
her love—

And I have known such women more
than one—

Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy

Hath in it an alchemical force to fuse

Almost into one metal love and hate,—

And she impress her wrongs upon her
Council,

And these again upon her Parliament—

We are not loved here, and would be
then perhaps

Not so well holpen in our wars with
France,

As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

Mary. O Philip !

Nay, must you go indeed ?

Philip. Madam, I must.

Mary. The parting of a husband and
a wife

Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

Philip. You say true, Madam.

Mary. The Holy Virgin will not have
me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a
prince.

If such a prince were born and you not
here !

Philip. I should be here if such a
prince were born.

Mary. But must you go ?

Philip. Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude

To yield the remnant of his years to
heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all the
world

From off his neck to mine. We meet at
Brussels.

But since mine absence will not be for
long,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

Mary. To Dover ? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,

So you will have me with you ; and there
watch

All that is gracious in the breath of
heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor land,
and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers
for you.

Philip. And doubtless I shall profit
by your prayers.

Mary. Methinks that would you tarry
one day more

(The news was sudden) I could mould
myself

To bear your going better; will you do
it?

Philip. Madam, a day may sink or
save a realm.

Mary. A day may save a heart from
breaking too.

Philip. Well, Simon Renard, shall we
stop a day?

Renard. Your Grace's business will
not suffer, sire,

For one day more, so far as I can tell.

Philip. Then one day more to please
her Majesty.

Mary. The sunshine sweeps across
my life again.

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

Philip. By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

Renard. Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

Philip. Let us have it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

Mary. What have you there?

Pole. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop
Thirlby,

And my Lord Paget and Lord William
Howard,
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your
Grace.

Hath he not written himself—infatuated—
To sue you for his life?

Mary. His life? Oh, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were in
vain.

But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not
to sully

My own prerogative, and degrade the
realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand
Against my natural subject. King and
Queen,

To whom he owes his loyalty after God,
Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince?
Death would not grieve him more. I
cannot be

True to this realm of England and the
Pope

Together, says the heretic.

Pole. And there errs;
As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.

A secular kingdom is but as the body
Lacking a soul; and in itself a beast.
The Holy Father in a secular kingdom
Is as the soul descending out of heaven
Into a body generate.

Mary. Write to him, then.

Pole. I will.

Mary. And sharply, Pole.

Pole. Here cometh the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD
WILLIAM HOWARD.

Howard. Health to your Grace!
Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal;
We make our humble prayer unto your
Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign
parts,

Or into private life within the realm.
In several bills and declarations, Madam,
He hath recanted all his heresies.

Paget. Ay, ay; if Bonner have not
forged the bills. [*Aside.*]

Mary. Did not More die, and Fisher?
he must burn.

Howard. He hath recanted, Madam.

Mary. The better for him.
He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell.

Howard. Ay, ay, your Grace; but it
was never seen

That any one recanting thus at full,
As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on
earth.

Mary. It will be seen now, then.

Thirlby. O Madam, Madam!
I thus implore you, low upon my knees,

To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.
I have err'd with him; with him I have
recanted.

What human reason is there why my
friend

Should meet with lesser mercy than my-
self?

Mary. My Lord of Ely, this. After
a riot

We hang the leaders, let their following
go.

Cranmer is head and father of these here-
sies,

New learning as they call it; yea, may
God

Forget me at most need when I forget
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—

No!—

Howard. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors
doubted there.

The Pope himself waver'd; and more
than one

Row'd in that gallery—Gardiner to wit,
Whom truly I deny not to have been

Your faithful friend and trusty councillor.
Hath not your Highness ever read his

book,

His tractate upon True Obedience,
Writ by himself and Bonner?

Mary. I will take
Such order with all bad, heretical books

That none shall hold them in his house
and live,

Henceforward. No, my Lord.

Howard. Then never read it.
The truth is here. Your father was a man

Of such colossal kingdom, yet so cour-
teous,

Except when wroth, you scarce could
meet his eye

And hold your own; and were he wroth
indeed,

You held it less, or not at all. I say,
Your father had a will that beat men

down;

Your father had a brain that beat men
down—

Pole. Not me, my Lord.

Howard. No, for you were not here;
You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;

And it would more become you, my Lord
Legate,

To join a voice, so potent with her High-
ness,

To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
On naked self-assertion.

Mary. All your voices
Are waves on flint. The heretic must

burn.

Howard. Yet once he saved your
Majesty's own life;

Stood out against the King in your behalf,
At his own peril.

Mary. I know not if he did;
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.

My life is not so happy, no such boon,
That I should spare to take a heretic

priest's,

Who saved it or not saved. Why do you
vex me?

Paget. Yet to save Cranmer were to
serve the Church,

Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
Self-blotted out; so wounded in his

honour,

He can but creep down into some dark
hole

Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and
die;

But if you burn him,—well, your High-
ness knows

The saying, 'Martyr's blood—seed of the
Church.'

Mary. Of the true Church; but his
is none, nor will be.

You are too politic for me, my Lord
Paget.

And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
It were more merciful to burn him now.

Thirby. O yet relent. O, Madam,
if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious.
With all his learning—

Mary. Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the more

just.

Thirby. So worship't of all those that
came across him;

The stranger at his hearth, and all his
house—

Mary. His children and his concubine,
belike.

Thirby. To do him any wrong was
to beget

A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd
therein

The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

Pole. 'After his kind it costs him
nothings,' there's

An old world English adage to the point.
These are but natural graces, my good
Bishop,

Which in the Catholic garden are as
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

Howard. Such weeds make dunghills
gracious.

Mary. Enough, my Lords.
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he
should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

Howard. Farewell, Madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

Pole. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life.

Mary. Make out the writ to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRANMER IN
PRISON.

Cranmer. Last night, I dream'd the
faggots were alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,
And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;
And then King Harry look'd from out a
cloud,

And bad me have good courage; and I
heard

An angel cry 'There is more joy in
Heaven,'—

And after that, the trumpet of the dead.
[*Trumpets without.*

Why, there are trumpets blowing now:
what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

Cole. Cranmer, I come to question
you again;

Have you remain'd in the true Catholic
faith

I left you in?

Cranmer. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more
confirm'd.

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father
Cole?

Cole. Cranmer, it is decided by the
Council

That you to-day should read your recant-
ation

Before the people in St. Mary's Church.
And there be many heretics in the
town,

Who loathe you for your late return to
Rome,

And might assail you passing through the
street,

And tear you piecemeal: so you have a
guard.

Cranmer. Or seek to rescue me. I
thank the Council.

Cole. Do you lack any money?

Cranmer. Nay, why should I?
The prison fare is good enough for me.

Cole. Ay, but to give the poor.

Cranmer. Hand it me, then!

I thank you.

Cole. For a little space, farewell;
Until I see you in St. Mary's Church.

[*Exit* Cole.

Cranmer. It is against all precedent
to burn

One who recants; they mean to pardon
me.

To give the poor—they give the poor
who die.

Well, burn me or not burn me I am
fixt;

It is but a communion, not a mass:

A holy supper, not a sacrifice;

No man can make his Maker—Villa
Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

Villa Garcia. Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

Cranmer. Have I not writ enough to satisfy you?

Villa Garcia. It is the last.

Cranmer. Give it me, then.

[*He writes.*

Villa Garcia. Now sign.

Cranmer. I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more.

Villa Garcia. It is no more than what you have sign'd already,

The public form thereof.

Cranmer. It may be so; I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

Villa Garcia. But this is idle of you. Well, sir, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you; Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life; Declare the Queen's right to the throne; confess

Your faith before all hearers; and retract That Eucharistic doctrine in your book. Will you not sign it now?

Cranmer. No, Villa Garcia, I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me?

Villa Garcia. Have you good hopes of mercy! So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Cranmer. Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt, Fixt beyond fall; however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloquies, And thousand-times recurring argument Of those two friars ever in my prison, When left alone in my despondency, Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the Church,

Monsters of mistradition, old enough To scare me into dreaming, 'what am I, Cranmer, against whole ages?' was it so, Oram I slandering my most inward friend, To veil the fault of my most outward foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh? O higher, holier, earlier, purer church, I have found thee and not leave thee any more.

It is but a communion, not a mass— No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast! [*Writes.*] So, so; this will I say—thus will I pray. [*Puts up the paper.*

Enter BONNER.

Bonner. Good day, old friend; what, you look somewhat worn; And yet it is a day to test your health Ev'n at the best: I scarce have spoken with you

Since when?—your degradation. At your trial

Never stood up a bolder man than you; You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,

Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that, We had to dis-archbishop and unlord, And make you simple Cranmer once again.

The common barber clipt your hair, and I Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil;

And worse than all, you had to kneel to me;

Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.

Now you, that would not recognise the Pope,

And you, that would not own the Real Presence,

Have found a real presence in the stake, Which frights you back into the ancient faith;

And so you have recanted to the Pope. How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer!

Cranmer. You have been more fierce against the Pope than I; But why sling back the stone he strikes me with? [*Aside.*

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness— Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself have
changed,
Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,
To the poor flock—to women and to
children—

That when I was archbishop held with me.

Bonner. Ay—gentle as they call you
—live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?

I must obey the Queen and Council, man.
Win thro' this day with honour to your-
self,

And I'll say something for you—so—
good-bye. *[Exit.*

Cranmer. This hard coarse man of old
hath crouch'd to me
Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

Thirlby. Oh, my Lord, my Lord!
My heart is no such block as Bonner's is:
Who would not weep?

Cranmer. Why do you so my-lord me,
Who am disgraced?

Thirlby. On earth; but saved in
heaven

By your recanting.

Cranmer. Will they burn me,
Thirlby?

Thirlby. Alas, they will; these burn-
ings will not help
The purpose of the faith; but my poor
voice

Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring-tide.

Cranmer. And they will surely
burn me?

Thirlby. Ay; and besides, will have
you in the church

Repeat your recantation in the ears
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution. May God help you
Thro' that hard hour!

Cranmer. And may God bless you,
Thirlby!

Well, they shall hear my recantation there.
[Exit Thirlby.

Disgraced, dishonour'd!—not by them,
indeed,

By mine own self—by mine own
hand!

O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins,
'twas you

That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of
Kent;

But then she was a witch. You have
written much,

But you were never raised to plead for
Frith,

Whose dogmas I have reach'd: he was
deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn; and there
was Lambert;

Who can foresee himself? truly these
burnings,

As Thirlby says, are profitless to the
burners,

And help the other side. You shall burn
too,

Burn first when I am burnt.

Fire—inch by inch to die in agony!
Latimer

Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper
burn'd

Three-quarters of an hour. Will my
faggots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.
I will not muse upon it.

My fancy takes the burner's part, and
makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is.

No, I not doubt that God will give me
strength,

Albeit I have denied him.

Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA.

Villa Garcia. We are ready
To take you to St. Mary's, Master
Cranmer.

Cranmer. And I: lead on; ye loose
me from my bonds. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

*COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS
OF THAME presiding. LORD WILLIAM
HOWARD, LORD PAGET, and others
CRANMER enters between SOTO*

VILLA GARCIA, and the whole Choir
strike up 'Nunc Dimittis.' CRANMER
is set upon a Scaffold before the people.

Cole. Behold him—

[A pause. People in the foreground.]

People. Oh, unhappy sight!

First Protestant. See how the tears
run down his fatherly face.

Second Protestant. James, didst thou
ever see a carrion crow
Stand watching a sick beast before he
dies?

First Protestant. Him perch'd up
there? I wish some thunderbolt
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit
and all.

Cole. Behold him, brethren: he hath
cause to weep!—
So have we all: weep with him if ye will,
Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,
Yea, for the people, lest the people die.
Yet wherefore should he die that hath
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors?

Protestant murmurs. Ay, tell us that.

Cole. Those of the wrong side will
despise the man,
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of
death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

Cranmer. Ay.

Cole. Ye hear him, and albeit there
may seem
According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at this
time

Adjudge him to the death. He hath been
a traitor,

A shaker and confounder of the realm;
And when the King's divorce was sued
at Rome,

C. He here, this heretic Cranmer.

O. If he had been the Holy Father, sat
To be judged it. Did I call him heretic?

A huge heresiarch! never was it known
That any man so writing, preaching so,
So poisoning the Church, so long con-
tinuing,

Hath found his pardon; therefore he must
die,

For warning and example.

Other reasons
There be for this man's ending, which
our Queen

And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known.

Protestant murmurs. I warrant you.

Cole. Take therefore, all, example by
this man,

For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause
escape,

That all of you, the highest as the
lowest,

May learn there is no power against the
Lord.

There stands a man, once of so high
degree,

Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop,
first

In Council, second person in the realm,
Friend for so long time of a mighty King;

And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to catiff—fallen so low,

The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city would not change

Estates with him; in brief, so miserable,
There is no hope of better left for him,

No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.
This is the work of God. He is glorified.

In thy conversion: lo! thou art reclaim'd;
He brings thee home: nor fear but that

to-day
Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's

award,
And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise.

Remember how God made the fierce fire
seem

To those three children like a pleasant
dew.

Remember, too,
The triumph of St. Andrew on his cross,

The patience of St. Lawrence in the fire.

Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,

God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung
By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

Cranmer. Ay, one and all, dear brothers, pray for me;

Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul for me.

Cole. And now, lest anyone among you doubt

The man's conversion and remorse of heart,

Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master Cranmer,

Fulfil your promise made me, and proclaim

Your true undoubted faith, that all may hear.

Cranmer. And that I will. O God, Father of Heaven!

O Son of God, Redeemer of the world!

O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them both,

Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,

Most miserable sinner, wretched man.

I have offended against heaven and earth
More grievously than any tongue can tell.

Then whither should I flee for any help?

I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
And I can find no refuge upon earth.

Shall I despair then?—God forbid! O God,

For thou art merciful, refusing none
That come to Thee for succour, unto Thee,
Therefore, I come; humble myself to Thee;

Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,

From thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,

Not for slight faults alone, when thou becamest

Man in the flesh, was the great mystery wrought;

O God the Father, not for little sins
Didst thou yield up thy Son to human death;

But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,
The truth of God, which I had proven and known.

Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.
Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,
But that Thy name by man be glorified,
And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.

Good people, every man at time of death

Would fain set forth some saying that may live

After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word a power to live,

And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.

God grant me grace to glorify my God!
And first I say it is a grievous case,
Many so dote upon this bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly,

They care for nothing else. What saith St. John:—

'Love of this world is hatred against God.'

Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
You do unurmuringly and willingly
Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread

Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
Whose ministers they be to govern you.

Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men

Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,

Put mortal foes! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more

Than you would harm your loving natural brother

Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with God,

Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

Protestant murmurs. What sort of brothers then be those that lust To burn each other?

Williams. Peace among you, there!

Cranmer. Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,

Remember that sofe saying spoken once By Him that was the truth, 'How hard it is

For the rich man to enter into Heaven;' Let all rich men remember that hard word. I have not time for more: if ever, now Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now The poor so many, and all food so dear. Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard

Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor, Ye give to God. He is with us in the poof.

And now, and forasmuch as I have come

To the last end of life, and thereupon Hangs all my past, and all my life to be, Either to live with Christ in Heaven with joy,

Or to be still in pain with devils in hell; And, seeing in a moment, I shall find

[*Pointing upwards.* Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,

[*Pointing downwards.* I shall declare to you my very faith Without all colour.

Cole. Hear him, my good brethren.

Cranmer. I do believe in God, Father of all;

In every article of the Catholic faith, And every syllable taught us by our Lord, His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,

Both Old and New.

Cole. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.

Cranmer. And now I come to the great cause that weighs

Upon my conscience more than anything Or said or done in all my life by me; For there be writings I have set abroad Against the truth I knew within my heart, Written for fear of death, to save my life, If that might be; the papers by my hand

Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand [*Throwing out his right hand.*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all;

And, since my hand offended, having written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,

So I may come to the fire.

[*Dead silence.*

Protestant murmurs.

First Protestant. I knew it would be so.

Second Protestant. Our prayers are heard!

Third Protestant. God bless him!

Catholic murmurs. Out upon him! out upon him!

Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

Williams (raising his voice). You know that you recanted all you said

Touching the sacrament in that same book

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester;

Dissemble not; play the plain Christian man.

Cranmer. Alas, my Lord, I have been a man loved plainness all my life;

I did dissemble, but the hour has come For utter truth and plainness; wherefore,

I say,

I hold by all I wrote within that book. Moreover,

As for the Pope I count him Antichrist, With all his devil's doctrines; and refuse, Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

[*Cries on all sides, 'Pull him down! Away with him!'*

Cole. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth! Hail him away!

Williams. Harm him not, harm him not! have him to the fire!

[*CRANMER goes out between Two Friars, smiling; hands are reached to him from the crowd.* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left alone in the church.

Paget. The nave and aisles all empty
as a fool's jest!
No, here's Lord William Howard.
What, my Lord,
You have not gone to see the burning?
Howard. Fie!
To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,
And watch a good man burn. Never
again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.
Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
For the pure honour of our common
nature,
Hear what I might—another recantation
Of Cranmer at the stake.
Paget. You'd not hear that.
He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd
upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the
general
He looks to and he leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and
bidd'n him
Charge one against a thousand, and the
man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and
dies.
Howard. Yet that he might not after
all those papers
Of recantation yield again, who knows?
Paget. Papers of recantation! Think
you then
That Cranmer read all papers that he
sign'd?
Or sign'd all those they tell us that he
sign'd?
Nay, I trow not: and you shall see, my
Lord,
That howsoever hero-like the man
Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another
Will in some lying fashion misreport
His ending to the glory of their church.
And you saw Latimer and Ridley die?
Latimer was eighty, was he not? his best
Of life was over then.

Howard. His eighty years
Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his
frieze;
But after they had stript him to his shroud,
He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,

And gather'd with his hands the starting
flame,
And wash'd his hands and all his face
therein,
Until the powder suddenly blew him
dead.

Ridley was longer burning; but he died
As manfully and boldly, and, 'fore God,
I know them heretics, but right English
ones.

If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with
Spain,
Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-
sailors
Will teach her something.

Paget. Your mild Legate Pole
Will tell you that the devil helpt them
thro' it.

[*A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.*]

Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl
and bay him!

Howard. Might it not be the other
side rejoicing

In his brave end?

Paget. They are too crush'd, too
broken,
They can but weep in silence.

Howard. Ay, ay, Paget,
They have brought it in large measure on
themselves.

Have I not heard them mock the blessed
Host

In songs so lewd, the beast might roar
his claim

To being in God's image, more than
they?

Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the
groom,

Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's
place,

The parson from his own spire swung out
dead,

And Ignorance crying in the streets, and
all men

Regarding her? I say they have drawn
the fire

On their own heads: yet, Paget, I do hold
The Catholic, if he have the greater right,
Hath been the crueller.

Paget. Action and re-action,
The miserable see-saw of our child-world,
Make us despise it at odd hours, my
Lord.

Heaven help that this re-action not re-act!
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,
So that she come to rule us.

Howard. The world's mad.

Paget. My Lord, the world is like a
drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end—
but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the left,
Push'd by the crowd beside—and under-
foot

An earthquake; for since Henry for a
doubt—

Which a young lust had clapt upon the
back,

Crying, 'Forward!'—set our old church
rocking, men

Have hardly known what to believe, or
whether

They should believe in anything; the
currents

So shift and change, they see not how
they are borne,

Nor whither. I conclude the King a
beast;

Verily a lion if you will—the world
A most obedient beast and fool—myself
Half beast and fool as appertaining to it;
Altho' your Lordship hath as little of
each

Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,
As may be consonant with mortality.

Howard. We talk and Cranmers suffers.
The kindest man I ever knew; see, see,
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy
land!

Hard-natured Queen, half-Spanish in
herself,

And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of
Spain—

Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening to
a close.

There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

Paget. Ay, ay, beware of France.

Howard. O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the rack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying
chain'd

In breathless dungeons over steaming
sewers,

Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon
the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs; and then
Cast on the dunghill naked, and become
Hideously alive again from head to heel,
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel
vomit

With hate and horror.

Paget. Nay, you sicken *me*
To hear you.

Howard. Fancy-sick; these things
are done,

Done right against the promise of this
Queen

Twice given.

Paget. No faith with heretics, my
Lord!

Hist! there be two old gossips—gospel-
lers,

I take it; stand behind the pillar here;
I warrant you they talk about the burning.

Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, and
after her TIB.

Joan. Why, it be Tib!

Tib. I cum behind tha, gall, and
couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind
and the wet! What a day, what a day!
nigh upo' judgement daay loike. Twoaps
be pretty things, Joan, but they wur
set i' the Lord's cheer o' that daay.

Joan. I must set down myself, Tib;
it be a var waay vor my owld legs up
vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatiz, be that
bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'.

Tib. I should saay 'twur ower by now.
I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur
blow'd w' the wind, and Dumble's the
best milcher in Islip.

Joan. Our Daisy's as good 'z tier.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

Tib. Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard eggs for a good plect at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

Joan. Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summatt as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor 'I wunt dine,' says my Lord Bishop, says he, 'not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;' and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says the Bishop, says he, 'we'll gwo to dinner;' and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un! but Gardiner wur stuck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set un all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore.

Paget. The fools!

Tib. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary greets a-burnin' and a-burnin', to get her baaby born; but all her burnings 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

Joan. Thank the Lord, therevore.

Paget. The fools!

Tib. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere and vor iver and iver.

Howard. Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones, Or I will have you duck'd! (*Women hurry out.*) Said I not right?

For how should reverend prelate or throned prince

Brook for an hour such brute malignity? Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

Paget. Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country-wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you;

You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

Howard. I think that in some sort we may. But see,

Enter PETERS.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic, Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor lie, Not to gain paradise: no, nor if the Pope, Charged him to do it—he is white as death.

Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you.

Peters. Twice or thrice The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

Howard. Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave All else untold.

Peters. My Lord, he died most bravely.

Howard. Then tell me all.

Paget. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

Peters. You saw him how he past among the crowd;

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars Still plied him with entreaty and reproach: But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm

Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to
 his death ;
 And I could see that many silent hands
 Came from the crowd and met his own ;
 and thus,
 When we had come where Ridley burnt
 with Latimer,
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose
 mind
 Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all
 in white,
 His long white beard, which he had never
 shaven
 Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to
 the chain,
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake,
 he stood
 More like an ancient father of the Church,
 Than heretic of these times ; and still
 the friars
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his
 head,
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives ;
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden
 cry :—
 ' Make short ! make short ! ' and so they
 lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to
 heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame ;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than
 once,
 ' This hath offended — this unworthy
 hand ! '
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reach'd his body ; I stood
 near—
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of
 pain :
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a
 statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost ; and so past martyr-
 like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but
 whither ?
Paget. To purgatory, man, to purga-
 tory.

Peters. Nay, but, my Lord, he denied
 purgatory.
Paget. Why then to heaven, and God
 ha' mercy on him.
Howard. Paget, despite his fearful
 heresies,
 I loved the man, and needs must moan
 for him ;
 O Cranmer !
Paget. But your moan is useless now :
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools.
 [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE
PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. Madam,
 I do assure you, that it must be look'd
 to :
 Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the
 French fleet
 Rule in the narrow seas. It must be
 look'd to,
 If war should fall between yourself and
 France ;
 Or you will lose your Calais.
Mary. It shall be look'd to ;
 I wish you a good morning, good Sir
 Nicholas :
 Here is the King. [Exit Heath.]

Enter PHILIP.

Philip. Sir Nicholas tells you true,
 And you must look to Calais when I go.
Mary. Go? must you go, indeed—
 again—so soon ?
 Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the
 swallow,
 That might live always in the sun's warm
 heart,
 Stays longer here in our poor north than
 you :—
 Knows where he nested—ever comes
 again.
Philip. And, Madam, so shall I.

Mary. O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come
no more.

Philip. Ay, ay; but many voices call
me hence.

Mary. Voices—I hear unhappy ru-
mours—nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call
you

Dearer than mine that should be dearest
to you?

Alas, my Lord! what voices and how
many?

Philip. The voices of Castille and
Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the
Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the
East.

Mary (*admiringly*). You are the
mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little Queen: and, so indeed,
Need you the more.

Philip. A little Queen! but when
I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,
Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the
seas

Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag
To yours of England.

Mary. Howard is all English!
There is no king, not were he ten times
king,

Ten times our husband, but must lower
his flag
To that of England in the seas of
England.

Philip. Is that your answer?

Mary. Being Queen of England,
I have none other.

Philip. So.

Mary. But wherefore not
Helm the huge vessel of your state, my
liege,

Here by the side of her who loves you
most?

Philip. No, Madam, no! a candle in
the sun

IV.

Is all but smoke—a star beside the
moon

Is all but lost; your people will not crown
me—

Your people are as cheerless as your
clime;

Hate me and mine: witness the brawls,
the gibbets.

Here swings a Spaniard—there an Eng-
lishman;

The peoples are unlike as their com-
plexion;

Yet will I be your swallow and re-
turn—

But now I cannot bide.

Mary. Not to help me?
They hate me also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on the
land—

Harvestless autumns, horrible agues,
plague—

Philip. The blood and sweat of
heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more!

Mary. I will, I will; and you will
stay?

Philip. Have I not said? Madam, I
came to sue

Your Council and yourself to declare
war.

Mary. Sir, there are many English in
your ranks

To help your battle.

Philip. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and your-
self

To declare war against the King of
France.

Mary. Not to see me?

Philip. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [*Aside.*
But, soon or late you must have war with
France;

King Henry warms your traitors at his
hearth.

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford
there.

Courtenay, belike—

Mary. A fool and featherhead!

C

Philip. Ay, but they use his name.
In brief, this Henry
Stirs up your land against you to the
intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marry-
ing

The Dauphin, he would weld France,
England, Scotland,
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

Mary. And yet the Pope is now
colleagu'd with France;
You make your wars upon him down in
Italy:—

Philip. Can that be well?

Philip. Content you, Madam;
You must abide my judgment, and my
father's,

Who deems it a most just and holy war.
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of
Naples:

He calls us worse than Jews, Moors,
Saracens.

The Pope has pushed his horns beyond
his mitre—

Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the
horns,

And he withdraws; and of his holy
head—

For Alva is true son of the true
church—

No hair is harm'd. Will you not help
me here?

Mary. Alas! the Council will not
hear of war.

They say your wars are not the wars of
England.

They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you
know

The crown is poor. We have given the
church-lands back:

The nobles would not; nay, they snapt
their hands

Upon their swords when ask'd; and
therefore God

Is hard upon the people. What's to be
done?

Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas
Gresham

Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the
Jews.

Philip. Madam, my thanks.

Mary. And you will stay your
going?

Philip. And further to discourage and
lay lame

The plots of France, altho' you love her
not,

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen
of Scots.

Mary. The Queen of Scots at least is
Catholic.

Philip. Ay, Madam, Catholic; but
I will not have

The King of France the King of England
too.

Mary. But she's a heretic, and, when
I am gone,

Brings the new learning back.

Philip. It must be done.

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

Mary. Then it is done; but you will
stay your going

Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

Philip. No!

Mary. What, not one day?

Philip. You beat upon the rock.

Mary. And I am broken there.

Philip. Is this a place

To wail in, Madam? what! a public hall.

Go in, I pray you.

Mary. Do not seem so changed.

Say go; but only say it lovingly.

Philip. You do mistake. I am not
one to change.

I never loved you more.

Mary. Sire, I obey you.

Come quickly.

Philip. Ay. [Exit Mary.]

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

Feria (aside). The Queen in tears!

Philip. Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to
mine ear—

How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

Feria. Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

Philip. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,

How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

Feria. Allow me the same answer as before—

That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

Philip. Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough

To leave me by and by.

Feria. To leave you, sire?

Philip. I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—

To Philibert of Savoy, as you know, We meant to wed her; but I am not sure

She will not serve me better—so my Queen

Would leave me—as—my wife.

Feria. Sire, even so.

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

Feria. No, sire.

Philip. I have to pray you, some odd time,

To sound the Princess carelessly on this; Not as from me, but as your phantasy; And tell me how she takes it.

Feria. Sire, I will.

Philip. I am not certain but that Philibert

Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not certain:

You understand, *Feria.*

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. And if you be not secret in this matter,

You understand me there, too?

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.

She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb. [*Exit Feria.*]

Enter RENARD.

Renard. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

Philip. Well?

Renard. There will be war with France, at last, my liege;

Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass, Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,

Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;

Proclaims himself protector, and affirms The Queen has forfeited her right to reign By marriage with an alien—other things As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt This buzz will soon be silenced; but the Council

(I have talk'd with some already) are for war.

This the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;

They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,

So you will take advice of mine, should stay

Yet for awhile, to shape and guide the event.

Philip. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

Renard. Also, sire,

Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, *sitting: a rose in her hand.* LADY CLARENCE. ALICE *in the background.*

Mary. Look! I have play'd with this poor rose so long I have broken off the head.

Lady Clarence. Your Grace hath been More merciful to many a rebel head That should have fallen, and may rise again.

Mary. There were not many hang'd
for Wyatt's rising.

Lady Clarence. Nay, not two hundred.

Mary. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all the
world.

Lady Clarence. For her? for whom,
your Grace?

Enter USHER.

Usher. The Cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL POLE. (MARY rises.)

Mary. Reginald Pole, what news hath
plagued thy heart?

What makes thy favour like the bloodless
head

Fall'n on the block, and held up by the
hair?

Philip?—

Pole. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.

Mary. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken?

Pole. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome,
Than Calais taken. Julius the Third
Was ever just, and mild, and father-like;
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the
Fourth,

Not only rest me of that legateship
Which Julius gave me, and the legate-
ship

Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
And so must you, good cousin;—worse
than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition.

Mary. I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by
Rome,

That you might rest among us, till the
Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to
Rome,

Reversed his doom, and that you might
not seem

To disobey his Holiness.

Pole. He hates Philip;
He is all Italian, and he hates the
Spaniard;

He cannot dream that I advised the war;
He strikes thro' me at Philip and your-
self.

Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me
too;

So brands me in the stare of Christendom
A heretic!

Now, even now, when bow'd before my
time,

The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out;
When I should guide the Church in peace
at home,

After my twenty years of banishment,
And all my lifelong labour to uphold
The primacy—a heretic. Long ago,
When I was ruler in the patrimony,
I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
And I and learned friends among our-
selves

Would freely canvass certain Lutheran-
isms.

What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.
A heretic!

He drew this shaft against me to the
head,

When it was thought I might be chosen
Pope,

But then withdrew it. In full consistory,
When I was made Archbishop, he
approved me.

And how should he have sent me Legate
hither,

Deeming me heretic? and what heresy
since?

But he was evermore mine enemy,
And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,
A drinker of black, strong, volcanic
wines,

That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic?
Your Highness knows that in pursuing
heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord
Chancellor,—

He cried Enough! enough! before his
death.—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural
man

(It was God's cause) ; so far they call me now,
The scourge and butcher of their English church.

Mary. Have courage, your reward is Heaven itself.

Pole. They groan amen ; they swarm into the fire
Like flies—for what ? no dogma. They know nothing ;
They burn for nothing.

Mary. You have done your best.

Pole. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,
That all day long hath wrought his father's work,
When back he comes at evening hath the door
Shut on him by the father whom he loved,
His early follies cast into his teeth,
And the poor son turn'd out into the street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

Mary. I pray you be not so disconsolate ;
I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.
Poor cousin !

Have not I been the fast friend of your life
Since mine began, and it was thought we two

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other
As man and wife ?

Pole. Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my knee

At lisping-age. I watch'd you dancing once

With your huge father ; he look'd like the Great Harry,

You but his cockboat ; prettily you did it,

And innocently. No—we were not made
One flesh, in happiness, no happiness here ;

But now we are made one flesh in misery ;

Our bridemaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labour-in-vain.

Mary. Surely, not all in vain.
Peace, cousin, peace ! I am sad at heart myself.

Pole. Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond ;

And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,
And there is one Death stands behind the Bride—

Mary. Have you been looking at the 'Dance of Death' ?

Pole. No ; but these libellous papers which I found
Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope

Pointing at me with 'Pole, the heretic,
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,

Or I will burn thee ;' and this other ; see !—

'We pray continually for the death
Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal Pole.'

This last—I dare not read it her. [*Aside.*

Mary. Away !
Why do you bring me these ?
I thought you knew me better. I never read,

I tear them ; they come back upon my dreams.

The hands that write them should be burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them

Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats

Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these ?

Do you mean to drive me mad ?

Pole. I had forgotten
How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell ! 'O bubble world,

Whose colours in a moment break and fly !'

Why, who said that ? I know not—true enough !

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls. Exit Pole.*]

Alice. If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be sport for him. [*Aside.*]

Mary. Clarence, they hate me ; even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery,
drawn,

And pointing for my blood as I go by.

Lady Clarence. Nay, Madam, there be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them.

Mary. Find me one !

Lady Clarence. • Ay, Madam ; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,

Would see your Highness.

Mary. Whenfore should I see him ?

Lady Clarence. Well, Madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

Mary. So, Clarence.

Lady Clarence. • Let me first put up your hair ;

It tumbles all abroad.

Mary. And the gray dawn
Of an old age that never will be mine
Is all the clearer seen. No, no ; what matters ?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. I bring your Majesty such grievous news
I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

Mary. What traitor spoke ? Here, let my cousin Pole
Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

Heath. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

Mary. Sir Nicholas ! I am stunn'd
—Nicholas Heath ?

Methought some traitor smote me on the head.

What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven back

The Frenchmen from their trenches ?

Heath. Alas ! no.

That gateway to the mainland over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years

Is France again.

Mary. So ; but it is not lost—
Not yet. Send out : let England as of old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay,
and rend

The renders too. Send out, send out,
and make

Musters in all the counties ; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty ; collect the fleet ;

Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet ?

Heath. Guisnes is not taken yet.

Mary. There yet is hope.

Heath. Ah, Madam, but your people are so cold ;

I do much fear that England will not care.

Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

Mary. Send out ; I am too weak to stir abroad :

Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament :

Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself

To babble of their coldness. O would I were

My father for an hour ! Away now—
Quick ! [*Exit Heath.*]

I hoped I had served God with all my might !

It seems I have not. Ah ! much heresy
Shelter'd in Calais. Saints I have rebuilt

Your shrines, set up your broken images;
Be comfortable to me. Suffer not
That my brief reign in England be de-
famed

Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter
By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais.
Philip,

We have made war upon the Holy
Father
All for your sake: what good could come
of that?

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, not
against the Holy Father;
You did but help King Philip's war with
France,
Your troops were never down in Italy.

Mary. I am a byword. Heretic and
rebel
Point at me and make merry. Philip
gone!

And Calais gone! Time that I were
gone too!

Lady Clarence. Nay, if the fetid gutter
had a voice
And cried I was not clean, what should
I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe,
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,
Your England is as loyal as myself.

Mary (seeing the paper dropt by Pole).
There! there! another paper! Said
you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

Lady Clarence. Let it be, let it be.
God pardon me! I have never yet
found one. [*Aside.*]

Mary (reads). 'Your people hate you
as your husband hates you.'

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done?
what sin

Reaped all grace, all pardon? Mother
of God,

Thou knowest never woman meant so
well,

And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
My people hate me and desire my death.

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, no.

Mary. My husband hates me, and
desires my death.

Lady Clarence. No, Madam; these
are libels.

Mary. I hate myself, and I desire my
death.

Lady Clarence. Long live your
Majesty! Shall Alice sing you
One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my
child,

Bring us your lute (Alice goes). They
say the gloom of Saul
Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

Mary. Too young!
And never knew a Philip.

Re-enter Alice.

Give me the lute.

He hates me!

(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in
loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first
awaken;

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-
taken;

Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

Alice. Your Grace hath a low voice.

Mary. How dare you say it?
Even for that he hates me. A low
voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can
hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the
grave

(*Sitting on the ground.*) There, am I
low enough now?

Alice. Good Lord! how grim and
ghastly looks her Grace,
With both her knees drawn upward to
her chin.

There was an old-world tomb beside my
father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion ; she looks a corpse.

Enter LAEY MAGDALEN DACRES.

Lady Magdalen. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,
In hopes to see your Highness.

Lady Clarence (pointing to Mary). Wait he must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

Lady Magdalen. Unhappiest
Of Queens and wives and women !

Alice (in the foreground with Lady Magdalen). And all along
Of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Not so loud ! Our
Clarence there
Sees ever such an aureole round the
Queen,

It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her.

Alice. Ay, this Philip ;
I used to love the Queen with all my
heart—

God help me, but methinks I love her less
For such a dotage upon such a man.

I would I were as tall and strong as you.

Lady Magdalen. I seem half-shamed
at times to be so tall.

Alice. You are the stateliest deer in
all the herd—

Beyond his aim—but I am small and
scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Why ?

I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low-statured.

Alice. Does he think
Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own ?

Lady Magdalen. There you strike in
the nail.

This coarseness is a want of phantasy.
It is the low man thinks the woman
low ;

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

Alice. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as
well as dull.
How dared he ?

Lady Magdalen. Stupid soldiers oft
are bold.

Poor lads, they see not what the general
sees,

A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*
Beyond his aim, or was not.

Alice. Who ? Not you ?
Tell, tell me ; save my credit with myself.

Lady Magdalen. I never breathed it
to a bird in the eaves,

Would not for all the stars and maiden
moon

Our drooping Queen should know ! In
Hampton Court

My window look'd upon the corridor ;
And I was robing ;—this poor throat of

mine,
Barer than I should wish a man to see
it,—

When he we speak of drove the window
back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal
hand ;

But by God's providence a good stout staff
Lay near me ; and you know me strong
of arm ;

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
For a day or two, tho', give the Devil
his due,

I never found he bore me any spite.

Alice. I would she could have wedded
that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon—light enough, God
knows,

And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the
boy

Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse,
cruel,

And more than all—no Spaniard

Lady Clarence. Not so loud.
Lord Devon, girls ! what are you whis-
pering here ?

Alice. Probing an old state-secret—
how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign
travel,

Not lost his head.

Lady Clarence. There was no proof
against him.

Alice. Nay, Madam; did not Gardiner
intercept

A letter which the Count de Noailles
wrote

To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What became
of that?

Lady Clarence. Some say that Gardiner,
out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's
house in Southwark.

Let dead things rest.

Alice. Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy.

Lady Clarence. Much changed, I hear,
Had put off levity and put graveness on.
The foreign courts report him in his
manner

Noble as his young person and old shield.
It might be so—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,
And died in Padua.

Mary (looking up suddenly). Died in
the true faith?

Lady Clarence. Ay, Madam, happily.

Mary. Happier he than I.

Lady Magdalen. Reason her Highness
hath awaken'd. Think you

That I might dare to tell her that the
Count—

Mary. I will see no man hence for
evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole.

Lady Magdalen. It is the Count de
Feria, my dear lady.

Mary. What Count?

Lady Magdalen. The Count de Feria,
from his Majesty

King Philip.

Mary. Philip! quick! loop up my
hair!

Throw cushions on that seat, and make
it throne-like.

Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian
shawl

That Philip brought me in our happy
days!—

IV.

That covers all. So—am I somewhat
Queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon
earth?

Lady Clarence. Ay, so your Grace
would bide a moment yet.

Mary. No, no, he brings a letter.
I may die

Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA (kneels).

Feria. I trust your Grace is well.

(Aside) How her hand burns!

Mary. I am not well, but it will
better me,

Sir Count, to read the letter which you
bring.

Feria. Madam, I bring no letter.

Mary. How! no letter?

Feria. His Highness is so vex'd with
strange affairs—

Mary. That his own wife is no affair
of his.

Feria. Nay, Madam, nay! he sends
his veriest love,

And says, he will come quickly.

Mary. Doth he, indeed?
You, sir, do you remember what you said
When last you came to England?

Feria. Madam, I brought
My King's congratulations; it was hoped
Your Highness was once more in happy
state

To give him an heir male.

Mary. Sir, you said more;
You said he would come quickly. I had
horses

On all the road from Dover, day and
night;

On all the road from Harwich, night and
day;

But the child came not, and the husband
came not;

And yet he will come quickly. . . Thou
hast learnt

Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no
need

For Philip so to shame himself again.

Return,
And tell him that I know he comes no more.

C 2

Tell him at last I know his love is dead,
And that I am in state to bring forth death—

Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,
And not to me!

Feria. Mere compliments and wishes.
But shall I take some message from your Grace?

Mary. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

Feria. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?

Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain.

You droop in your dim London.

Mary. Have him away!
I sicken of his readiness.

Lady Clarence. My Lord Count,
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

Feria (kneels, and kisses her hand). I wish her Highness better. (Aside)
How her hand burns! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR
LONDON.

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSE-
HOLD, ATTENDANTS.

Elizabeth. There's half an angel
wrong'd in your account;
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er
again.

Steward. I were whole devil if I
wrong'd you, Madam.

[Exit Steward.]

Attendant. The Count de Feria, from
the King of Spain.

Elizabeth. Ah!—let him enter. Nay,
you need not go:

[To her Ladies.]

Remain within the chamber, but apart.
We'll have no private conference. Wel-
come to England!

Enter FERIA.

Feria. Fair island star!

Elizabeth. I shine! What else,
Sir Count?

Feria. As far as France, and into
Philip's heart.
My King would know if you be fairly
served,

And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir,
I am well-served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the
Queen.

Feria. You should be grateful to my
master, too.

He spoke of this; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her
heir.

Elizabeth. No, not to her nor him;
but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I
love

The people! whom God aid!

Feria. You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip—

Elizabeth. Wherefore pause you—
what?

Feria. Nay, but I speak from mine
own self, not him;

Your royal sister cannot last; your hand
Will be much coveted! What a delicate
one!

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and
there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer
gold—

Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty
dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

Elizabeth. Is it so fine?
Trophies, some have said so.

Feria. —would be deemed a miracle.

Elizabeth. Your Philip hath gold hair
and golden beard;

There must be ladies many with hair like
mine.

Feria. Some few of Gothic blood
have golden hair,

But none like yours.

Elizabeth. I am happy you approve it.

Feria. But as to Philip and your Grace—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with Spain,
What hinders but that Spain and England join'd,
Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.

Spain would be England on her seas, and England
Mistress of the Indies.

Elizabeth. It may chance, that

England
Will be the Mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain.

Feria. Impossible;
Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's dream.

Elizabeth. Perhaps; but we have scamen. Count de Feria,
I take it that the King hath spoken to you;
But is Don Carlos such a goodly match?

Feria. Don Carlos, Madam, is but twelve years old.

Elizabeth. Ay, tell the King that I will muse upon it;

He is my good friend, and I would keep him so;

But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,
And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till now

My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages,

Make me full fain to live and die a maid.

But I am much beholden to your King.
Have you aught else to tell me?

Feria. Nothing, Madam,
Save that methought I gather'd from the Queen

That she would see your Grace before she died.

Elizabeth. God's death! and wherefore spake you not before?

We dally with our lazy moments here,
And hers are number'd. Horses there, without!

I am much beholden to the King, your master.

Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there! [*Exit Elizabeth, etc.*]

Feria. So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your 'God's death,'

And break your paces in, and make you tame;

God's death, forsooth—you do not know King Philip. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

A light burning within. Voices of the night passing.

First. Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?

Second. Ay,

They say she's dying.

First. So is Cardinal Pole.
May the great angels join their wings,
and make

Down for their heads to heaven!

Second. Amen. Come on. [*Exeunt.*]

TWO OTHERS.

First. There's the Queen's light. I hear she cannot live.

Second. God curse her and her Legate! Gardiner burns

Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den
Were but a sort of winter; sir, in Guernsey,

I watch'd a woman burn; and in her agony

The mother came upon her—a child was born—

And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
That, being but baptized in fire, the babe
Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbour.

There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.

First. Amen to all
Your wish, and further.

A Third Voice. Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance; and I have seen the true men of Christ dying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them.

First. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach.

You had best go home. What are you?

Third. What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prophecy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.

First. If ever I heard a madman,—let's away!

Why, you long-winded—— Sir, you go beyond me.

I pride myself on being moderate.

Good night! Go home. Besides, you curse so loud,

The watch will hear you. Get you home at once. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the Gallery. A writing-table in front. QUEEN comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the Gallery.

Lady Clarence. Mine eyes are dim: what hath she written? read.

Alice. 'I am dying, Philip; come to me.'

Lady Magdalen. There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

Alice. And how her shadow crosses one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,

Following her like her sorrow. She turns again.

[Queen sits and writes, and goes again.]

Lady Clarence. What hath she written now?

Alice. Nothing; but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,

And blotted by her tears. This cannot last. *[Queen returns.]*

Mary. I whistle to the bird has broken cage,

And all in vain. *[Sitting down.]*

Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

Lady Clarence. Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars;

I cannot doubt but that he comes again; And he is with you in a measure still.

I never look'd upon so fair a likeness

As your great King in armour there, his hand

Upon his helmet.

[Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall.]

Mary. Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas, And I would have my warrior all in arms.

He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted

Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment,

Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

Lady Clarence. And so he does.

Mary. He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France. I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy!

Alice. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven. *[Weeps. Aside.]*

Poor enough in God's grace!

Mary. —And all in vain!
The Queen of Scots is married to the
Dauphin,
And Charles, the lord of this low world,
is gone;
And all his wars and wisdoms past away;
And in a moment I shall follow him.

Lady Clarence. Nay, dearest Lady,
see your good physician.

Mary. Drugs—but he knows they
cannot help me—says
That rest is all—tells me I must not
think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.
Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when
he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say
'rest':

Why, you must kill him if you would
have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

Lady Clarence. Your Majesty has
lived so pure a life,
And done such mighty things by Holy
Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet.

Mary. What is the strange thing
happiness? Sit down here:

Tell me thine happiest hour.

Lady Clarence. I will, if that
May make your Grace forget yourself a
little.

There runs a shallow brook across our field
For twenty miles, where the black crow
flies five,

And doth so bound and babble all the way
As if itself were happy. It was May-time,
And I was walking with the man I loved.
I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.
And both were silent, letting the wild
brook

Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd
one

From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave
it me.

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
And put it in my bosom, and all at once
I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

Mary. O God! I have been too slack,
too slack;

There are Hot Gospellers even among
our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch. We have
but burnt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women
and children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck,
wrath,—

We have so play'd the coward; but by
God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up
The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
Burn!—

Fie, what a savour! tell the cooks to close
The doors of all the offices below.

Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here—
Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fel-
low—

Thou light a torch that never will go
out!

'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the
Holy Father

Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin
Pole—

Was that well done? and poor Pole pines
of it,

As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,
I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek
old man,

Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No
pardon!—

Why that was false: there is the right
hand still

Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for
treason,

Remember that! 'twas I and Bonner did
it,

And Pole; we are three to one—Have
you found mercy there,

Grant it me here: and see, he smiles and
goes,

Gentle as in life.

Alice. Madam, who goes? King
Philip?

Mary. No, Philip comes and goes,
but never goes.

Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find
written

Two names, Philip and Calais; open
his,—

So that he have one,—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true
to me!

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd
vice!

Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.

Hast thou a knife?

Alice. Ay, Madam, but o' God's
mercy—

Mary. Fool, think'st thou I would
peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not,
girl,

Not this way—callous with a constant
stripe,

Unwoundable. The knife!

Alice. Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.

Mary. This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.
[Cuts out the picture and throws it down.
Lie there. (Wails) O God, I have
kill'd my Philip!

Alice. No,
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.

Mary. All is well then; rest—
I will to rest; he said, I must have rest.

[Cries of 'Elizabeth' in the street.
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the
grave.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your royal
sister comes to see you.

Mary. I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my
sister?

I will see none except the priest. Your
arm. [To Lady Clarence.

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn
smile

Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me
hence. [Exeunt.

*The Priest passes. Enter ELIZABETH
and SIR WILLIAM CECIL.*

Elizabeth. Good counsel yours—
No one in waiting? still,

As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the
way?

No, that way there are voices. Am I
too late?

Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the
way. [Exit Elizabeth.

Cecil. Many points weather'd, many
perilous ones,

At last a harbour opens; but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—
much it is

To be nor mad, nor . . .
Nor let Priests' tall, . . . of worlds
to be,

Miscolour things about her—sudden
touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks; no pas-
sionate faith—

But—if let be—balance and compromise;
Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a
Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death—a
Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

Enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now?

Alice. Away from Philip.
Back in her childhood—prattling to her
mother

Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,
And childlike-jealous of him again—and
once

She thank'd her father sweetly for his
book

Against that godless German. Ah, those
days

Were happy. It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among
us.

Cecil. And who says that?

Alice. It is a saying among the Catholics.

Cecil. It never will be merry world in England,
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

Alice. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. The Queen is dead.

Cecil. Then here she stands! my homage.

Elizabeth. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;
Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.

I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,

Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,

Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt:

And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven.

Cecil. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—

That never English monarch dying left England so little.

Elizabeth. But with Cecil's aid
And others, if our person be secured
From traitorstabs—we will make England great.

Enter PAGET, and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, etc.

Lords. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

Bagenhall. God save the Crown! the Papacy is no more.

Paget (aside). Are we so sure of that?

Acclamation. God save the Queen!

HAROLD :

A DRAMA.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old-world records—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN Here May breath and bloom of spring—
The cuckoo yammer from an English elm
Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest : ' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm :
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood !
O strange hate-healer Time ! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago ;
Might, right ? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict.*

ALDRED, *Archbishop of York.*

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England*

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble.*¹

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig*

GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane.*

ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman.*

OSGOD and ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham.*

THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin.*

ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales.*

EDITH, *Ward of King Edward.*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc.

¹ . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Compater Heraldii. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS *talking together.*

First Courtier. Lo! there once more
—this is the seventh night!

Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England!

Second Courtier. Horrible!

First Courtier. Look you, there's a star

That dances in it as mad with agony!

Third Courtier. Ay, like a spirit in
Hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

Second Courtier. Steam'd upward
from the undescendable

Abysm.

First Courtier. Or floated downward
from the throne
Of God Almighty.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

Gamel. War, my dear lady!

Aldwyth. Dost this affright thee?

Gamel. Mightily, my dear lady!

Aldwyth. Stand by me then, and look
upon my face,
Not on the comet.

(*Enter MORCAR.*)

Brother! why so pale?

Morcar. It glares in heaven, it flares
upon the Thames,

The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot speak
—for awe;

Look to the skies, then to the river, strike
Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
I think that they would Molochize them
too,

To have the heavens clear.

Aldwyth. They fright not me.

(*Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH.*)

Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks
of this!

Morcar. Lord Leofwin, dost thou
believe, that these
Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder
mean

The doom of England and the wrath of
Heaven?

Bishop of London (passing). Did ye
not cast with bestial violence
Our holy Norman bishops down from all
Their thrones in England? I alone
remain.

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

Leofwin. With us, or thee?

Bishop of London. Did ye not outlaw
your archbishop Robert,
Robert of Jumièges—well-high murder
him too?

Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven?

Leofwin. Why then the wrath of
Heaven hath three tails,
The devil only one.

[*Exit Bishop of London.*]

(*Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.*)

Ask our Archbishop.
Stigand should know the purposes of
Heaven.

Stigand. Not I. I cannot read the
face of heaven;
Perhaps our vines will grow the better for
it.

Leofwin (laughing). He can but read
the king's face on his coins.

Stigand. Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the
king's face is power.

Gurth. O father, mock not at a public
fear,

But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?

Stigand. Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee, I am a harm to
England.

Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man—for in our windy world
What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Our friends, the Normans, help to shake
his chair.

I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely . . . What it
means?

Ask our broad Earl.

[*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters.*

Harold (seeing Gamel). Hail, Gamel,
son of Orm!

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend
Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy
life at home

Is easier than mine here. Look! am I
not

Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

Gamel. Art thou sick, good Earl?

Harold. Sick as an autumn swallow
for a voyage,

Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas—a change! When
camest thou hither?

Gamel. To-day, good Earl.

Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

Gamel. Nay, there be murmurs, for
thy brother breaks us

With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—
Nothing as yet.

Harold. Stand by him, mine old
friend,

Thou art a great voice in Northumber-
land!

Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will
hear thee.

He is passionate but honest. Stand thou
by him!

More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird
sign

Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father
Stigand—

[*To Stigand, who advances to him.*

Stigand (pointing to the comet). War
there, my son? is that the doom
of England?

Harold. Why not the doom of all the
world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as Eng-
land.

These meteors came and went before our
day,

Not harming any: it threatens us no
more

Than French or Norman. War? the
worst that follows

Things that seem jerk'd out of the common
rut

Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's
credit

Makes it on earth: but look, where
Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much
of late.

Leofwin. And he hath learnt, despite
the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's
hand.

Gurth. I trust the kingly touch that
cures the evil

May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

Leofwin. He hath as much of cat as
tiger in him.

Our Tostig loves the hand and not the
man.

Harold. Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN, and TOSTIG.

Edward. In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere!
your Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and
your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Norman-
land

God speaks thro' abler voices, as Heddwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor as some have
held,

Because I love the Norman better—no,
But craving God's revenge upon this
realm

For narrowness and coldness: and I say
it

For the last time perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the saints.

I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy
Peter:

I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—

And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and
go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of you
Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am
gone

Woe, woe to England! I have had a
vision;

The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.

Harold. My most dear Master,
What matters? let them turn from left
to right

And sleep again.

Tostig. Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may see
Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

Aldwyth (aside). Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for
the crown?

Edward. Tostig says true; my son,
thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous earth and
heaven:

But heaven and earth are threads of the
same loom,
Play into one another, and weave the web
That may confound thee yet.

Harold. Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and honestly.

Edward. I know it, son; I am not
thankless: thou
Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for me
The weight of this poor crown, and left
me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better one.
Twelve years of service! England loves
thee for it.

Thou art the man to rule her!

Aldwyth (aside). So, not Tostig!

Harold. And after those twelve years
a boon, my king,

Respite, a holiday: thyself wast wont
To love the chase: thy leave to set my feet
On board, and hunt and hawk beyond
the seas!

Edward. What with this flaming
horror overhead?

Harold. Well, when it passes then.

Edward. Ay if it pass.

Go not to Normandy—go not to Nor-
mandy.

Harold. And wherefore not, my king,
to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wilfred's hostage there
For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring him
home.

Edward. Not thee, my son: some
other messenger.

Harold. And why not me, my lord,
to Normandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend and
mine?

Edward. I pray thee, do not go to
Normandy.

Harold. Because my father drove the
Normans out

Of England?—That was many a summer
gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and thee.

Edward. Harold, I will not yield
thee leave to go.

Harold. Why then to Flanders. I
will hawk and hunt

In Flanders.

Edward. Be there not fair woods and
fields

In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the
Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on Tostig, and
followed by Stigand, Morcar, and
Courtiers.*]

Harold. What lies upon the mind of
our good king

That he should harp this way on
Normandy?

Queen. Brother, the king is wiser
than he seems;

And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the
king.

Harold. And love should know; and
—be the king so wise,—

Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man but not his phantasies.

(*Re-enter TOSTIG.*)

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy North-
umbria?

Tostig. When did I hear aught but
this 'When' from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my
Northumbria:

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me Earl; make me
not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made
me Earl!

Harold. No, Tostig—lest I make
myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee,
make thee Earl.

Tostig. Why chafe me then? Thou
knowest I soon go wild.

Gurth. Come, come! as yet thou art
not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest
of us.

Harold. So says old Gurth, not I:
yet hear! thine earldom,

Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old
crown

Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly
glare

May heat their fancies.

Tostig. My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the world—
Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war—
Pray God the people choose thee for
their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee.

Harold. Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by
thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King:
Thine absence well may seem a want of
care.

Cling to their love; for, now the sons of
Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree,
good brother,

Waits till the man let go.

Tostig. Good counsel truly!

I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

Harold. How goes it then with thy
Northumbria? Well?

Tostig. And wouldst thou that it went
aught else than well?

Harold. I would it went as well as
with mine earldom,

Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Tostig. Ye govern milder men.

Gurth. We have made them milder
by just government.

Tostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your
own good word.

Leofwin. An honest gift, by all the
Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.

Harold. I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

Tostig. From spies of thine to spy
my nakedness

In my poor North!

Harold. There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

Tostig. Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—I
will!—

Crush it half-born! Fool still? or wis-
dom there,

My wise head-shaking Harold?

Harold. Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom when
in power

And wisest, should not frown as Power,
but smile

As kindness, watching all, till the true
must

Shall make her strike as Power: but
when to strike—

O Tostig, O dear brother—If they prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear and
run

And break both neck and axle.

Tostig. Good again!

Good counsel tho' scarce needed. Pour
not water

In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

Leofwin. Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the
hand

Would help thee from the trap.

Tostig. Thou playest in tune.

Leofwin. To the deaf adder thee, that
wilt not dance

However wisely charm'd.

Tostig. No more, no more!

Gueth. I likewise cry 'no more.'

Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house! *Leofwin*, thou
hast a tongue!

Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst
spring upon him.

St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come,
come,

Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity;
Let kith and kin stand close as our
shield-wall,

Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast
a tongue,

And *Tostig* is not stout enough to bear it.
Vex him not, *Leofwin*.

Tostig. No, I am not vex't,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earldom
To the good king who gave it—not to
you—

Not any of you.—I am not vex't at all.

Harold. The king? the king is ever
at his prayers;

In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

Tostig. That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

Harold. Brother, brother!

Tostig. Away!

[*Exit Tostig.*]

Queen. Spite of this grisly scar ye
three must gall

Poor *Tostig*.

Leofwin. *Tostig*, sister, galls himself;
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the
rose.

Queen. I am the only rose of all the
stock

That never thorn'd him; *Edward* loves
him, so

Ye hate him. *Harold* always hated him.
Why—how they fought when boys—and,
Holy Mary!

How *Harold* used to beat him!

Harold. Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat
him.

Even old *Gueth* would fight. I had
much ado

To hold mine own against old *Gueth*.
Old *Gueth*,

We fought like great states for grave
cause; but *Tostig*—

On a sudden—at a something—for a
nothing—

The boy would fust me hard, and when
we fought

I conquer'd, and he loved me none the less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and
tell him

That where he was but worsted, he was
wrong'd.

Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil
him too;

Now the spoilt child sways both. Take
heed, take heed;

Thou art the *Queen*; ye are boy and girl
no more:

Side not with *Tostig* in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the
violence.

Queen. Come fall not foul on me. I
leave thee, brother.

Harold. Nay, my good sister—

[*Exeunt Queen, Harold, Gueth, and
Leofwin.*]

Aldevyth. Gamel, son of *Orm*,
What thinkest thou this means?

[*Pointing to the comet.*]
Gamel. War, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all maligni-
ties.

Aldevyth. It means the fall of *Tostig*
from his earldom.

Gamel. That were too small a matter
for a comet!

Aldwyth. It means the lifting of the house of Aligar.

Gamel. Too small! a comet would not show for that!

Aldwyth. Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.

Gamel. Thy love?

Aldwyth. As much as I can give thee, man;

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;

Stir up thy people: oust him!

Gamel. And thy love?

Aldwyth. As much as thou canst bear.

Gamel. I can bear all,

And not be giddy.

Aldwyth. No more now: to-morrow.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

Edith. Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . . .

I love thee for it—ay, but stay a moment;

He can but stay a moment: he is going.

I fain would hear him coming! . . . near me . . . near,

Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a charm

Like thine to thine.

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:

Love can stay but a little while.

Why cannot he stay? They call him away:

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;

Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The nightingales at Havering-in-the-bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers

Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus

I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale!

[*Kissing her.*]

Edith. Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine

To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?

Harold. Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.

Edith. Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall

To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth

Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee,

She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,

Pants for thy blood.

Harold. Well, I have given her cause—

I fear no woman.

Edith. Hate not one who felt Some pity for thy hater! I am sure

Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised

The convent and lone life—within the pale—

Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward,

At least methought she held with holy Edward,

That marriage was half sin.

Harold. A lesson worth Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*).

And my answer to it—See here—an interwoven H and E!

Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward

From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?

She to shut up my blossom in the dark! Thou art my nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

Edith (taking the ring). Yea, but Earl Tostig—

Harold. That's a truer fear! For if the North take fire, I should be back; I shall be, soon enough.

Edith. Ay, but last night An evil dream that ever came and went—

Harold. A gnat that vex'd thy pillow! Had I been by,

I would have spoil'd his horn. My girl, what was it?

Edith. Oh ! that thou wert not going !
For so methought it was our marriage-morn,

And while we stood together, a dead man
Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal veil ;
And then I turn'd, and saw the church
all fill'd

With dead men upright from their graves,
and all

The dead men made at thee to murder
thee,

But thou didst back thyself against a
pillar,

And strike among them with thy battle-
axe—

There, what a dream !

Harold. Well, well—a dream—
no more !

Edith. Did not Heaven speak to men
in dreams of old ?

Harold. Ay—well—of old. I tell
thee what, my child ;

Thou hast misread this merry dream of
thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood
For smooth stone columns of the sanc-
tuary,

The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, that the
battle-axe

Was out of place ; it should have been
the bow.—

Come, thou shalt dream no more such
dreams ; I swear it,

By mine own eyes—and these two sap-
phires—these

Twin rubies, that are amulets against all
The kisses of all kind of womankind
In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back
To tumble at thy feet.

Edith. That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea may
roll

Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living
rock

Which guards the land.

Harold. Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine
amulet . . .

This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to
shut in

A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou
shalt see

My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of
light,

And hear my peregrine and her bells in
heaven ;

And other bells on earth, which yet are
heaven's ;

Guess what they be.

Edith. He cannot guess who knows.
Farewell, my king.

Harold. Not yet, but then—my queen.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.

Aldwyth. The kiss that charms thine
eyelids into sleep,

Will hold mine waking. Hate him ? I
could love him

More, tenfold, than this fearful child can
do ;

Griffyth I hated : why not hate the foe
Of England ? Griffyth when I saw him

flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all
the blood

That should have only pulsed for Griffyth,
beat

For his pursuer. I love him or think I
love him.

If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love
him.—

She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the
king

Should yield his ward to Harold's will.
What harm ?

She hath but blood enough to live, not
love.—

When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I
play

The craftier Tostig with him ? fawn upon
him ?

Chime in with all ? ' O thou more saint
than king !'

And that were true enough. ' O blessed
relics !'

' O Holy Peter !' If he found me thus,

Harold might hate me ; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness . . . not
like Aldwyth . . .
For which I strangely love him. Should
not England

Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that
part

The sons of Godwin from the sons of
Alfgar

By such a marrying? Courage, noble
Aldwyth !

Let all thy people bless thee !

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him Earl : he would
be king :—

The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the
bone.—

I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and
Harold

Hear the king's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.

I see the goal and half the way to it.—
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake
the North

With earthquake and disruption—some
division—

Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of
both

The houses on mine head—then a fair life
And bless the Queen of England.

Morcar (coming from the thicket). Art
thou assured

By this, that Harold loves but Edith?
Aldwyth. *Morcar !*

Why creep'st thou like a timorous beast
of prey

Out of the bush by night?

Morcar. I follow'd thee.

Aldwyth. Follow my lead, and I will
make thee earl.

Morcar. What lead then?

Aldwyth. Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk,
that I—

That Harold loves me—yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and
last—

Perchance that Harold wrongs me ; tho'
I would not

That it should come to that.

Morcar. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

Aldwyth. I said 'secretly ;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor
thunder

Never harm'd head.

Morcar. But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.

Aldwyth. Down with Tostig !
That first of all.—And when doth Harold
go?

Morcar. To-morrow—first to Bosham,
then to Flanders.

Aldwyth. Not to come back till
Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the
teeth

That shall be broken by us—yea, and
thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and
dream thyself

Their chosen Earl. [*Exit Aldwyth.*
Morcar. Earl first, and after that

Who knows I may not dream myself their
king !

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEASHORE. PONTHEU
NIGHT.

HAROLD and his Men, wrecked.

Harold. Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge

Our boat hath burst her ribs ; but ours
are whole ;

I have but bark'd my hands.

Attendant. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging
thus

Felt the remorseless outdraught of the
deep

Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,

And then I rose and ran. The blast that came

So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—
Put thou the comet and this blast together—

Harold. Put thou thyself and mother-wit together.

Be not a fool!

(*Enter Fishermen with torches, HAROLD going up to one of them, ROLF.*)

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

Rolf. Ay, but thou liest as loud as the black herring-pond behind thee. We be fishermen; I came to see after my nets.

Harold. To drag us into them. Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your false fires,

Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

Rolf. Nay then, we be liker the blessed Apostles; *they* were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

Harold. I had liefer that the fish had swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils.

What's to be done?

[*To his Men—goes apart with them.*]

Fisherman. Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah?

Rolf. A whale!

Fisherman. Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the King of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rolf, when I was down in the fever, *she* was down with the hunger, and thou didst stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, *she's* as crabb'd as ever.

Rolf. And I'll give her my crabs again, when thou art down again.

Fisherman. I thank thee, Rolf. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will

wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not? for what right had he to get himself wrecked on another man's land?

Rolf. Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers. Share and share alike! [*Exit.*]

Harold (to Fisherman). Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

Fisherman. As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

Harold. I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

Fisherman. How?

Harold. I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

Fisherman. Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'll sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself! Hold thine own, if thou canst!

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTIEU.

Harold. Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

Guy. Harold, Earl of Wessex!

Harold. Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us!

Guy. Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

Harold. In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
And leave them for a year, and coming back

Find them again.

Guy. Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

Harold. Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them, they should hang

Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks; our sea-mew
Winging their only wail!

Guy. Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreck are accursed of God;—

What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

Harold. The Christian manhood of the man who reigns!

Guy. Ay, rave thy worst, but in our
 obliettes
 Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him
 hence! [*To one of his Attendants.*
 Fly thou to William; tell him we have
 Harold..

SCENE II.—BAYEUX. PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

William. We hold our Saxon wood-
 cock in the springe,
 But he begins to flutter. As I think
 He was thine host in England when I
 went
 To visit Edward.

Malet. Yea; and there, my lord,
 To make allowance for their rougher
 fashions,
 I found him all a noble host should be.

William. Thou art his friend: thou
 know'st my claim on England
 Thro' Edward's promise: we have him
 in the toils.

And it were well, if thou shouldst let him
 feel,
 How dense a fold of danger nets him
 round,
 So that he bristle himself against my
 will.

Malet. What would I do, my lord, if
 I were you?

William. What wouldst thou do?

Malet. My lord, he is thy guest.

William. Nay, by the splendour of
 God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had past me by
 To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for
 the fate

Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon
 blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high
 heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave and
 crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our
 friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by the
 rack,

But that I stept between and purchased
 him,

Translating his captivity from Guy
 To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he
 sits

My ransom'd prisoner.

Malet. Well, if not with gold,
 With golden deeds and iron strokes that
 brought

Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
 Than else had been, he paid his ransom
 back.

William. So that henceforth they are
 not like to league
 With Harold against *me*.

Malet. A marvel, how
 He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
 Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armour'd
 Normans up

To fight for thee again!

William. Perchance against
 Their savor, save thou save *him* from
 himself.

Malet. But I should let him home
 again, my lord.

William. Simple! let fly the bird
 within the hand,

To catch the bird again within the bush!
 No.

Smooth thou my way, before he clash
 with me;

I want his voice in England for the
 crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring him
 round;

And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
 And being truthful wrought upon to swear
 Vows that he dare not break. England
 our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear
 friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt
 have

Large lordship there of lands and territory.

Malet. I knew thy purpose; he and
 Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public; shall they
 meet

In private? I have often talk'd with
 Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that these
may act

On Harold when they meet.

William. Then let them meet !

Malet. I can but love this noble,
honest Harold.

William. Love him ! why not ? thine
is a loving office,

I have commission'd thee to save the
man :

Help the good ship, showing the sunken
rock,

Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

William Rufus. Father.

William. Well, boy.

William Rufus. They have taken
away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

William. Why, boy ?

William Rufus. Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to
break ;

I like to have my toys, and break them too.

William. Well, thou shalt have
another Norman knight !

William Rufus. And may I break his
legs ?

William. Yea,—get thee gone !

William Rufus. I'll tell them I have
had my way with thee. [*Exit.*]

Malet. I never knew thee check thy
will for ought

Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

William. Who shall be kings of
England. I am heir

Of England by the promise of her king.

Malet. But there the great Assembly
choose their king,

The choice of England is the voice of
England.

William. I will be king of England
by the laws,

The choice, and voice of England.

Malet. Can that be ?

William. The voice of any people is
the sword

That guards them, or the sword that beats
them down.

Here comes the would-be what I will
be . . . kinglike . . .

Tho' scarce at ease ; for, save our meshes
break,

More kinglike he than like to prove a
king.

(*Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes
on the ground.*)

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of
me.

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair
day ?

They are of the best, strong-wing'd against
the wind.

*Harold (looking up suddenly, having
caught but the last word).* Which
way does it blow ?

William. Blowing for England, ha ?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy
quarters here.

The winds so cross and jostle among
these towers.

Harold. Count of the Normans, thou
hast ransom'd us,

Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally !

William. And thou for us hast fought
as loyally,

Which binds us friendship-fast for ever !

Harold. Good !

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy

By too much pressure on it, I would
fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home
with us,

Be home again with Wulfnoth.

William. Stay—as yet

Thou hast but seen how Norman hands
can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce
touch'd or tasted

The splendours of our Court.

Harold. I am in no mood :

I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

William. Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman sun,
And send thee back among thine island
mists

With laughter.

Harold. Count, I thank thee, but
had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our Saxon
downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all the
west.

William. Why if thou wilt, so let it
be—thou shalt.
That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the banquet-
board;

To-morrow we will ride with thee to
Harfleur,
And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
For happier homeward winds than that
which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in faith,
A happy one—whereby we came to know
Thy valour and thy value, noble earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided—I will go with thee to-mor-
row—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there is a post from
over seas

With news for thee. [*Exit Page.*]

William. Come, Malet, let us hear!

[*Execute Count William and Malet.*]

Harold. Conditions? What condi-
tions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy—
nay—

No money-lover he! What said the
King?

'I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound
me too

With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out? What did he
mean?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his
eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls
oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half the
heaven.

Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out. A Man-at-arms
follows him.*]

Harold (to the Man-at-arms). I need
thee not. Why dost thou follow
me?

Man-at-arms. I have the Count's
commands to follow thee.

Harold. What then? Am I in danger
in this court?

Man-at-arms. I cannot tell. I have
the Count's commands.

Harold. Stand out of earshot then,
and keep me still

In eyeshot.

Man-at-arms. Yea, lord Harold.

[*Withdraws.*]

Harold. And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,
And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

(*Enter MALET.*)

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd,
watch'd?

See yonder!

[*Pointing to the Man-at-arms.*]

Malet. 'Tis the good Count's care for
thee!

The Normans love thee not, nor thou the
Normans,

Or—so they deem.

Harold. But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England? Why but
now

He said (thou heardest him) that I must
not hence

Save on conditions.

Malet. So in truth he said.

Harold. Malet, thy mother was an
Englishwoman;

There somewhere beats an English pulse
in thee!

Malet. Well—for my mother's sake
I love your England,

But for my father I love Normandy.

Harold. Speak for thy mother's sake,
and tell me true.

Malet. Then for my mother's sake,
and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

Harold. How, Malet, if they be not honourable!

Malet. Seem to obey them.

Harold. Better die than lie!

Malet. Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience

White as a maiden's hand, or whether England

Be shatter'd into fragments.

Harold. News from England?

Malet. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's governance;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

Harold. I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

Malet. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion

Hath massacr'd the Thane that was his guest,

Gamel, the son of Orm: and there be more As villainously slain.

Harold. The wolf! the beast!
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more?

What do they say? did Edward know of this?

Malet. They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

Harold. They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband

Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there.

I'll hack my way to the sea.

Malet. Thou canst not, Harold;
Our Duke is all between thee and the sea,

Our Duke is all about thee like a God;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,

For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death

To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;

How wan, poor lad! how sick and sad for home! [*Exit Malet.*]

Harold (muttering). Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

(*Enter WULFNOTH.*)

Poor brother! still a hostage!

Wulfnoth. Yea, and I

Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more
Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky
With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed

Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke

To let me go.

Harold. Why, brother, so he will;
But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

Wulfnoth. Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,

I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

Harold. They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou

Wast ever fearful.

Wulfnoth. And he spoke—I heard him—

'This Harold is not of the royal blood,
Can have no right to the crown,' and Odo said,

'Thine is the right, for thine the might;
he is here,
And yonder is thy keep.'

Harold. No, Wulfnoth, no.

Wulfnoth. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,
Far as he knew in this poor world of ours—

'Marry, the Saints must go along with us,
And, brother, we will find a way,' said he—

Yea, yea, he would be king of England.
Harold. Never!

Wulfnoth. Yea, but thou must not this way answer him.

Harold. Is it not better still to speak the truth?

Wulfnoth. Not here, or thou wilt never hence nor I:

For in the racing toward this golden goal
He turns not right or left, but tramples
flat

Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard

His savagery at Alençon,—the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls,
and cried

‘Work for the tanner.’

Harold. That had anger’d me
Had I been William.

Wulfnoth. Nay, but he had prisoners,
He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands
away,

And flung them streaming o’er the battle-
meets

Upon the heads of those who walk’d
within—

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own
sake.

Harold. Your Welshman says, ‘The
Truth against the World,’
Much more the truth against myself.

Wulfnoth. Thyself?
But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for
my sake!

Harold. Poor Wulfnoth! do they not
entreat thee well?

Wulfnoth. I see the blackness of my
dungeon loom

Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet
clank

The shackles that will bind me to the
wall.

Harold. Too fearful still!

Wulfnoth. Oh no, no—speak
him fair!

Call it to temporize; and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.

Harold. Words are the man.
Not ev’n for thy sake, brother, would I
lie.

Wulfnoth. Then for thine Edith?

Harold. There thou prick’st me
deep.

Wulfnoth. And for our Mother Eng-
land?

Harold. Deeper still.

Wulfnoth. And deeper still the deep-
down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs’ food thrown upon
thy head.

And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come
and go,

And men are at their markets, in their
fields,

And woo their loves and have forgotten
thee;

And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy
side,

And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once
again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten
thee.

Harold. Thou art of my blood, and
so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason.
Peace!

Wulfnoth. And then our fiery Tostig,
while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians
rise

And hurl him from them,—I have heard
the Normans

Count upon this confusion—may he not
make

A league with William, so to bring him
back?

Harold. That lies within the shadow
of the chance.

Wulfnoth. And like a river in flood
thro’ a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman—our good
King

Kneels mumbling some old bone—our
helpless folk

Are wash’d away, wailing, in their own
blood—

Harold. Wailing! not warring? Boy,
thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.

Wulfnoth. Then our modest women—
I know the Norman license—thine own
Edith—

Harold. No more! I will not hear
thee—William comes.

Wulfnoth. I dare not well be seen in
talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake with
thee.

[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*]

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and Officer.

Officer. We have the man that rail'd
against thy birth.

William. Tear out his tongue.

Officer. He shall not rail again.
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.

William. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

Officer. It shall be done.

[*Exit Officer.*]

William. Look not amazed, fair earl!
Better leave undone
Than do by halves—tongueless and eye-
less, prison'd—

Harold. Better methinks have slain
the man at once!

William. We have respect for man's
immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in war;
It frights the traitor more to maim and
blind.

Harold. In mine own land I should
have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

William. And let him go? Toslander
thee again!

Yet in thine own land in thy father's day
They blinded my young kinsman, Alfreð.

—ay,

Some said it was thy father's deed.

Harold. They lied.

William. But thou and he—whom at
thy word, for thou

Art known a speaker of the truth, I free
From this foul charge—

Harold. Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the
charge.

The king, the lords, the people clear'd
him of it.

William. But thou and he drove our
good Normans out

From England, and this rankles in us yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

Harold. Archbishop Robert! Robert
the Archbishop!

Robert of Jumiéges, he that—

Malet. Quiet! quiet!

Harold. Count! if there sat within
the Norman chair

A ruler all for England—one who fill'd
All offices, all bishopricks with English—

We could not move from Dover to the
Humber

Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who
should drive

The stranger to the fiends!

William. Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!
Ay, ay, but many among our Norman
lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me—
saying

God and the sea have given thee to our
hands—

To plunge thee into life-long prison
here:—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they
should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause;
I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

Harold. I am doubly bound to thee
... if this be so.

William. And I would bind thee
more, and would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

Harold. Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

William. So we v—
We hear he hath not long to live.

Harold. It ma—
William. Why then the he
England, who is he?

Harold. The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

William. But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,

Will England have him king?

Harold. It may be, no.

William. And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. When he was here in

Normandy,

He loved us and we him, because we found him

A Norman of the Normans.

Harold. So did we.

William. A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!

And grateful to the hand that shielded him, He promised that if ever he were king in England, he would give his kingly voice To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

Harold. Learn it now.

William. Thou knowest I am his cousin,

And that my wife descends from Alfred?

Harold. Ay.

William. Who hath a better claim then to the crown

So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

Harold. None that I know . . . if that but hung upon

King Edward's will.

William. Wilt thou uphold my claim?

Malet (aside to Harold). Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

Harold. Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

William. But hath he done it then?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown?

Harold. Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

William. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

Harold. Ay, if—

Malet (aside to Harold). Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out—ay.

William. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,

Foremost in England and in Normandy; Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—

For I shall most sojourn in Normandy; And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Ay, brother—for the sake of England—ay.

Harold. My lord—

Malet (aside to Harold). Take heed now.

Harold. Ay.

William. I am content,

For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.

To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfeur. [*Exit William.*]

Malet. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,

And even as I should bless thee saving mine,

I thank thee now for having saved thyself. [*Exit Malet.*]

Harold. For having lost myself to save myself,

Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad

That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!

Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—

Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?

Or is it the same sin to break my word As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar,

And makes believe that he believes my
word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden
—no.

[Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two Bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.]

Enter a JAILOR before William's throne.

William (to Jailer). Knave, hast thou
let thy prisoner scape?

Jailer. Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt
away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd
him.

William. Woe knave to thy familiar
and to thee!

Give me thy keys. [They fall clashing.
Nay let them lie. Stand there and
wait my will.]

[The Jailer stands aside.]

William (to Harold). Hast thou such
trustless jailors in thy North?

Harold. We have few prisoners in
mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers.

William. We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal governance;
Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all
honour!

Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it
now

Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
For they will not believe thee—as I
believe.

[Descends from his throne and stands
by the ark.]

Let all men here bear witness of our bond!

[Beckons to Harold, who advances.]

Enter MALET behind him.

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden pall!
Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius

Woven into the gold. Swear thou on this!

Harold. What should I swear? Why
should I swear on this?

William (savagely). Swear thou to
help me to the crown of England.

Malet (whispering Harold). My friend,
thou hast gone too far to palter
now.

Wulfnoth (whispering Harold). Swear
to-day, to-morrow is thine
own.

Harold. I swear to help thee to the
crown of England . . .

According as King Edward promises.

William. Thou must swear absolutely,
noble Earl.

Malet (whispering). Delay is death to
thee, ruin to England.

Wulfnoth (whispering). Swear, dear-
est brother, I beseech thee, swear!

Harold (putting his hand on the jewel).
I swear to help thee to the crown
of England.

William. Thanks, truthful Earl; I
did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy
word,

And that the Holy Saints of Normandy
When thou art home in England, with
thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of thy
word,

I made thee swear.—Show him by whom
he hath sworn.

[The two Bishops advance, and raise
the cloth of gold. The bodies and
bones of Saints are seen lying in the
ark.]

The holy bones of all the Canonised
From all the holiest shrines in Normandy!

Harold. Horrible! [They let the cloth
fall again.]

William. Ay, for thou hast sworn an
oath

Which, if not kept, would make the hard
earth rive

To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky
cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her
hosts

Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of
 plague
 Thro' all your cities, blast your infants,
 dash
 The torch of war among your standing
 corn,
 Dabble your hearths with your own blood.
 —Enough!
 Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count—
 the King—
 Thy friend—am grateful for thine honest
 oath,
 Not coming fiercely like a conqueror, now,
 But softly as a bridegroom to his own.
 For I shall rule according to your laws,
 And make your ever-jarring Earldoms
 move
 To music and in order—Anglo, Jute,
 Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a
 throne
 Out-towering hers of France . . . The
 wind is fair
 For England now . . . To-night we will
 be merry.
 To-morrow will I ride with thee to
 Harfleur.
 [*Exeunt William and all the Norman
 barons, etc.*]

Harold. To-night we will be merry—
 and to-morrow—
 Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates
 that most—
 William the tanner's bastard! Would
 he heard me!
 O God, that I were in some wide, waste
 field
 With nothing but my battle-axe and
 him
 To spatter his brains! Why let earth
 rive, gulf in
 These cursed Normans—yea and mine
 own self.
 Cleave heaven, and send thy saints—that
 I may say
 Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with
 William
 Ye are not noble.' How their pointed
 fingers
 Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold,
 son

Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch
 mine arms,
 My limbs—they are not mine—they are
 a liar's—

I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—
 Stigand shall give me absolution for it—
 Did the chest move? did it move? I am
 utter craven!

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou
 hast betray'd me!

Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother, I
 will live here and die.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord! the Duke awaits thee
 at the banquet.

Harold. Where they eat dead men's
 flesh, and drink their blood.

Page. My lord—

Harold. I know your Norman cookery
 is so spiced,

It masks all this.

Page. My lord! thou art white
 as death.

Harold. With looking on the dead.
 Am I so white?

Thy Duke will seem the darker. Hence,
 I follow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by
 him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD,
 ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH,
 LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDREŢ,
 ALDWYTH, and EDITH.*

Stigand. Sleeping or dying there?
 If this be death,

Then our great Council wait to crown
 thee King—

Come hither, I have a power;

[*To Harold.*]

They call me near, for I am close to thee
 And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
 Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
 I have a power!

See here this little key about my neck !
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely :
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,

Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,

At thy most need—not sooner.

Harold. So I will.

Stigand. Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more !

If thou canst make a wholesome use of these

To chink against the Norman, I do believe

My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings

To fly to heaven straight with.

Harold. Thank thee, father !
Thou art English, Edward too is English now,

He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

Stigand. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot

Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense

Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their castles here ;

Our priories are Norman ; the Norman adder

Hath bitten us ; we are poison'd : our dear England

Is demi-Norman. He !—

[*Pointing to King Edward, sleeping.*

Harold. I would I were
As holy, and as passionless as he !

That I might rest as calmly ! Look at him—

The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,

The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere.—

Stigand. A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts

From a side-gorge. Passionless ? How he flamed

When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,

He fain had calcined all Northumbria To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion

Siding with our great Council against Tostig,

Out-passion'd his ! Holy ? ay, ay, forsooth,

A conscience for his own soul, not his realm ;

A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink ;

Thine by the sun ; nay, by some sun to be, When all the world hath learnt to speak

the truth,

And lying were self-murder by that state Which was the exception.

Harold. That sun may God speed !

Stigand. Come, Harold, shake the cloud off !

Harold. Can I, father ?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and England ;

Our sister hates us for his banishment ; He hath gone to kindle Norway against

England,

And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.

For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,

'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said ; 'he cannot follow ;'

Then with that friendly-fendly smile of his,

'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer

Remain a hostage for the loyalty

Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches

Wulfnoth

I that so prized plain word and naked truth

Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

Leofwin. Good brother,

By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,

Of all the lies that ever men have lied,

Thine is the pardonablest.

Harold. May be so !

I think it so, I think I am a fool

To think it can be otherwise than so.

Stigand. Tut, tut, I have absolved thee : dost thou scorn me,

Because I had my Canterbury pallium,

From one whom they disposed ?

Harold. No, Stigand, no !

Stigand. Is naked truth actable in true life?

I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,

That, were a man of state nakedly true,
Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

Leofwin. Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?

I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,
The Devil is so modest.

Gurth. He never said it!
Leofwin. Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth!

Harold. Better to be a liar's dog, and hold
My master honest, than believe that lying
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot

Move one without the other. Edward wakes!

Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

Edward. The green tree!
Then a great Angel past along the highest
Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once

He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, where he clasp'd the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him

Three fields away, and then he dash'd
and drench'd,

He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood,

And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it

Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood

Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,

And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep

That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles

Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose

And past again along the highest crying
'The doom of England!'—Tostig, raise my head! [*Falls back senseless.*]

Harold (raising him). Let Harold serve for Tostig!

Queen. Harold served Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig! Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low! The sickness of our saintly king, for whom

My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him.

Harold. Nay—but the council, and the king himself.

Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him.

Harold (coldly). Ay—Stigand, unriddle

This vision, canst thou?

Stigand. Dotage!

Edward (starting up). It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—

Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim

With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—

I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash

The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!

Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,

Jachin and Boaz!

[*Seeing Harold and Gurth.*
Harold, Gurth,—where am I?
Where is the charter of our Westminster?

Stigand. It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

Edward. Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!

Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,

Sign it, my queen!

All. We have sign'd it.
Edward. It is finish'd!
The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,

The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To Holy Peter in our English isle!

Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is
finish'd!

Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?

[To Harold.

Harold. Stigand hath given me absolution for it.

Edward. Stigand is not canonical enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

Stigand. Norman enough! Be there no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder?

Edward. Prelate, The Saints are one, but those of Normanland

Are mightier than our own. Ask it of Aldred.

[To Harold.

Aldred. It shall be granted him, my king; for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother

Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

Edward. O friends, I shall not overlive the day.

Stigand. Why then the throne is empty. Who inherits?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?

Edgar the Atheling?

Edward. No, no, but Harold. I love him: he hath served me: none but he

Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him

For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;

He did not mean to keep his vow.

Harold. Not mean To make our England Norman.

Edward. There spake Godwin, Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints

Have heard thee, Harold.

Edith. Oh! my lord, my king! He knew not whom he swore by.

Edward. Yea, I know He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard,

Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring another,

Edith, upon his head?

Edith. No, no, not I.

Edward. Why then, thou must not wed him.

Harold. Wherefore, wherefore?

Edward. O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath,

I sorrow'd for my random promise given
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then

I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins;

They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell:

I have been myself a virgin; and I swear
To consecrate my virgin here to heaven—

The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the curse

That lies on thee and England.

Harold. No, no, no.

Edward. Treble denial of the tongue of flesh,

Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have

To wait for it like Peter. O my son! Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises

Made in our agony for help from heaven? Son, there is one who loves thee: and a wife,

What matters who, so she be serviceable
In all obedience, as mine own hath been:
God bless thee, wedded daughter.

[Laying his hand on the Queen's head.

Queen. Bless thou too

That brother whom I love beyond the rest,
My banish'd Tostig.

Edward. All the sweet Saints bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!

And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!

Be kindly to the Normans left among us,
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear

When thou art king, to see my solemn
vow
Accomplish'd.

Harold. Nay, dear lord, for I have
sworn

Not to swear falsely twice.

Edward. Thou wilt not swear?

Harold. I cannot.

Edward. That on thee remains
the curse,

Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee,
Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The King swoons; Edith falls and
kneels by the couch.*]

Stigand. He hath swoon'd!
Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

Harold. Look up! look up!
Edith!

Aldred. Confuse her not; she hath
begun

Her life-long prayer for thee.

Aldwyth. O noble Harold,
I would thou couldst have sworn.

Harold. For thine own pleasure?

Aldwyth. No, but to please our dying
king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all
England, Earl.

Aldred. I would thou couldst have
sworn. Our holy king

Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy
Church

To save thee from the curse.

Harold. Alas! poor man,
His promise brought it on me.

Aldred. O good son!
That knowledge made him all the care-
fuller

To find a means whereby the curse might
glance

From thee and England.

Harold. Father, we so loved—

Aldred. The more the love, the
mightier is the prayer;

The more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven.
No sacrifice to heaven, no help from
heaven;

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the
world.

And sacrifice there must be, for the king
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and
seen

A shadowing horror; there are signs in
heaven—

Harold. Your comet came and went.

Aldred. And signs on earth!
Knowest thou Senlac hill?

Harold. I know all Sussex;

A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!

Aldred. Pray God that come not
suddenly! There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights
ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out
with it—

Heard, heard—

Harold. The wind in his hair?

Aldred. A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle-
hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of
men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon the
hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out
the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless
graves—

Harold. At Senlac?

Aldred. Senlac.

Edward (*waking*). Senlac! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood!

Stigand. This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too!

Harold. Hush, father, hush!

Edward. Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt thou play with the thunder? North
and South

Thunder together, showers of blood are
blown

Before a never ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a

lake,

A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood
—for God

Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has
drawn the bow—

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the
arrow!

[*Dies.*]

Stigand. It is the arrow of death in
his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown thee
King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE
KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

Edith. Crown'd, crown'd and lost,
crown'd King—and lost to me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly

'I am beside thee.'

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

'Love, I will guide thee.'

Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? 'Oh! never,
oh! never,

Tho' we be lost and be found together.'

Some think they loved within the pale
Forbidden

By Holy Church: but who shall say?
The truth

Was lost in that fierce North, where *they*
were lost,

Where all good things are lost, where
Tostig lost

The good hearts of his people. It is
Harold!

(*Enter HAROLD.*)

Harold the King!

Harold. Call me not King, but

Harold.

Edith. Nay, thou art King!

Harold. Thine, thine, or King
or churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn
not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and command
That kiss my due when subject, which
will make

My kingship kinder to me than to reign
King of the world without it.

Edith. Ask me not,

Lest I should yield it, and the second
curse

Descend upon thine head, and thou be
only

King of the moment over England.

Harold. *Edith,*

Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have
lost

Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine
oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not
thou

Our living passion for a dead man's dream;
Stigand believed he knew not what he
spake.

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby
eye

Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a little
light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest;
Heaven yield us more! for better,
Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim
Walhalla,

Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace
The Holiest of our Holiest one should be
This William's fellow-tricksters;—better
die

Than credit this, for death is death, or else
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou
art not

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in my
kiss,

And more than sister in thine own.

Edith. I dare not.
Harold. Scared by the church—
 'Love for a whole life long'
 When was that sung?
Edith. Here to the nightingales.
Harold. Their anthems of no church,
 how sweet they are!
 Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to
 cross
 Their billings ere they nest.
Edith. They are but of spring,
 They fly the winter change—not so with
 us—
 No wings to come and go.
Harold. But wing'd souls flying
 Beyond all change and in the eternal
 distance
 To settle on the Truth.
Edith. They are not so true,
 They change their mates.
Harold. Do they? I did not know it.
Edith. They say thou art to wed the
 Lady Aldwyth.
Harold. They say, they say.
Edith. If this be politic,
 And well for thee and England—and for
 her—
 Care not for me who love thee.
Gurth (calling). Harold, Harold!
Harold. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter*
 GURTH.) Good even, my good
 brother!
Gurth. Good even, gentle Edith.
Edith. Good even, Gurth.
Gurth. Ill news hath come! Our
 hapless brother, Tostig—
 He, and the giant King of Norway,
 Harold
 Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland,
 Orkney,
 Are landed North of Humber, and in a
 field
 So packt with carnage that the dykes and
 brooks
 Were bridged and damm'd with dead,
 have overthrown
 Morcar and Edwin.
Harold. Well then, we must
 fight.
 How blows the wind?

Gurth. Against St. Valery
 And William.
Harold. Well then, we will to the
 North.
Gurth. Ay, but worse news: this
 William sent to Rome,
 Swearing thou swarest falsely by his
 Saints:
 The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde-
 brand
 His master, heard him, and have sent him
 back
 A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
 Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
 Poitou, all Christendom is raised against
 thee;
 He hath cursed thee, and all those who
 fight for thee,
 And given thy realm of England to the
 bastard.
Harold. Ha! ha!
Edith. Oh! laugh not! . . . Strange
 and ghastly in the gloom
 And shadowing of this double thunder-
 cloud
 That lours on England—laughter!
Harold. No, not strange!
 This was old human laughter in old
 Rome
 Before a Pope was born, when that which
 reign'd
 Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering
 Of 'Render unto Caesar.' . . . The
 Good Shepherd!
 Take this, and render that.
Gurth. They have taken York.
Harold. The Lord was God and came
 as man—the Pope
 Is man and comes as God.—York taken?
Gurth. Yea,
 Tostig hath taken York!
Harold. To York then. Edith,
 Hadst thou been braver, I had better
 • braved
 All—but I love thee and thou me—and
 that
 Remains beyond all chances and all
 churches,
 And that thou knowest.
Edith. Ay, but take back thy ring.

It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers Harold the ring, which he takes.*

Harold. But I dare. God with thee!

[*Exeunt Harold and Gurth.*

Edith. The King hath cursed him, if
he marry me;

The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or
no!

God help me! I know nothing—can but
pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help
but prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN,
and Forces. *Enter HAROLD. The
standard of the golden Dragon of Wes-
sex preceding him.*

Harold. What! are thy people sullen
from defeat?

Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the
Humber,

No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the
quick

Before the king—as having been so bruised
By Harold, king of Norway; but our help
Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us,
thou!

Our silence is our reverence for the king!

Harold. Earl of the Mercians! if the
truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when our
good live

Needs every sting to save it.

Voices. Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

Harold. Why cry thy people on thy
sister's name?

Morcar. She hath won upon our
people thro' her beauty,

And pleasantness among them.

Voices. Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

IV.

Harold. They shout as they would
have her for a queen.

Morcar. She hath followed with our
host, and suffer'd all.

Harold. What would ye, men?

Voice. Our old Northumbrian
crown,

And kings of our own choosing.

Harold. Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon carles
Against Hardrada.

Voice. Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our
own field.

Harold. They have been plotting here!

[*Aside.*
Voice. He calls us little!

Harold. The kingdoms of this world
began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be thou
mine,'

Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If the
field

Cried out 'I am mine own;' another hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

Voice. Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon: we are Danes!

Harold. My mother is a Dane, and I
am English;

There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot.

Voice. Hear King Harold! he
says true!

Harold. Would ye be Norsemen?

Voices. No!

Harold. Or Norman?

Voices. No!

Harold. Snapnot the faggot-band then.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, but thou art not kingly,
only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

Harold. This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell me
tales

Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great

Who drove you Danes ; and yet he held
that Dane,
Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be
all
One England, for this cow-herd, like my
father,
Who shook the Norman scoundrels off
the throne,
Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of
men,
Not made but born, like the great king
of all,
A light among the oxen.

Voice. That is true !

Voice. Ay, and I love him now, for
mine own father
Was great, and cobbled.

Voice. Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

Harold. This brother comes to save
Your land from waste ; I saved it once
before,

For when your people banish'd Tostig
hence,

And Edward would have sent a host
against you,

Then I, who loved my brother, bad the
king

Who doted on him, sanction your decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of
Morcar,

To help the realm from scattering.

Voice. King ! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth, was
wrong'd.

Wild was he, born so : but the plots
against him

Had madden'd tamer men.

Morcar. Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-
house

And slew two hundred of his following,
And now, when Tostig hath come back
with power,

Are frighted back to Tostig.

Old Thane. Ugh ! Plots and feuds !
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye
not

Be brethren ? Godwin still at feud with
Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots
and feuds !

This is my ninetieth birthday !

Harold. Old man, Harold
Hates nothing ; not *his* fault, if our two
houses

Be less than brothers.

Voices. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth !

Harold. Again ! Morcar ! Edwin !
What do they mean ?

Edwin. So the good king would deign
to lend an ear

Not overscornful, we might chance—per-
chance—

To guess their meaning.

Morcar. Thine own meaning, Harold,
To make all England one, to close all feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king
may rise

Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond
quarrel.

Harold. Who sow'd this fancy here
among the people ?

Morcar. Who knows what sows itself
among the people ?

A goodly flower at times.

Harold. The Queen of Wales ?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me ; I have heard she hates me.

Morcar. No !

For I can swear to that, but cannot swear
That these will follow thee against the
Norsemen,

If thou deny them this.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my
house ?

Edwin. The king can scarcely dream
that we, who know

His prowess in the mountains of the West,
Should care to plot against him in the
North.

Morcar. Who dares arraign us, king,
of such a plot ?

Harold. Ye heard one witness even now.
Morcar. The craven !

There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway—fright
not love.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye,
if I yield,
Follow against the Norseman?

Morcar. Surely, surely!

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye
upon oath,

Help us against the Norman?

Morcar. With good will;

Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

Harold. Where is thy sister?

Morcar. Somewhere hard at hand.

Call and she comes.

[*One goes out, then enter Aldwyth.*]

Harold. I doubt not but thou knowest
Why thou art summon'd.

Aldwyth. Why?—I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,
And slay me all alive.

Harold. Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen
thee?

Didst thou not love thine husband?

Aldwyth. Oh! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage
king—

That was, my lord, a match of policy.

Harold. Was it?
I knew him brave: he loved his land:
he fain

Had made her great: his finger on her
harp

(I heard him more than once) had in it
Wales,

Her floods, her woods, her hills: had I
been his,

I had been all Welsh.

Aldwyth. Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and
women

Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the
more;

If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—oh! good Morcar, speak for
us,

His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

Harold. Goodly news!

Morcar. Doubt it not thou! Since

Griffyth's head was sent

To Edward, she hath said it.

Harold.

I had rather

She would have loved her husband.

Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where
I love?

Aldwyth. I can, my lord, for mine
own sake, for thine,

For England, for thy poor white dove,
who flutters

Between thee and the porch, but then
would find

Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

Harold. Canst thou love one, who
cannot love again?

Aldwyth. Full hope have I that love
will answer love.

Harold. Then in the name of the
great God, so be it!

Come, Aldred, join our hands before the
hosts,

That all may see.

[*Aldred joins the hands of Harold
and Aldwyth and blesses them.*]

Voices. Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!

Harold. Set forth our golden Dragon,
let him flap

The wings that beat down Wales!

Advance our Standard of the Warrior,
Dark among gems and gold; and thou,
brave banner,

Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those
Who read their doom and die.

Where lie the Norsemen? on the Der-
went? ay

At Stamford-bridge.

Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my
friend—

Thou lingerest.—Gurth,—

Last night King Edward came to me in
dreams—

The rosy face and long down-silvering
beard—

He told me I should conquer:—

I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(*To his army.*)

Last night King Edward came to me in
dreams,

And told me we should conquer.

Voices. Forward! Forward!

Harold and Holy Cross!

Aldwyth. The day is won!

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE
BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD *and his Guard.*

Harold. Who is it comes this way?

Tostig? (*Enter TOSTIG with a small force.*) O brother,

What art thou doing here?

Tostig. I am foraging
For Norway's army.

Harold. I could take and slay thee.
Thou art in arms against us.

Tostig. Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me.

Harold. Edward bad me spare thee.

Tostig. I hate King Edward, for he
join'd with thee

To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay
me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool.

Harold. Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have
war;

No man would strike with Tostig, save
for Norway.

Thou art nothing in thine England, save
for Norway,

Who loves not thee but war. What dost
thou here,

Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood?

Tostig. She hath wean'd me from it
with such bitterness.

I come for mine own Earldom, my
Northumbria;

Thou hast given it to the enemy of our
house.

Harold. Northumbria threw thee off,
she will not have thee,

Thou hast misused her: and, O crowning
crime!

Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son
of Orm,

Gamel, at thine own hearth.

Tostig. The slow, fat fool!

He draw'd and prated so, I smote him
suddenly,

I knew not what I did. He held with
Morcar.—

I hate myself for all things that I do.

Harold. And Morcar holds with us.

Come back with him.

Know what thou dost; and we may find
for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,
Some easier earldom.

Tostig. What for Norway then?

He looks for land among us, he and his.

Harold. Seven feet of English land,
or something more,

Seeing he is a giant.

Tostig. That is noble!

That sounds of Godwin.

Harold. Come thou back, and be
Once more a son of Godwin.

Tostig (turns away). O brother,
brother,

O Harold—

Harold (laying his hand on Tostig's shoulder). Nay then, come thou
back to us!

Tostig (after a pause turning to him).

Never shall any man say that I,
that Tostig

Conjured the mightier Harold from his
North

To do the battle for me here in England,

Then left him for the meaner! thee!—

Thou hast no passion for the House of
Godwin—

Thou hast but cared to make thyself a
king—

Thou hast sold me for a cry.—

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the
Council—

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy
thee.

Farewell for ever!

Harold. On to Stamford-bridge! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-
BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH. GURTH,
LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and*
other Earls and Thanes.

Voices. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth!
hail, bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth (talking with Harold). Answer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together! these poor hands
but sew,

Spin, broider—would that they were
man's to have held

The battle-axe by thee!

Harold.

There was a moment
When being forced aloof from all my
guard,

And striking at Hardrada and his mad-
men

I had wish'd for any weapon.

Aldwyth. Why art thou sad?

Harold. I have lost the boy who
play'd at ball with me,

With whom I fought another fight than
this

Of Stamford-bridge.

Aldwyth.

Ay! ay! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy
side

He conquer'd with thee.

Harold. No—the childish fist
That cannot strike again.

Aldwyth. Thou art too kindly.
Why dost thou let so many Norsemen
hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their
pirate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites
upon a barn.

Harold. Is there so great a need to
tell thee why?

Aldwyth. Yea, am I not thy wife?

Voices. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!
Bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth. Answer them! [*To Harold.*

Harold (to all). Earls and Thanes!
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my
bride!

Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen!
the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine
Less than a star among the goldenest hours
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,

Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who
coming Dane

Died English. Every man about his king
Fought like a king; the king like his own
man,

No better; one for all, and all for one,
One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd
back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever
yet

Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion
croak

From the gray sea for ever. Many are
gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the
living

Who fought and would have died, but
happier lived,

If happier be to live; they both have life
In the large mouth of England, till her
voice

Die with the world. Hail—hail!

Morcar. May all invaders perish like
Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig!

[*All drink but Harold.*

Aldwyth. Thy cup's full!

Harold. I saw the hand of Tostig
cover it.

Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig,
him

Reverently we buried. Friends, had I
been here,

Without too large self-lauding I must hold
The sequel had been other than his league
With Norway, and this battle. Peace
be with him!

He was not of the worst. If there be
those

At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—
For there be those I fear who prick'd the
lion

To make him spring, that sight of Danish
blood

Might serve an end not English—peace
with them

Likewise, if they can be at peace with what
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

Aldwyth (aside to Harold). Make not our Morcar sullen: it is not wise.

Harold. Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

Voices. Hail, hail!

First Thane. How ran that answer which King Harold gave To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

Leofwin. 'Seven feet of English earth, or something more, Seeing he is a giant!'

First Thane. Then for the bastard Six feet and nothing more!

Leofwin. Ay, but belike Thou hast not learnt his measure.

First Thane. By St. Edmund I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man

Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

Second Thane. What is he bragging still that he will come To thrust our Harold's throne from under him?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying

To a mountain 'Stand aside and room for me!'

First Thane. Let him come! let him come. Here's to him, sink or swim!

[*Drinks.*]

Second Thane. God sink him!

First Thane. Cannot hands which had the strength

To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,

And send the shatter'd North again to sea,

Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brun-

To Stamford-bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,

So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor—

By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor

Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came

Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those

Who made this Britain England, break the North:

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

Second Thane. Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog, Thou art drunk, old dog!

First Thane. Too drunk to fight with thee!

Second Thane. Fight thou with thine own double, not with me, Keep that for Norman William!

First Thane. Down with William!

Third Thane. The washerwoman's brat!

Fourth Thane. The tanner's bastard!

Fifth Thane. The Falaise byblow!

[*Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.*]

Harold. Ay, but what late guest, As haggard as a fast of forty days, And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires, Hath stumbled on our cups?

Thane from Pevensey. My lord the King! William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

Harold. I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight At Stamford-bridge. William hath landed, ha?

Thane from Pevensey. Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!

I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—

A thousand ships—a hundred thousand men—

Thousands of horses, like as many lions

Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

Harold. How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

Thage from Pevensey. Some thrice, or so.

Harold. Bring not thy hollowness On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but

Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,

And, when again red-blooded, speak again; *(Aside.)* The men that guarded England to the South

Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . . No power mine

To hold their force together. . . . Many are fallen

At Stamford-bridge . . . the people stupid-sure

Sleep like their swine . . . in South and North at once

I could not be.

(Aloud.) Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!

(Pointing to the revellers.) The curse of England! these are drown'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!

Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—

Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon! Thy pardon. *(Turning round to his attendants.)* Break the banquet

up . . . Ye four!

And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news, Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd. *[Exit Harold.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

Harold. Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . . The wolf

Mudded the brook and predetermined all. Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'

For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

Margot. Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,

Scatter thy people home, descend the hill, Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

Harold. Then for the last time, monk, I ask again

When had the Lateran and the Holy Father

To do with England's choice of her own king?

Margot. Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East

To leave the Pope dominion in the West. He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

Harold. So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play

The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.

I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee.

Margot. Mock-king, I am the messenger of God,

His Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene, Tekel!

Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,

Von heaven is wroth with thee? Hear me again!

Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,

And all the Heavens and very God: they heard—

They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

Harold. Should they not know free England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise?

Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?

And for *my* part therein—Back to that
 juggler, [Rising.
 Tell him the Saints are nobler than he
 dreams,
 Tell him that God is nobler than the
 Saints,
 And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac
 Hill,
 And bide the doom of God.

Margot. Hear it thro' me.
 The realm for which thou art forsworn is
 cursed,
 The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is
 cursed,
 The corpse thou wheldest with thine
 earth is cursed,
 The soul who fighteth on thyside is cursed,
 The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,
 The steer wherewith thou plowest thy
 field is cursed,
 The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
 And thou, usurper, liar—

Harold. Out, beast monk !
 [Lifting his hand to strike him.
 Gurth stops the blow.
 I ever hated monks.

Margot. I am but a voice
 Among you : murder, martyr me if ye
 will—

Harold. Thanks, Gurth ! The
 simple, silent, selfless man
 Is worth a world of tonguesters. (To
 Margot.) Get thee gone !
 He means the thing he says. See him
 out safe !

Leofwin. He hath blown himself as
 red as fire with curses.
 An honest fool ! Follow me, honest fool,
 But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
 I know not—I may give that egg-bald
 head

The tap that silences.

Harold. See him out safe.

[Exeunt Leofwin and Margot.

Gurth. Thou hast lost thine even
 temper, brother Harold !

Harold. Gurth, when I past by
 Waltham, my foundation
 For men who serve the neighbour, not
 themselves,

I cast me down prone, praying ; and,
 when I rose,
 They told me that the Holy Rood had
 lean'd
 And bow'd above me ; whether that which
 held it
 Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were
 bound
 To that necessity which binds us down ;
 Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy ;
 Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin
 Or glory, who shall tell ? but they were
 sad,
 And somewhat sadden'd me.

Gurth. Yet if a fear,
 Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange
 Saints
 By whom thou swarest, should have power
 to balk
 Thy puissance in this fight with him, who
 made
 And heard thee swear—brother—I have
 not sworn—

If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall ?
 But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king ;
 And, if I win, I win, and thou art king ;
 Draw thou to London, there make strength
 to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day to
 me.

Leofwin (entering). And waste the
 land about thee as thou goest,
 And be thy hand as winter on the field,
 To leave the foe no forage.

Harold. Noble Gurth !
 Best son of Godwin ! If I fall, I fall—
 The doom of God ! How should the
 people fight
 When the king flies ? And, Leofwin,
 art thou mad ?

How should the King of England waste
 the fields
 Of England, his own people ?—No glance
 yet

Of the Northumbrian helmet on the
 heath ?

Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives
 upon the heath,
 And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun
 Vying a tress against our golden fern.

Harold. Vying a tear with our cold
dews, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let
her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without
reproach,
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices;
And that is well.

Leofwin. I saw her even now :
She hath not left us.

Harold. Nought of Morcar then ?

Gurth. Nor seen, nor heard ; thine,
William's or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows : belike he
watches,
If this war-storm in one of its rough
rolls
Wash up that old crown of Northumber-
land.

Harold. I married her for Morcar—a
sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,
Is oft as childless of the good as evil
For evil.

Leofwin. Good for good hath borne
at times
A bastard false as William.

Harold. Ay, if Wisdom
Pair'd not with Good. But I am some-
what worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of
God.

Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the
hill—

What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,
The lake of blood ?

Leofwin. A lake that dips in William
As well as Harold.

Harold. Like enough. I have seen
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd
And wattled thick with ash and willow-
wands ;

Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round
once more ;

See all be sound and whole. No Norman
horse

Can shatter England, standing shield by
shield ;

Tell that again to all.

Gurth. I will, good brother.

Harold. Our guardsmen hath but
toil'd his hand and foot,
I hand, foot, heart and head. Some
wine ! *(One pours wine into a
goblet which he hands to Harold.)*

Too much !

What? we must use our battle-axe to-
day.

Our guardsmen have slept well, since we
came in ?

Leofwin. Ay, slept and snored. Your
second-sighted man
That scared the dying conscience of the
king,

Misheard their snores for groans. They
are up again

And chanting that old song of Brunanburg
Where England conquer'd.

Harold. That is well. The Norman,
What is he doing ?

Leofwin. Praying for Normandy ;
Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their
bells.

Harold. And our old songs are prayers
for England too !

But by all Saints—

Leofwin. Barring the Norman !
Harold. Nay,

Were the great trumpet blowing dooms-
day dawn,

I needs must rest. Call when the
Norman moves—

[Exit all, but Harold.]
No horse—thousands of horses—our
shield wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break—
[Sings.]

Vision of Edward. Son Harold, I thy
king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stam-
ford-bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at
peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac

hill—
Sanguelac !

Vision of Wulfnoth. O brother, from
my ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, never—
more—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Tostig. O brother, most
unbrotherlike to me,

Thou gavest thy voice against me in my
life,

I give my voice against thee from the
grave—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Norman Saints. O hapless

Harold ! King but for an hour !

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of
heaven !

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the
arrow !

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in
hand).* Away !

My battle-axe against your voices. Peace !
The king's last word—'the arrow !' I
shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for
England—

What nobler ? men must die.

I cannot fall into a falsar world—

I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor
brother,

Art thou so anger'd ?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy
hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I could
do

No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly
heats

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us
thence

Unschool'd of Death ? Thus then thou
art revenged—

I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norse-
man's raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of
Godwin

Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking
thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed : only dreams—where mine
own self

Takes part against myself ! Why ? for a
spark

Of self-disdain born in me when I sware
Falsely to him, the falsar Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I sware,—not for my-
self—

For England—yet not wholly—

(Enter EDITH.)

Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it : be safe : the perjury-mongering
Count

Hath made too good an use of Holy
Church

To break her close ! There the great
God of truth

Fill all thine hours with peace !—A lying
devil

Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife
—I fain

Had made my marriage not a lie ; I could
not :

Thou art my bride ! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of
mine

In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee !—and this to
England,

My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope,
from age to age,

Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

Aldwyth (to Edith). Away from him !

Edith. I will . . . I have not spoken
to the king

One word ; and one I must. Farewell !

[Going.
Not yet

Harold.

Stay.

Edith. To what use ?

Harold. The king commands thee,
woman!

(*To Aldwyth.*)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

Aldwyth. Nay, I fear not.

Harold. Then there's no force in thee!
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved!
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northum-
brians!

Thou hast been false to England and to
me!—

As . . . in some sort . . . I have been
false to thee.

Leave me. No more—Pardon on both
sides—Go!

Aldwyth. Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

Harold (bitterly). With a love
Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore
now

Obey my first and last commandment. Go!

Aldwyth. O Harold! husband! Shall
we meet again?

Harold. After the battle—after the
battle. Go.

Aldwyth. I go. (*Aside.*) That I could
stab her standing there!

[*Exit Aldwyth.*]

Edith. Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

Harold. Never! never!

Edith. I saw it in her eyes!

Harold. I see it in thine.
And not on thee—nor England—fall
God's doom!

Edith. On thee? on me. And thou
art England! Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was nothing.
England

'Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

Harold. Edith,
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at
sea—

My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark
dreams—

The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if
I, the last English King of England—

Edith. No,
First of a line that coming from the people,
And chosen by the people—

Harold. And fighting for
And dying for the people—

Edith. Living! living!

Harold. Yea so, good cheer! thou
art Harold, I am Edith!

Look not thus wan!

Edith. What matters how I look?
Have we not broken Wales and Norse-
land? slain,

Whose life was all one battle, incarnate
war,

Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
Than William.

Harold. Ay, my girl, no tricks in
him—

No bastard he! when all was lost, he
yell'd,

And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the
ground,

And swaying his two-handed sword about
him,

Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon
us

And died so, and I loved him as I hate
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can
kill,

And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

Edith. Waste not thy might before
the battle!

Harold. No,

And thou must hence. Stigand will see
thee safe,

And so—Farewell.

[*He is going, but turns back.*]

The ring thou darest not wear,
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my
hand.

[*Harold shows the ring which is on
his finger.*]

Farewell!

[*He is going, but turns back again.*]

I am dead as Death this day to ought of
earth's

Save William's death or mine.

Edith. Thy death!—to-day!
Is it not thy birthday?

Harold. Ay, that happy day!
A birthday welcome! happy days and
many!

One—this! [*They embrace.*]

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the
battle

And front the doom of God.

Norman cries (heard in the distance).

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

Gurth. The Norman moves!

Harold. Harold and Holy Cross!

[*Exeunt Harold and Gurth.*]

Enter STIGAND.

Stigand. Our Church in arms—the
lamb the lion—not

Spear into pruning-hook—the counter
way—

Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe.
Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king; but I, old wretch,
old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish iron—
and yet

I have a power—would Harold ask me
for it—

I have a power.

Edith. What power, holy father?

Stigand. Power now from Harold to
command thee fence

And see thee safe from Senlac.

Edith. I remain!

Stigand. Yea, so will I, daughter,
until I find

Which way the battle balance. I can
see it

From where we stand: and, live or die,
I would

I were among them!

Canons from Waltham (singing without).

Salva patriam

Sancte Pater,

Salva Fili,

Salva Spiritus,

Salva patriam,

Sancta Mater.¹

¹ The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should
be sounded broad, as in 'father.'

Edith. Are those the blessed angels
quiring, father?

Stigand. No, daughter, but the canons
out of Waltham,

The king's foundation, that have follow'd
him.

Edith. O God of battles, make their
wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their
palisades!

What is that whirring sound?

Stigand. The Norman arrow!

Edith. Look out upon the battle—is
he safe?

Stigand. The king of England stands
between his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the hill.

God save King Harold!

Edith. —chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!

Stigand. There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old warsong.

Edith. And no David
To meet him?

Stigand. Ay, there springs a Saxon
on him,
Falls—and another falls.

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. Lo! our good Gurth hath
smitten him to the death.

Edith. So perish all the enemies of
Harold!

Canons (singing).

Hostis in Angliam

Ruit prædator,

Illorum, Domine,

Scutum scindatur!

Hostis per Angliæ

Plagas bacchatur;

Casa crematur,

Pastor fugatur

Grege trucidatur—

Stigand. Illos trucidat, Domine.

Edith. Ay, good father.

Canons (singing).

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatur!

English cries. Harold and Holy

Cross! Out! out!

Stigand. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of
knights

Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

English cries. Harold and God Almighty!

Norman cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Canons (singing).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

Stigand. Look, daughter, look.

Edith. Nay, father, look for me!

Stigand. Our axes lighten with a
single flash

About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by
Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman
flies.

Edith. Stigand, O father, have we
won the day?

Stigand. No, daughter, no—they fall
behind the horse—

Their horse are thronging to the bar-
ricades;

I see the gonfalon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha! he is
down!

Edith. He down! Who down?

Stigand. The Norman Count is down.

Edith. So perish all the enemies of
England!

Stigand. No, no, he hath risen again
—he bares his face—

Shouts something—he points onward—
all their horse

Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming
up.

Edith. O God of battles, make his
battle-axe keen

As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful
heads

Charged with the weight of heaven where-
from they fall!

Canons (singing).

Jacta tonitrua
Deus bellator!
Surgas e texebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina
Deus vasiator!

Edith. O God of battles, they are
three to one,
Make thou one man as three to roll them
down!

Canons (singing).

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur!
Acies, Acies
Prona sternatur!
Illorum lanceas
Frangere Creator!

Stigand. Yea, yea, for how their lances
snap and shiver

Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells
The mortal corpse of faces! There! And
there!

The horse and horseman cannot meet the
shield,

The blow that brains the horseman cleaves
the horse,

The horse and horseman roll along the hill,
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman
flies!

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

Edith. O God, the God of truth hath
heard my cry.

Follow them, follow them, drive them to
the sea!

Illorum scelera
Poena sequatur!

Stigand. Truth! no; a lie; a trick,
a Norman trick!

They turn on the pursuer, horse against
foot,

They murder all that follow.

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. Hot-headed fools—to burst
the wall of shields!
They have broken the commandment of
the king!

Edith. His oath was broken—O holy
Norman Saints,
Ye that are now of heaven, and see
beyond

Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon
it,

That he forswore himself for all he loved,
Me, me and all! Look out upon the
battle!

Stigand. They thunder again upon the
barricades.

My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—
This is the hottest of it: hold, ash! hold,
willow!

English cries. Out, out!

Norman cries. Ha Rou!

Stigand. Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon
him

And slain him: he hath fallen.

Edith. And I am heard.
Glory to God in the Highest! fallen,
fallen!

Stigand. No, no, his horse—he
mounts another—wields
His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and
Gurth,

Our noble Gurth, is down!

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. And Leofwin is down!

Edith. Have mercy on us!

O Thou that knowest, let not my strong
prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!

Norman cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Edith. I do not hear our English
war-cry.

Stigand. No.

Edith. Look out upon the battle—is
he safe?

Stigand. He stands between the ban-
ners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move.

Edith (takes up the war-cry). Out!
out!

Norman cries. Ha Rou!

Edith (cries out). Harold and Holy
Cross!

Norman cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Edith. What is that whirring sound?

Stigand. The Norman sends his arrows
up to Heaven,

They fall on those within the palisade!

Edith. Look out upon the hill—is
Harold there?

Stigand. Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the
arrow—the arrow!—away!

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

Aldwyth. O Edith, art thou here? O
Harold, Harold—
Our Harold—we shall never see him
more.

Edith. For there was more than sister
in my kiss,
And so the saints were wroth. I cannot
love them,
For they are Norman saints—and yet I
should—

They are so much holier than their harlot's
son

With whom they play'd their game against
the king!

Aldwyth. The king is slain, the
kingdom overthrown!

Edith. No matter!

Aldwyth. How no matter, Harold
slain?—

I cannot find his body. O help me thou!
O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

Edith. No matter!

Aldwyth. Not help me, nor forgive
me?

Edith. So thou saidest.

Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me!

Edith. Cross me not!
I am seeking one who wedded me in
secret.

Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!
What art thou doing here among the
dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked
yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their
rings!

Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost
both crown
And husband.

Edith. So have I.

Aldwyth. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

Edith. And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a
hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and
laugh'd;

Then all the dead fell on him.

Aldwyth. Edith, Edith—

Edith. What was he like, this hus-
band? like to thee?

Call not for help from me. I knew him
not.

He lies not here: not close beside the
standard.

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of
England.

Go further hence and find him.

Aldwyth. She is crazed!

Edith. That doth not matter either.

Lower the light.

He must be here.

*Enter two Canons, OSGOD and
ATHELRIC, with torches. They
turn over the dead bodies and
examine them as they pass.*

Osgod. I think that this is Thurkill.

Athelric. More likely Godric.

Osgod. I am sure this body
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

Athelric. So it is!

No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from
brow to knee!

Osgod. And here is Leofwin.

Edith. And here is He!

Aldwyth. Harold? Oh no—nay, if
it were—my God,

They have so main'd and murder'd all
his face

There is no man can swear to him.

Edith.

But one woman!

Look you, we never mean to part again.
I have found him, I am happy.

Was there not someone ask'd me for
forgiveness?

I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

*Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM
MALET.*

William. Who be these women?

And what body is this?

Edith. Harold, thy better!

William. Ay, and what art thou?

Edith. His wife!

Malet. Not true, my girl, here is the
Queen! [*Pointing out Aldwyth.*]

William (to Aldwyth). Wast thou his
Queen?

Aldwyth. I was the Queen of Wales.

William. Why then of England.

Madam, fear us not.

(*To Malet.*) Knowest thou this other?

Malet. When I visited England,

Some held she was his wife in secret—
some—

Well—some believed she was his para-
mour.

Edith. Norman, thou liest! liars all
of you,

Your Saints and all! I am his wife!
and she—

For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of Harold.*]

I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.
That bred the doubt! but I am wiser

now . . .

I am too wise . . . Will none among
you all

Bear me true witness—only for this once—
That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on.*]

And thou,

Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*]

William. Death!—and enough of
death for this one day,

The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,
My day when I was born.

A mountain nest—the pleasure-boat that
 rock'd,
 Light-green with its own shadow, keel to
 keel,
 Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,
 That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope !
 They come, they crowd upon me all at
 once—
 Moved from the cloud of unforgotten
 things,
 That sometimes on the horizon of the
 mind
 Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in
 storm—
 Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—
 days
 Of dewy dawning and the amber eves
 When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
 Were borne about the bay or safely
 moor'd
 Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the
 tide
 Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs ; and all
 without
 The slowly-ridging rollers on the cliffs
 Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro'
 the arch
 Down those loud waters, like a setting
 star,
 Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-
 house shone,
 And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell
 Would often loiter in her balmy blue,
 To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love
 Waver'd at anchor with me, when day
 hung
 From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy
 halls ;
 Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,
 Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her
 lips,
 Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,
 Leapt like a passing thought across her
 eyes ;
 And mine with one that will not pass,
 till earth

And heaven pass too, dwell on my heaven,
 a face
 Most starry-fair, but kindled from within
 As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-
 hair'd, dark-eyed :
 Oh, such dark eyes ! a single glance of
 them
 Will govern a whole life from birth to
 death,
 Careless of all things else, led on with light
 In trances and in visions : look at them,
 You lose yourself in utter ignorance ;
 You cannot find their depth ; for they go
 back,
 And farther back, and still withdraw
 themselves
 Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
 Fresh springing from her fountains in the
 brain,
 Still pouring thro', floods with redundant
 life
 Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
 I should have died, if it were possible
 To die in gazing on that perfectness
 Which I do bear within me : I had died,
 But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,
 Thine image, like a charm of light and
 strength
 Upon the waters, push'd me back again
 On these deserted sands of barren life.
 Tho' from the deep vault where the heart
 of Hope
 Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—
 Forgetting how to render beautiful
 Her countenance with quick and health-
 ful blood—
 Thou didst not sway me upward ; could
 I perish
 While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
 Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's
 quiet urn
 For ever ? He, that saith it, hath o'er-
 slept
 The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
 And fall'n away from judgment. Thou
 art light,
 To which my spirit leanneth all her flowers,
 And length of days, and immortality

Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.

For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,

And, like all other friends i' the world, at last

They grew aweary of her fellowship :
So Time and Grief did beckon unto

Death,

And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life ;

But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parle with Death,—

'This is a charmed dwelling which I hold ;'

So Death gave back, and would no further come.

Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past :
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,
And cannot die, and am, in having been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place ;

A body journeying onward, sick with toil,

The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,

And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up

Into the granaries of memory—

The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,

Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and all the while

The light soul twines and mingles with the growths

Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,

Who toils across the middle moonlit nights,

Or when the white heats of the blinding noons

Beat from the concave sand ; yet in him keeps

A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,

To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,

When I began to love. How should I tell you ?

Or from the after-fulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and depth

Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.

How should the broad and open flower tell

What sort of bud it was, when, prest together

In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds,

It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd ?

For young Life knows not when young Life was born,

But takes it all for granted : neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember

Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the light :

Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.

This is my sum of knowledge—that my love

Grew with myself—say rather, was my growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,

Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to me daily life and daily death :

For how should I have lived and not have loved ?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
 The colour and the sweetness from the rose,
 And place them by themselves; or set apart
 Their motions and their brightness from the stars,
 And then point out the flower or the star?
 Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
 And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:

In that I live I love; because I love
 I live: whate'er is fountain to the one
 Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
 Our God unknits the riddle of the one,
 There is no shade or fold of mystery
 Swathing the other.

Many, many years,
 (For they seem many and my most of life,
 And well I could have linger'd in that porch,
 So unproportion'd to the dwelling-place,)
 In the Maydews of childhood, opposite
 The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,
 Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father died,
 And he was happy that he saw it not;
 But I and the first daisy on his grave
 From the same clay came into light at once.

As Love and I do number equal years,
 So she, my love, is of an age with me.
 How like each other was the birth of each!

On the same morning, almost the same hour,
 Under the selfsame aspect of the stars,
 (Oh falsehood of all stargcraft!) we were born.

How like each other was the birth of each!
 The sister of my mother—she that bore
 Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
 Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
 With its true-touched pulses in the flow
 And hourly visitation of the blood,
 Sent notes of preparation manifold,

And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
 My mother's sister, mother of my love,
 Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,
 One twofold mightier than the other was,
 In giving so much beauty to the world,
 And so much wealth as God had charged her with—

Loathing to put it from herself for ever,
 Left her own life with it; and dying thus,
 Crown'd with her highest act the placid face

And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She
 was motherless
 And I without a father. So from each
 Of those two pillars which from earth uphold

Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all

The careful burthen of our tender years
 Trembled upon the other. He that gave
 Her life, to me delightfully fulfill'd
 All lovingkindnesses, all offices
 Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.

He waked for both: he pray'd for both:
 he slept

Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less

Because it was divided, and shot forth
 Boughs on each side, laden with whole-
 some shade,

Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,
 And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister: on one arm
 The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
 Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap

Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes
 Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,
 Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
 The stream of life, one stream, one life,
 one blood,

One sustenance, which, still as thought
 grew large,

Still larger moulding all the house of
 thought,

Made all our tastes and fancies like,
perhaps—

All—all but one; and strange to me,
and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that
whatsoe'er

Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:

So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,
They tell me, was a very miracle

Of fellow-feeling and communion.

They tell me that we would not be alone,—
We cried when we were parted; when I

wept,
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,

Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we
loved

The sound of one-another's voices more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and

learn'd
To lisp in tune together; that we slept

In the same cradle always, face to face.
Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing

lip,
Folding each other, breathing on each

other,
Dreaming together (dreaming of each

other
They should have added), till the morning

light
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy

pane
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke

To gaze upon each other. If this be
time,

At thought of which my whole soul
languishes

And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath
—as tho'

A man in some still garden should refuse
Rich atar in the bosom of the rose,

Till, drunk with its own wine, and over-
full

Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—

And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,

Why in the utter stillness of the soul

Doth question'd memory answer not, nor
tell

Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest har-
mony?

O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
Green prelude, April promise, glad new-
year

Of Being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks

Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not
speak of thee

These have not seen thee, these can never
know thee,

They cannot understand me. Pass we
then

A term of eighteen years. Ye would but
laugh,

If I should tell you how I hoard in
thought

The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient
crones,

Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,

Because she learnt them with me; or
what use

To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was blown? or how we

found
The dead man cast upon the shore? All

this
Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds

But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of
mine

Is traced with flame. Move with me to
the event.

There came a glorious morning, such a
one

As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have flung

himself
From cloud to cloud, and swum with

balanced wings
To some tall mountain: when I said to

her,
'A day for Gods to stoop,' she answered,

'Ay,
And men to soar:' for as that other

gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,

The prophet and the chariot and the
 steeds,
 Suck'd into oneness like a little star
 Were drunk into the inmost blue, we
 stood,
 When first we came from out the pines at
 noon,
 With hands for eaves, uplooking and
 almost
 Waiting to see some blessed shape in
 heaven,
 So bathed we were in brilliance. Never
 yet
 Before or after have I known the spring
 Pour with such sudden deluges of light
 Into the middle summer; for that day
 Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged
 the winds
 With spiced May-sweets from bound to
 bound, and blew
 Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
 Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his
 soul
 Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far-
 off
 His mountain-altars, his high hills, with
 flame
 Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound :
 The great pine shook with lonely sounds
 of joy
 That came on the sea-wind. As moun-
 tain streams
 Our bloods ran free : the sunshine seem'd
 to brood
 More warmly on the heart than on the
 brow.
 We often paused, and, looking back, we
 saw
 The clefts and openings in the mountains
 fill'd
 With the blue valley and the glistening
 brooks,
 And all the low dark groves, a land of
 love !
 A land of promise, a land of memory,
 A land of promise flowing with the milk
 And honey of delicious memories !

And down to sea, and far as eye could
 ken,
 Each way from verge to verge a Holy
 Land,
 Still growing holier as you near'd the
 bay,
 For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
 The grassy platform on some hill, I
 stoop'd,
 I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her
 brows
 And mine made garlands of the selfsame
 flower,
 Which she took smiling, and with my
 work thus
 Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or
 twice she told me
 (For I remember all things) to let grow
 The flowers that run poison in their veins.
 She said, 'The evil flourish in the world.'
 Then playfully she gave herself the lie—
 'Nothing in nature is unbeautiful ;
 So, brother, pluck and spare not.' So
 I wove
 Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, 'whose
 flower,
 Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,
 Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
 Is without sweetness, but who crowns
 himself
 Above the naked poisons of his heart
 In his old age.' A graceful thought of
 hers
 Grav'n on my fancy ! And oh, how like
 a nymph,
 A stately mountain nymph she look'd !
 how native
 Unto the hills she trod on ! While I
 gazed
 My coronal slowly disentwined itself
 And fell between us both ; tho' while I
 gazed
 My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of
 bliss
 That strike across the soul in prayer, and
 show us
 That we are surely heard. Methought a
 light

Burst from the garland I had wov'n, and
stood

A solid glory on her bright black hair ;
A light methought broke from her dark,
dark eyes,

And shot itself into the singing winds ;
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white
robe

As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came

To what our people call 'The Hill of
Woe.'

A bridge is there, that, look'd at from
beneath

Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven
chasm.

And thence one night, when all the winds
were loud,

A woful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd
himself

Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a
stream

Flies with a shatter'd foam along the
chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely strown
with crags :

We mounted slowly ; yet to both there
came

The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us ; and
joy

In breathing nearer heaven ; and joy to
me,

High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself ;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky
brows,

Arise in open prospect—heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock

Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into
spires,

And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam
of gold,

And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at
intervals

With falling broom or blossom'd bush—
and last,

Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, be-
tween

Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding
bursts

The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length

Descending from the point and standing
both,

There on the tremulous bridge, that from
beneath

Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendour. All the
west

And ev'n unto the middle south was
ribb'd

And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The
sun below,

Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave,
shower'd down

Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of light
Unparallel'd. On the other side, the
moon,

Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still,
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of His eyes
To induce his lustre ; most unloverlike,
Since in his absence full of light and joy,
And giving light to others. But this
most,

Next to her presence whom I loved so
well,

Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
As to my outward hearing : the loud
stream,

Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
(A visible link unto the home of my
heart),

Ran amber toward the west, and nigh
 the sea
 Parting my own loved mountains was
 received,
 Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
 Of that small bay, which out to open
 main
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath the
 sun.
 Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound
 Shut in from Time, and dedicate to
 thee:
 Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it,
 and the earth
 They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were
 bright, and mine
 Were dim with floating tears, that shot
 the sunset
 In lightnings round me; and my name
 was borne
 Upon her breath: Henceforth my name
 has been
 A hallow'd memory like the names of old,
 A center'd, glory-circled memory,
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
 Exchange or currency: and in that hour
 A hope flow'd round me, like a golden
 mist
 Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
 A moment, ere the onward whirlwind
 shatter it,
 Waver'd and floated—which was less
 than Hope,
 Because it lack'd the power of perfect
 Hope;
 But which was more and higher than all
 Hope,
 Because all other Hope had lower aim;
 Even that this name to which her gracious
 lips
 Did lend such gentle utterance, this one
 name,
 In some obscure hereafter, might in-
 wreath
 (How lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her
 love,
 With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart
 and strength.

'Brother,' she said, 'let this be call'd
 henceforth
 The Hill of Hope;' and I replied, 'O
 sister,
 My will is one with thine; the Hill of
 Hope.'
 Nevertheless, we did not change the name.

I did not speak: I could not speak my
 love.
 Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-
 depths.
 Love wraps his wings on either side the
 heart,
 Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
 Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
 So that they pass not to the shrine of
 sound.
 Else had the life of that delighted hour
 Drunk in the largeness of the utterance
 Of Love; but how should Earthly mea-
 sure mete
 The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited
 Love,
 Who scarce can tune his high majestic
 sense
 Unto the thundersong that wheels the
 spheres,
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
 And flowing odour of the spacious air,
 Scarce housed within the circle of this
 Earth,
 Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
 Which pass with that which breathes
 them? Sooner Earth
 Might go round Heaven, and the strait
 girth of Time
 Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
 Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy
 hour,
 Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!
 O Génius of that hour which dost uphold
 Thy coronal of glory like a God,
 Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
 Who walk before thee, ever turning round
 To gaze-upon thee till their eyes are dim
 With dwelling on the light and depth of
 thine,

Thy name is ever worshipp'd among
hours !

Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,
For bliss stood round me like the light of
Heaven,—

Had I died then, I had not known the
death ;

Yea had the Power from whose right
hand the light

Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand
floweth

The Shadow of Death, perennial efflu-
ences,

Whereof to all that draw the wholesome
air,

Somewhile the one must overflow the
other ;

Then had he stemm'd my day with night,
and driven

My current to the fountain whence it
sprang,—

Even his own abiding excellence—

On me, methinks, that shock of gloom
had fall'n

Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged

The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to
death,

And dipping his head low beneath the
verge,

Yet bearing round about him his own day,

In confidence of unabated strength,

Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from
light to light,

And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward
hill ;

We past from light to dark. On the
other side

Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go
far in

(The country people rumour) you may
hear

The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.

I too have heard a sound—perchance of
streams

IV.

Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness ; but the cavern-
mouth,

Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that
passing lightly

Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,

Is presently received in a sweet grave

Of eglantines, a place of burial

Far lovelier than its cradle ; for unseen,

But taken with the sweetness of the place,

It makes a constant bubbling melody

That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower
down

Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,
leaves

Low banks of yellow sand ; and from the
woods

That belt it rise three dark, tall cy-
presses,—

Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,

And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low con-
verse sweet,

In which our voices bore least part. The
wind

Told a lovetale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering

lisp'd

To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again

To utterance of passion. Ye cannot
shape

Fancy so fair as is this memory.

Methought all excellence that ever was

Had drawn herself from many thousand
years,

And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I

listen'd,

And her words stole with most prevailing
sweetness

Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are

new,

And soul and heart and body are all at
ease :

E

What marvel my Camilla told me all?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her
breath;

Dear name, which had too much of near-
ness in it

And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech,
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which they
keep),

Her words did of their meaning borrow
sound,

Her cheek did catch the colour of her
words.

I heard and trembled, yet I could but
hear;

My heart paused—my raised eyelids
would not fall,

But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not
to speak;

But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd.' Even
then the stars

Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
Nowish—no hope. Hope was not wholly
dead,

But breathing hard at the approach of
Death,—

Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign as
king,

There, where that day I crown'd myself
as king,

There in my realm and even on my throne,

Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost
frame

Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the
grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawn-
ing cloven

With such a sound as when an iceberg
splits

From cope to base—had Heaven from
all her doors,

With all her golden thresholds clashing,
roll'd

Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as
dead,

Mute, blind and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life
for me!

Mute, for henceforth what use were
words to me!

Blind, for the day was as the night to
me!

The night to me was kinder than the
day;

The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender
love

Of him she brooded over. Would I had
lain

Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier
had driven

Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining
brows,

Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.

The wind had blown above me, and the
rain

Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of
Love,

But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me. All
 too soon
 Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
 Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
 With proffer of unwish'd-for services)
 Entering all the avenues of sense
 Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
 With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
 And first the chillness of the sprinkled
 brook
 Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd
 to hear
 Its murmur, as the drowning seaman
 hears,
 Who with his head below the surface
 dropt
 Listens the muffled booming indistinct
 Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
 His head shall rise no more: and then
 came in
 The white light of the weary moon
 above,
 Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.
 Was my sight drunk that it did shape to
 me
 Him who should own that name? Were
 it not well
 If so be that the echo of that name
 Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
 A fashion and a phantasm of the form
 It should attach to? Phantom!—had
 the ghastliest
 That ever lusted for a body, sucking
 The foul steam of the grave to thicken
 by it,
 There in the shuddering moonlight
 brought its face
 And what it has for eyes as close to
 mine
 As he did—better that than his, than he
 The friend, the neighbour, Lionel, the
 beloved,
 The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,
 The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,
 All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.
 O how her choice did leap forth from his
 eyes!
 O how her love did clothe itself in smiles
 About his lips! and—not one moment's
 grace—

Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon
 my head
 To come my way! to twit me with the
 cause!
 Was not the land as free thro' all her
 ways
 To him as me? Was not his wont to
 walk
 Between the going light and growing
 night?
 Had I not learnt my loss before he came?
 Could that be more because he came my
 way?
 Why should he not come my way if he
 would?
 And yet to-night, to-night—when all my
 wealth
 Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell
 Beggar'd for ever—why *should* he come
 my way
 Robed in those robes of light I must not
 wear,
 With that great crown of beams about his
 brows—
 Come like an angel to a damned soul,
 To tell him of the bliss he had with
 God—
 Come like a careless and a greedy heir
 That scarce can wait the reading of the
 will
 Before he takes possession? Was mine
 a mood
 To be invaded rudely, and not rather
 A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,
 Unspeakable? I was shut up with
 Grief;
 She took the body of my past delight,
 Narded and swathed and balm'd it for
 herself,
 And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
 Never to rise again. I was led mute
 Into her temple like a sacrifice;
 I was the High Priest in her holiest
 place,
 Not to be loudly broken in upon.

Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as
 these well-nigh
 O'erbore the limits of my brain: but he

Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm up-
stay'd.

I thought it was an adder's fold, and once
I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
Being so feeble: she bent above me, too;
Wan was her cheek; for whatso'er of
blight

Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one—and her
eyes—

I saw the moonlight glitter on their
tears—

And some few drops of that distressful
rain

Fell on my face, and her long ringlets
moved,

Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and
brush'd

My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of her heart
Loosed from their simple thrall they had
flow'd abroad,

And floated on and parted round her neck,
Mantling her form halfway. She, when
I woke,

Something she ask'd, I know not what,
and ask'd,

Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the
sound

Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of
pain,

As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables, that strove to
rise

From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness dis-
till'd

Some drops of solace; like a vain rich
man,

That, having always prosper'd in the
world,

Folding his hands, deals comfortable
words

To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in
truth,

Fair speech was his and delicate of
phrase,

Falling in whispers on the sense, ad-
dress'd

More to the inward than the outward
ear,

As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and the
green

Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly
dead,

No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for
me.

Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd
wrong?

And why was I to darken their pure love,
If, as I found, they two did love each
other,

Because my own was darken'd? Why
was I

To cross between their happy star and
them?

To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
And vex them with my darkness? Did
I love her?

Ye know that I did love her; to this
present

My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did
I love her,

And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
What had *she* done to weep? Why
should *she* weep?

O innocent of spirit—let my heart
Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of
Heaven

Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
Her love did murder mine? What then?

She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind: she call'd me
brother:

She told me all her love: she shall not
weep.

The brightness of a burning thought,
awhile

In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own death,
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, grasp'd the hand she lov'd;

And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving
made

The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his
bride!

Let them so love that men and boys may
say,

'Lo! how they love each other!' till
their love

Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in
the land—

One golden dream of love, from which
may death

Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory.

And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant the
more.

Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do;
Or if thou dream aught farther, dream
but how

I could have loved thee, had there been
none else

To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I
spake,

When I beheld her weep so ruefully;
For sure my love should ne'er indue the
front

And mask of Hate, who lives on others'
moans.

Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitter
draughts,

And batten on her poisons? Love forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of cold
Hate,

And Hate is strange beneath the roof of
Love.

O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these
tears

Shed for the love of Love; for tho' mine
image,

The subject of thy power, be cold in her,

Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the
source

Of these sad tears, and feeds their down-
ward flow.

So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to
death,

Received unto himself a part of blame,
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
Who, when the woful sentence hath been
past,

And all the clearness of his fame hath gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,
First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom
awaked,

And looking round upon his tearful friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceives
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—
For whence without some guilt should
such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the
abysm

Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never hail'd another—was there
one?

There might be one—one other, worth
the life

That made it sensible. So that hour died
Like odour rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built,
that they,

They—when their love is wreck'd—if
Love can wreck—

On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride
highly

Above the perilous seas of Change and
Chance;

Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheer-
fulness;

As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Krit to some dismal sandbank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous
wave.

For me—what light, what gleam on those
black ways

Where Love could walk with banish'd
Hope no more?

It was ill-done to part you, Sisters fair ;
 Love's arms were wreath'd about the
 neck of Hope,
 And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew
 in her breath
 In that close kiss, and drank her
 whisper'd tales.
 They said that Love would die when
 Hope was gone,
 And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd
 after Hope ;
 At last she sought out Memory, and they
 trod
 The same old paths where Love had
 walk'd with Hope,
 And Memory fed the soul of Love with
 tears.

II.

FROM that time forth I would not see
 her more ;
 But many weary moons I lived alone—
 Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.
 Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
 All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
 And sometimes on the shore, upon the
 sands
 Insensibly I drew her name, until
 The meaning of the letters shot into
 My brain ; anon the wanton billow wash'd
 Them over, till they faded like my love.
 The hollow caverns heard me—the black
 brooks
 Of the midforest heard me—the soft
 winds,
 Laden with thistledown and seeds of
 flowers,
 Paused in their course to hear me, for my
 voice
 Was all of thee : the merry linnet knew
 me,
 The squirrel knew me, and the dragonfly
 Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
 The rough brier tore my bleeding palms ;
 the hemlock,
 Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I
 past ;
 Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,
 Nor bruised the wildbird's egg.

Was this the end ?
 Why grew we then together in one plot ?
 Why fed we from one fountain ? drew
 one sun ?
 Why were our mothers' branches of one
 stem ?
 Why were we one in all things, save in
 that
 Where to have been one had been the
 cope and crown
 Of all I hoped and fear'd ?—if that same
 nearness
 Were father to this distance, and that
 one
 Vauntcourier to this double ? if Affection
 Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd
 out
 The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy ?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
 Where last we roam'd together, for the
 sound
 Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the
 wind
 Came wooingly with woodbine smells.
 Sometimes
 All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
 Fixing my eyes on those three cypress-
 cones
 That spired above the wood ; and with
 mad hand
 Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-
 screen,
 I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,
 And watch'd them till they vanish'd from
 my sight
 Beneath the bower of wreath'd eglan-
 tines :
 And all the fragments of the living rock
 (Huge blocks, which some old trembling
 of the world
 Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they
 fell
 Half-digging their own graves) these in
 my agony
 Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
 Wherewith the dashing runnel in the
 spring
 Had liveried them all over. In my
 brain

The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to
 thought,
 As moonlight wandering thro' a mist: my
 blood
 Crept like marsh drains thro' all my lan-
 guid limbs;
 The motions of my heart seem'd far
 within me,
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;
 And yet it shook me, that my frame
 would shudder,
 As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.
 But over the deep graves of Hope and
 Fear,
 And all the broken palaces of the Past,
 Brooded one master-passion evermore,
 Like to a low hung and a very sky
 Above some fair metropolis, earth-
 shock'd,—
 Hung round with ragged rims and burn-
 ing folds,—
 Embracing all with wild and woful hues,
 Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
 Of thundershaken columns indistinct,
 And fused together in the tyrannous
 light—
 Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no
 more,
 Some one had told me she was dead,
 and ask'd
 If I would see her burial: then I seem'd
 To rise, and through the forest-shadow
 borne
 With more than mortal swiftiness, I ran
 down
 The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
 The rear of a procession, curving round
 The silver-shaded lay: in front of which
 Six stately virgins, all in white, upbare
 A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest
 lawn,
 Wreathed round the bier with garlands:
 in the distance,
 From out the yellow woods upon the
 hill
 Look'd forth the summit and the pinna-
 cles
 Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals

A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
 Save those six virgins which upheld the
 bier,
 Were stoled from head to foot in flowing
 black;
 One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd
 his brow,
 And he was loud in weeping and in praise
 Of her, we follow'd: a strong sympathy
 Shook all my soul: I flung myself upon
 him
 In tears and cries: I told him all my love,
 How I had loved her from the first;
 whereat
 He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow
 drew back
 His hand to push me from him; and the
 face,
 The very face and form of Lionel
 Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost
 brain,
 And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,
 To fall and die away. I could not rise
 Albeit I strove to follow. They past on,
 The lordly Phantasms! in their floating
 folds
 They past and were no more: but I had
 fallen
 Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,
 Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
 Shaped by the audible and visible,
 Moulded the audible and visible;
 All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and
 wind,
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the
 cave,
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the
 moon
 Below black firs, when silent-creeping
 winds
 Laid the long night in silver streaks and
 bars,
 Were wrought into the tissue of my
 dream:
 The moanings in the forest, the loud
 brook,

Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dor-
hawk-whirr

Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
And voices in the distance calling to me
And in my vision bidding me dream on,
Like sounds without the twilight realm
of dreams,

Which wander round the bases of the
hills,

And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of
sleep,

Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
The vision had fair prelude, in the end
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules
To caves and shows of Death : whether
the mind,

With some revenge—even to itself un-
known,—

Made strange division of its suffering
With her, whom to have suffering view'd
had been

Extremest pain ; or that the clear-eyed
Spirit,

Being blunted in the Present, grew at
length

Prophetical and prescient of whate'er
The Future had in store : or that which
most

Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned ;

Alone I sat with her : about my brow
Her warm breath floated in the utterance
Of silver-chorded tones : her lips were
sunder'd

With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke
in light

Like morning from her eyes—her elo-
quent eyes,

(As I have seen them many a hundred
times)

Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine
down rain'd

Their spirit-searching splendours. As a
vision

Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
In damp and dismal dungeons under-
ground,

Confined on points of faith, when strength
is shock'd

With torment, and expectancy of worse
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,
All unawares before his half-shut eyes,
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
And with the excess of sweetness and of
awe,

Makes the heart tremble, and the sight
run over

Upon his steely gyves ; so those fair eyes
Shone on my darkness, forms which ever
stood

Within the magic cirque of memory,
Invisible but deathless, waiting still
The edict of the will to reassume
The semblance of those rare realities
Of which they were the mirrors. Now
the light

Which was their life, burst through the
cloud of thought

Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room

Within the summer-house of which I spake,
Hung round with paintings of the sea,
and one

A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow
Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin
wind

In her sail roaring. From the outer day,
Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad
And solid beam of isolated light,
Crowded with driving atomies, and fell
Slanting upon that picture, from prime
youth

Well-known well-loved. She drew it
long ago

Fortingazing on the waste and open sea,
One morning when the upblown billow
ran

Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had
pour'd

Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
Colour and life : it was a bond and seal
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful
smiles ;

A monument of childhood and of love ;
 The poesy of childhood ; my lost love
 Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it
 together
 In mûte and glad remembrance, and
 each heart
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye
 Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing
 like
 The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-
 couch'd—
 A beauty which is death ; when all at
 once
 That painted vessel, as with inner life,
 Began to heave upon that painted sea ;
 An earthquake, my loud heart-beats,
 made the ground
 Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life
 And breath and motion, past and flow'd
 away
 To those unreal billows : round and
 round
 A whirlwind caught and bore us ; mighty
 gyres
 Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-
 driven
 Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she
 shriek'd ;
 My heart was cloven with pain ; I wound
 my arms
 About her : we whirl'd giddily ; the wind
 Sung ; but I clasp'd her without fear :
 her weight
 Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim
 eyes,
 And parted lips which drank her breath,
 down-hung
 The jaws of Death : I, groaning, from
 me flung
 Her empty phantom : all the sway and
 whirl
 Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
 Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and
 ever.

III.

I CAME one day and sat among the
 stones
 Strewn in the entry of the moaning
 cave ;

IV.

A morning air, sweet after rain, ran
 over
 The rippling levels of the lake, and
 blew
 Coolness and moisture and all smells of
 bud
 And foliage from the dark and dripping
 woods
 Upon my fever'd brows that shook and
 throb'd
 From temple unto temple. To what
 height
 The day had grown I know not. Then
 came on me
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
 The vision of the bier. As heretofore
 I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his
 brow.
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen
 bell
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the
 shore
 Sloped into louder surf : those that went
 with me,
 And those that held the bier before my
 face,
 Moved with one spirit round about the
 bay,
 Trod swifter steps ; and while I walk'd
 with these
 In marvel at that gradual change, I
 thought
 Four bells instead of one began to ring,
 Four merry bells, four merry marriage-
 bells,
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on
 peal—
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage-
 bells.
 Then those who led the van, and those
 in rear,
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-
 chanals
 Fled onward to the steeple in the
 woods :
 I, too, was borne along and felt the
 blast
 Beat on my heated eyelids : all at once
 The front rank made a sudden halt ; the
 bells

Lapsed into frightful stillness ; the surge
 fell
 From thunder into whispers ; those six
 maids
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on the
 sand
 Threw down the bier ; the woods upon
 the hill
 Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping
 down
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew it
 far
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud
 Over the sounding seas : I turn'd : my
 heart
 Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the
 hand,
 Waiting to see the settled countenance
 Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading
 flowers.
 But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
 She from her bier, as into fresher life,
 My sister, and my cousin, and my
 love,
 Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her
 hair
 Studded with one rich Provence rose—a
 light
 Of smiling welcome round her lips—her
 eyes
 And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd
 the hill.
 One hand she reach'd to those that came
 behind,
 And while I mused nor yet endured to
 take
 So rich a prize, the man who stood with
 me
 Stept gaily forward, throwing down his
 robes,
 And claspt her hand in his : again the
 bells
 Jangled and clang'd : again the stormy
 surf
 Crash'd in the shingle : and the whirling
 rout
 Led by those two rush'd into dance, and
 fled
 Wind-footed to the steeple in the
 woods,

Till they were swallow'd in the leafy
 bowers,
 And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision—then the
 event !

IV.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.¹

(*Another speaks.*)

HE flies the event : he leaves the event
 to me :

Poor Julian—how he rush'd away ; the
 bells,

Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and
 heart—

But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
 As who should say 'Continue.' Well
 he had

One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
 Silence at least before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour
 of his !

He moved thro' all of it majestically—
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—
 but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's marriage-
 bells,

Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
 I never ask'd : but Lionel and the girl
 Were wedded, and our Julian came
 again

Back to his mother's house among the
 pines.

But these, their gloom, the mountains and
 the Bay,

The whole land weigh'd him down as
 Ætna does

The Giant of Mythology : he would go,
 Would leave the land for ever, and had
 gone

Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go not yet,'
 Some warning—sent divinely—as it
 seem'd

¹ This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio. See Introduction, p. 115.

By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
 As of the visions that he told—the event
 Glanced back upon them in his after
 life,
 And partly made them—tho' he knew it
 not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look
 at her—
 No not for months: but, when the
 eleventh moon
 After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
 Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and
 said,
 Would you could toll me out of life, but
 found—
 All softly as his mother broke it to him—
 A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
 For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
 Dead—and had lain three days without
 a pulse:
 All that look'd on her had pronounced
 her dead.
 And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
 They never nail a dumb head up in
 elm),
 Bore her free-faced to the free airs of
 heaven,
 And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here
 and hale—
 Not plunge headforemost from the moun-
 tain there,
 And leave the name of Lover's Leap:
 not he:
 He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
 Thought that he knew it. 'This, I stay'd
 for this;
 O love, I have not seen you for so long.
 Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
 I will be all alone with all I love,
 And kiss her on the lips. She is his no
 more:
 The dead returns to me, and I go down
 To kiss the dead.'

The fancy stirr'd him so
 He rose and went, and entering the dim
 vault,

And, making there a sudden light, beheld
 All round about him that which all will
 be.

The light was but a flash, and went again.
 Then at the far end of the vault he saw
 His lady with the moonlight on her face;
 Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
 Of black and bands of silver, which the
 moon

Struck from an open grating overhead
 High in the wall, and all the rest of her
 Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the
 vault.

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to
 sleep,
 To rest, to be with her—till the great
 day
 Peal'd on us with that music, which rights
 all,
 And raised us hand in hand.' And
 kneeling there
 Down in the dreadful dust that once was
 man,
 Dust, as he said, that once was loving
 hearts,
 Hearts that had beat with such a love as
 mine—
 Not such as mine, no, nor for such as
 her—
 He softly put his arm about her neck
 And kiss'd her more than once, till help-
 less death
 And silence made him bold—nay, but I
 wrong him,
 He revered his dear lady even in
 death;
 But, placing his true hand upon her
 heart,
 'O, you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not
 even death
 Can chill you all at once:' then starting,
 thought
 His dreams had come again. 'Do I
 wake or sleep?
 Or am I made immortal, or my love
 Mortal once more?' It beat—the heart
 —it beat:
 Faint—but it beat: at which his own
 began

To pulse with such a vehemence that it
drown'd

The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and
now

Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she
was born.

There the good mother's kindly minis-
tering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life: she rais'd an eye that
ask'd

'Where?' till the things familiar to her
youth

Had made a silent answer: then she spoke
'Here! and how came I here?' and
learning it

(They told her somewhat rashly as I
think)

At once began to wander and to wail,
'Ay, but you know that you must give
me back:

Send! bid him come;' but Lionel was
away—

Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none
knew where.

'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and goes'
—a wail

That seeming something, yet was nothing,
born

Not from believing mind, but shatter'd
nerve,

Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.

Then, when her own true spirit had
return'd,

'Oh yes, and you,' she said, 'and none
but you?

For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him
of it,

And you shall give me back when he
returns.'

'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian,
'here,

And keep yourself, none knowing, to
yourself;

And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of
him

When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love.' And faintly she
replied,

'And I will do *your* will, and none shall
know.'

Not know? with such a secret to be
known.

But all their house was old and loved
them both,

And all the house had known the loves
of both;

Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary:
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was
then

Travelling that land, and meant to rest
an hour;

And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for everything was
vile)

And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating
hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us
yet.

For while we roam'd along the dreary
coast,

And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life;
And, tho' he loved and honour'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady

made
Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her
worth,

Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the
soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some
of us,

Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I: and yet I say the bird
That will not hear my call, however
sweet,

But if my neighbour whistle answers
him—

What matter? there are others in the
wood.

Yet when I saw her (and I thought him
crazed,

Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of
hers—

Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes
alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd
on earth,

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
'Kiss him,' she said. 'You gave me
life again.

He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too.'

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart!
his own

Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him
there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne
the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land for evermore;
And then to friends—they were not many
—who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land of
his,
And bad them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I
never

Sat at a costlier; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a
wood,

Not such as here—an equatorial one,
Great garlands swung and blossom'd;
and bunched,

Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven
knows when,

Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten
sun,

And kept it thro' a hundred years of
gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in
gold—

Others of glass as costly—some with
gems

Moveable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—Ah
heavens!

Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest: and they,
the guests,

Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's
eyes

(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n
than rich,

But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funeral curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.

And just above the parting was a lamp :
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate
and drank,
And might—the wines being of such
nobleness—

Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it
all :

What was it ? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats ; but ever and
anon

A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use ;
And when the feast was near an end, he
said :

'There is a custom in the Orient,
friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honour those who feast with him,
he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—'

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with
meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—'Beautiful !
Who could desire more beauty at a feast ?'

The lover answer'd, 'There is more
than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the
guest
Is loved and honour'd to the uttermost.

For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich
guise

That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
"O my heart's lord, would I could show
you," he says,
"Ev'n my heart too." And I propose
to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too.

'But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, nor many years ago ;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on
death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bad his menials bear him from the
door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him
home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved
his life.
I ask you now, should this first master
claim
His service, whom does it belong to ?
him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved
his life ?'

This question, so flung down before
the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at
length
When some were doubtful how the law
would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of
phrase.
And he beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet not warming as he
went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,

By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
 The service of the one so saved was due
 All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
 The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
 As at a strong conclusion—‘body and
 soul
 And life and limbs, all his to work his will.’

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
 To bring Camilla down before them all.
 And crossing her own picture as she came,
 And looking as much lovelier as herself
 Is lovelier than all others—on her head
 A diamond circlet, and from under this
 A veil, that seemed no more than gilded
 air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
 With seeds of gold—so, with that grace
 of hers,

Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
 That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
 And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
 The younger Julian, who himself was
 crown’d

With roses, none so rosy as himself—
 And over all her babe and her the jewels
 Of many generations of his house
 Sparkled and flash’d, for he had decked
 them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
 So she came in :—I am long in telling it,
 I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
 Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated
 in—

While all the guests in mute amazement
 rose—

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
 Before the board, there paused and stood,
 her breast

Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
 Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.

But him she carried, him nor lights nor
 feast

Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who
 cared

Only to use his own, and staring wide
 And hungering for the gilt and jewell’d
 world

About him, look’d, as he is like to prove,
 When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

‘My guests,’ said Julian: ‘you are
 honour’d now

Ev’n to the uttermost : in her behold
 Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
 Of all things upon earth the dearest to me.’

Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
 Led his dear lady to a chair of state.

And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
 Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
 Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
 And heard him muttering, ‘So like, so
 like ;

She never had a sister. I knew none.
 Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so
 like !’

And then he suddenly ask’d her if she
 were.

She shook, and cast her eyes down, and
 was dumb.

And then some other question’d if she
 came

From foreign lands, and still she did not
 speak.

Another, if the boy were hers : but she
 To all their queries answer’d not a word,
 Which made the amazement more, till
 one of them

Said, shuddering, ‘Her spectre !’ But
 his friend

Replied, in half a whisper, ‘Not at least
 The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
 Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
 Prove, as I almost dread to find her,
 dumb !’

But Julian, sitting by her, answer’d all :
 ‘She is but dumb, because in her you
 see

That faithful servant whom we spoke
 about,

Obedient to her second master now ;
 Which will not last. I have here to-night
 a guest

So bound to me by common love and
 loss—

What ! shall I bind him more ? in his
 behalf,

Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
 That which of all things is the dearest to
 me,

Not only showing? and he himself pronounced

That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

‘Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to break in on what I say by word.
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart.’

And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—

Past thro’ his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;

And then rose up, and with him all his guests

Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:

‘Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;

And were it only for the giver’s sake,
And tho’ she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:

I leave this land for ever.’ Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush’d each at each with a cry, that rather seem’d

For some new death than for a life renew’d;
Whereat the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn’d, and caught and brought him in

To their charm’d circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frighted our good friend, that turning to me

And saying, ‘It is over: let us go’—
There were our horses ready at the doors—

We bad them no farewell, but mounting these

He past for ever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON.

GOLDEN-HAIR’D Ally whose name is one with mine,

Crazy with laughter and babble and earth’s new wine,

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.

May’st thou never be wrong’d by the name that is mine!

THE FIRST QUARREL.

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

I.

‘WAIT a little,’ you say, ‘you are sure it ’ll all come right,’

But the boy was born i’ trouble, an’ looks so wan an’ so white:

Wait! an’ once I ha’ waited—I hadn’t to wait for long.

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry—No, no, you are doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead;

I ha’ work’d for him fifteen years, an’ I work an’ I wait to the end.

I am all alone in the world, an’ you are my only friend.

II.

Doctor, if you can wait, I’ll tell you the tale o’ my life.

When Harry an’ I were children, he call’d me his own little wife;

I was happy when I was with him, an'
 sorry when he was away,
 An' when we play'd together, I loved him
 better than play;
 He workt me the daisy chain—he made
 me the cowslip ball,
 He fought the boys that were rude, an' I
 loved him better than all.
 Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at
 home in disgrace,
 I never could quarrel with Harry—I had
 but to look in his face.

III.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's
 kin, that had need
 Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent,
 an' the father agreed;
 So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire
 farm for years an' for years;
 I walked with him down to the quay,
 poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
 The boat was beginning to move, we
 heard them a-ringing the bell,
 'I'll never love any but you, God bless
 you, my own little Nell.'

IV.

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he
 came to harm;
 There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with
 him up at the farm,
 One had deceived her an' left her alone
 with her sin an' her shame,
 And so she was wicked with Harry; the
 girl was the most to blame.

V.

And years went over till I that was little
 had grown so tall,
 The men would say of the maids, 'Our
 Nelly's the flower of 'em all.'
 I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught
 myself all I could
 To make a good wife for Harry, when
 Harry came home for good.

VI.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as
 happy too,
 For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll
 never love any but you;'

'I'll never love any but you' the morning
 song of the lark,
 'I'll never love any but you' the nightin-
 gale's hymn in the dark.

VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he
 look'd at me sidelong and shy,
 Vext me a bit, till he told me that so
 many years had gone by,
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that
 I might ha' forgot him somehow—
 For he thought—there were other lads—
 he was fear'd to look at me now.

VIII.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were
 married o' Christmas day,
 Married among the red berries, an' all as
 merry as May—
 Those were the pleasant times, my house
 an' my man were my pride,
 We seem'd like ships 'i' the Channel a-
 sailing with wind an' tide.

IX.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he
 tried the villages round,
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if
 work could be found;
 An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work,
 little wife, so far as I know;
 I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss
 you before I go.'

X.

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't
 he coming that day?
 An' I hit on an old deal-box that was
 push'd in a corner away,
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a
 letter along wi' the rest,
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a
 hornets' nest.

XI.

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this
 was the letter I read—
 'You promised to find me work near you,
 an' I wish I was dead—'

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you
haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away,
an' I wish that I had.'

XII.

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant
times that had past,
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my*
quarrel—the first an' the last.

XIII.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the
letter that drove me wild,
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as
any child,
'What can it matter, my lass, what I did
wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to
his wife;
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst.' 'Then,'
I said, 'I'm none o' the best.'
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love?
Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
The man isn't like the woman, no need
to make such a stir.'
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said
'You were keeping with her,
When I was a-loving you all along an' the
same as before.'
An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he
anger'd me more and more.
Then he patted my hand in his gentle
way, 'Let bygones be!'
'Bygones! you kept yours hush'd,' I said,
'when you married me!
By-gones ma' be come-agains; an' *she*—
in her shame an' her sin—
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I
die o' my lying in!
You'll make her its second mother! I
hate her—an' I hate you!
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha'
beaten me black an' blue
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did,
when I were so crazy wi' spite,
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill
all come right.'

XIV.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I
watch'd him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all
wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never
said 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when he
came to bid me goodbye.
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but
that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss
me before I go?'

XV.

'Going! you're going to her—kiss her—
if you will,' I said—
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must
ha' been light i' my head—
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!—I
didn't know well what I meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he
turn'd *his* face an' he went.

XVI.

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten
my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I
never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for
what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-
night by the boat.'

XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought
of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was
always kind to me.
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill
all come right!'
An' the boat went down that night—the
boat went down that night.

RIZPAH.

17—.

I.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind
over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother,
come out to me.'

Why should he call me to-night, when he
 knows that I cannot go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and
 the full moon stares at the snow.

II.

We should be seen, my dear; they would
 spy us out of the town.
 The loud black nights for us, and the
 storm rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but am
 led by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son till I
 find myself drenched with the rain.

III.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was
 there left to fall?
 I have taken them home, I have number'd
 the bones, I have hidden them all.
 What am I saying? and what are *you*?
 do you come as a spy?
 Falls? what falls? who knows? As the
 tree falls so must it lie.

IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been?
 you—what have you heard?
 Why did you sit so quiet? you never have
 spoken a word.
 O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none
 of their spies—
 But the night has crept into my heart,
 and begun to darken my eyes.

V.

Ah—you, what have lived so soft, what
 should *you* know of the night,
 The blast and the burning shame and the
 bitter frost and the fright?
 I have done it, while you were asleep—
 you were only made for the day.
 I have gather'd my baby together—and
 now you may go your way.

VI.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit
 by an old dying wife.
 But say nothing hard of my boy, I have
 only an hour of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he
 went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he
 never has told me a lie.

I whipt him for robbing an orchard once
 when he was but a child—

'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said;
 he was always so wild—

And idle—and couldn't be idle—my
 Willy—he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier,
 he would have been one of his best.

VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and
 they never would let him be good;
 They swore that he dare not rob the mail,
 and he swore that he would;
 And he took no life, but he took one
 purse, and when all was done
 He flung it among his fellows—I'll none
 of it, said my son.

VIII.

I came into court to the Judge and the
 lawyers. I told them my tale,
 God's own truth—but they kill'd him,
 they kill'd him for robbing the mail.
 They hang'd him in chains for a show—
 we had always borne a good name—
 To be hang'd for a thief—and then put
 away—isn't that enough shame?
 Dust to dust—low down—let us hide!
 but they set him so high
 That all the ships of the world could
 stare at him, passing by.
 God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and
 horrible fowls of the air,
 But not the black heart of the lawyer who
 kill'd him and hang'd him there.

IX.

And the jailer forced me away. I had
 bid him my last goodbye;
 They had fasten'd the door of his cell.
 'O mother!' I heard him cry.
 I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had
 something further to say,
 And now I never shall know it. The
 jailer forced me away.

X.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry
 of my boy that was dead,
 They seized me and shut me up: they
 fasten'd me down on my bed.
 'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the
 dark to me year after year—
 They beat me for that, they beat me—
 you know that I couldn't but hear;
 And then at the last they found I had
 grown so stupid and still
 They let me abroad again—but the
 creatures had worked their will.

XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of
 my bone was left—
 I stole thgm all from the lawyers—and
 you, will you call it a theft?—
 My baby, the bones that had suck'd me,
 the bones that had laughed and
 had cried—
 Theirs? O no! they are mine—not
 theirs—they had moved in my side.

XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones?
 I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all—
 I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night
 by the churchyard wall.
 My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the
 trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
 But I charge you never to say that I laid
 him in holy ground.

XIII.

They would scratch him up—they would
 hang him again on the cursed tree.
 Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—
 let all that be,
 And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's
 good will toward men—
 'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'
 —let me hear it again;
 'Full of compassion and mercy—long-
 suffering.' Yes, O yes!
 For the lawyer is born but to murder—
 the Saviour lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except
 for the worst of the worst,
 And the first may be last—I have heard it
 in church—and the last may be
 first.
 Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the
 Lord must know,
 Year after year in the mist and the wind
 and the shower and the snow.

XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told
 you he never repented his sin.
 How do they know it? are *they* his
 mother? are *you* of his kin?
 Heard! have you ever heard, when the
 storm on the downs began,
 The wind that 'ill wail like a child and
 the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

XV.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's
 all very well.
 But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall
 not find him in Hell.
 For I cared so much for my boy that the
 Lord has look'd into my care,
 And He means me I'm sure to be happy
 with Willy, I know not where.

XVI.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul,
 that is all your desire:
 Do you think that I care for *my* soul if
 my boy be gone to the fire?
 I have been with God in the dark—go,
 go, you may leave me alone—
 You never have borne a child—you are
 just as hard as a stone.

XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think
 that you mean to be kind,
 But I cannot hear what you say for my
 Willy's voice in the wind—
 The snow and the sky so bright—he used
 but to call in the dark,
 And he calls to me now from the church
 and not from the gibbet—for hark!

Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is
 coming—shaking the walls—
 Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good-
 night. I am going. He calls.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

I.

WAAIR till our Sally cooms in, fur thou
 mun a' sights¹ to tell.
 Eh, but I be maain glad to seeä tha sa
 'arty an' well.
 'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a
 vartical soon² !'
 Strange fur to goä fur to think what
 saäilors a' seeän an' a' doon ;
 'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt
 but Adam's wine :
 What's the 'eat o' this little 'ill-side to
 the 'eat o' the line ?

II.

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?'
 I'll tell tha. Gin.
 But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä
 fur it down to the inn.
 Naay—fur I be maain-glad, but thaw tha
 was iver sa dry,
 Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer,
 an' I'll tell tha why.

III.

Meä an' thy sister was married, when
 wur it? back-end o' June,
 Ten year sin', and wa' greed as well as a
 'fiddle i' tune :
 I could fettle and clump owd booöts and
 shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
 As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to
 Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.

¹ The vowels *ai*, pronounced separately though
 in the closest conjunction, best render the sound
 of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such
 words as *craain'*, *daain'*, *what*, *at* (I), etc., look
 awkward except in a page of express phonetics,
 I have thought it better to leave the simple *i* and
y, and to trust that my readers will give them the
 broader pronunciation.

² The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'

We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as
 'appy as 'art could think,
 An' then the babby wur burn, and then
 I taäkes to the drink.

IV.

An' I weänt gaäinsäy it, my lad, thaw I
 be hafe shaämed on it now,
 We could sing a goödd song at the Plow, we
 could sing a good song at the Plow ;
 Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an'
 hurted my huck,¹
 An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtimes
 slaäpe down i' the squad an' the
 muck :
 An' once I fowt wi' the Taäiloor—not hafe
 ov a man, my lad—
 Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce
 like a cat, an' i' maäde'er sa mad
 That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger,²
 an' raäted ma, 'Sottin' thy braäins
 Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smooäkin' an'
 hawmin'³ about i' the laänes,
 Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch
 thy 'at to the Squire ;'
 An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noäse an'
 I seeäd 'im agittin' o' fire ;
 But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an' hallus
 as droonk as a king,
 Foälk's coostom flitted awaäy like a kite
 wi' a brokken string.

V.

An' Sally she wesh'd foälk's cloäths to
 keep the wolf fro' the door,
 Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv
 me to drink the moor,
 Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd,
 wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur 'id,
 An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and
 I weär'd it o' liquor, I did.

VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull
 gotten loose at a faäir,
 An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin'
 and teärin' 'er aaäir,

¹ Hip.

² Scold.

³ Lounging.

An' I tumbled athurt the craädle an'
 'sweär'd as I'd breäk ivry stick
 O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied
 our Sally a kick,
 An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an'
 she an' the babby beäl'd,¹
 Fur I know'd naw moor what I did nor
 a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd
 that our Sally went laämed
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur
 dreädfül ashaämed;
 An' Sally wur sloomy² an' draggle taäil'd
 in an owd turn gown,
 An' the babby's faäce wur'n't wesh'd an'
 the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty
 an' neät än' sweät,
 Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro'
 'eäd to feeät:
 An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied
 'er by Thursby thurn;
 Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a
 Sunday at murn,
 Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-mountin'
 oop 'igher an' 'igher,
 An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e
 shined like a sparkle o' fire.
 'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I
 can see 'im?' an' I
 Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as
 danced in 'er pratty blue eye;
 An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an'
 Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,'
 But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother,
 an' Sally says 'doänt!'

IX.

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at
 fust she wur all in a tew,
 But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn together
 like birds on a beugh;

¹ Belloved, cried out.² Sluggish, out of spirits.

An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an'
 the loov o' God fur men,
 An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied
 me a kiss ov 'ersen.

X.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like
 Saätan as fell
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw
 theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell;
 Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf
 fro' the door,
 All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er
 as well as afoor.

XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd
 awaäy o' the bed.
 'Weänt niver do it naw moor;' an'
 Sally looökt up an' she said,
 'I'll upowd it¹ tha weänt; thou'rt like
 the rest o' the men,
 Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap till tha
 does it agäan.
 Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knows,
 as knows tha sa well,
 That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im tha'll
 foller 'im slick into Hell.'

XII.

'Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniffin'
 about the tap.'
 'Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I
 thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.'
 'Noä:' an' I started awaäy like a shot,
 an' down to the Hinn,
 An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin' theer,
 yon big black bottle o' gin.

XIII.

'That caps owt,'² says Sally, an' saw she
 begins to cry,
 But I puts it inter 'er 'ands an' I says to
 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
 'Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord
 an' the power ov 'is Graäce,
 'Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looök my hennemy
 strait i' the faäce,

¹ I'll uphold it.² That's beyond everything.

Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma
look at 'im then,
'E secäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's
the Devil's oän sen.'

XIV.

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do
naw work an' all,
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an' poonch'd
my 'and wi' the hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an'
sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coäxd an' coodled me oop till ageän
I feel'd mysen free.

XV.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk
stood a-gawmin'¹ in,
As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead
of a quart o' gin;
An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an'
I wur chousin' the wife,
Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur it
nobbut to säave my life;
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov
'is airm, an' 'e shaws it to me,
'Feäl thou this! thou can't graw this
upo' watter!' says he.
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as
candles was lit,
'Thou moänt do it,' he says, 'tha mun
breäk 'im off bit by bit.'
'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Par-
son, and läays down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I
respects tha fur that';
An' Scäike, his oän very sen, walks down
fro' the 'All to see,
An' 'e spansk 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I
respects tha,' says 'e;
An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind
fro' far an' wide,
And browt me the booöts to be coöbled
fro' hafe the coontryside.

XVI.

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan
to my dying daäy;

¹ Staring vacantly.

I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anooother
kind of a waäy,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps
'im cleän an' bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im,
an' puts 'im back i' the light.

XVII.

Wouldn't a pint 'e sarved as well as a
quart? Naw doubt:
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an'
fowt it out.
Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I
cared to taäste,
But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur
I'd feäl mysen cleän disgräced.

XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass,
when I cooms to die,
Smash the bottle to smithers, the Devil's
in 'im,' said I.
But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if
Sally be left aloän,
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke
'im afoor the Throän.

XIX.

Coom thou 'eer—yon läädy a-steppin'
along the streeät,
Doesn't tha knaw 'er—sa pratty, an' feät,
an' neät, an' sweeät?
Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe
ammot spick-span-new,
An' Tommy's faäce be as fresh as a codlin
wesh'd i' the dew.

XX.

'Ere be our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be
a-goin to dine,
Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-pud-
din'¹ an' Adam's wine;
But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä
fur it down to the Hinn,
Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood,
noä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

¹ A pudding made with the first milk of the cow
after calving.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard
Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came
flying from far away :
'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have
sighted fifty-three !'
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard :
'Fore God I am no coward ;
But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must
fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line ; can we
fight with fifty-three ?'

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : ' I
know you are no coward ;
You fly them for a moment to fight with
them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are
lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left
them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devil-
doms of Spain.'

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five
ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down
below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they
were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the
glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work
the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon
the weather bow.
' Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time
this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again : ' We be all
good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
devil yet.'

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the
heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and
her ninety sick below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and
half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the
long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down
from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at
the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that,
of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with
her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we
stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung
above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon
the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them
all.

VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she be-
thought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had
left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and
they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their
pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of
the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
back with her loss and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shat-
ter'd, and so could fight us no
more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this
in the world before?

X.

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the
short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had
left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing
it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the
side and the head,
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they fear'd that we still could sting.
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were
most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying
over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
'We have fought such a fight for a day
and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink
her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the
hands of Spain!'

XII.

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the
seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if
we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike
another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they
yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their
flagship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old
 Sir Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with
 their courtly foreign grace ;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried ;
 ' I have fought for Queen and Faith like
 a valiant man and true ;
 I have only done my duty as a man is
 bound to do :
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
 ville die !'
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had
 been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of
 Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship
 and his English few ;
 Was he devil or man ? He was devil
 for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honour down
 into the deep,
 And they moun'd the Revenge with a
 swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and
 long'd for her own ;
 When a wind from the lands they had
 ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the
 weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great
 gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised
 by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
 and their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on
 the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down
 by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

THE SISTERS.

THEY have left the doors ajar ; and by
 their clash,
 And prelude on the keys, I know the
 song,

Their favourite—which I call 'The Tables
 Turned.'
 Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air.'

EVELYN.

O diviner Air,
 Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the
 glare,
 Far from out the west in shadowing
 showers,
 Over all the meadow baked and bare,
 Making fresh and fair
 All the bowers and the flowers,
 Fainting flowers, faded bowers,
 Over all this weary world of ours,
 Breathe, diviner Air !

A sweet voice that—you scarce could
 better that.
 Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

EDITH.

O diviner light,
 Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with
 night,
 Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
 showers,
 Far from out a sky for ever bright,
 Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,
 Over all the meadow's drowning flowers,
 Over all this ruin'd world of ours,
 Break, diviner light !

Marvellously like, their voices—and them-
 selves !

Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the
 other,
 As one is somewhat graver than the other—
 Edith than Evelyn. Your good Uncle,
 whom

You count the father of your fortune,
 longs

For this alliance : let me ask you then,
 Which voice most takes you ? for I do
 not doubt

Being a watchful parent, you are taken
 With one or other : tho' sometimes I
 fear

You may be flickering, fluttering in a
 doubt

Between the two—which must not be—
• which might

Be death to one: they both are beautiful:
Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says
The common voice, if one may trust it:
she?

No! but the paler and the graver, Edith.
Woo her and gain her then: no wavering,
boy!

The graver is perhaps the one for you
Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.
For love will go by contrast, as by likes.

No sisters ever prized each other more.
Not so: their mother and her sister loved
More passionately still.

But that my best
And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,
And that I know you worthy everyway
To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath
To part them, or part from them: and
yet one

Should marry, or all the broad lands in
your view
From this bay window—which our house
has held
Three hundred years—will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either knee,
A hand upon the head of either child,
Smoothing their locks, as golden as his
own
Were silver, 'get them wedded' would
he say.

And once my prattling Edith ask'd him
'why?'

Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go
lame?'

Then told them of his wars, and of his
wound.

For see—this wine—the grape from
whence it flow'd

Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal,
When that brave soldier, down the terrible
ridge

Plunged in the last fierce charge at
Waterloo,

And caught the laming bullet. He left
me this,

Which yet retains a memory of its youth,
As I of mine, and my first passion.

Come!

Here's to your happy union with my child!

• Yet must you change your name: no
fault of mine!

You say that you can do it as willingly
As birds make ready for their bridal-
time

By change of feather: for all that, my
boy,

Some birds are sick and sullen when they
moult.

An old and worthy name! but mine that
stirr'd

Among our civil wars and earlier too
Among the Roses, the more venerable.
I care not for a name—no fault of mine.
Once more—a happier marriage than my
own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the
plain.

The highway running by it leaves a breadth
Of sward to left and right, where, long
ago,

One bright May morning in a world of
song,

I lay at leisure, watching overhead
The aerial poplar wave, an amber spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me,
show'd

Turning my way, the loveliest face on
earth.

The face of one there sitting opposite,
On whom I brought a strange unhappi-
ness,

That time I did not see.

Love at first sight
May seem—with goodly rhyme and
reason for it—

Possible—at first glimpse, and for a face
Gone in a moment—strange. Yet once,
when first

I came on lake Llanberris in the dark,
A moonless night with storm—one light-
ning-fork

Flash'd out the lake ; and tho' I loiter'd
there
The full day after, yet in retrospect
That less than momentary thunder-sketch
Of lake and mountain conquers all the day.

The Sun himself has limn'd the face
for me.
Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as well.
For look you here—the shadows are too
deep,
And like the critic's blurring comment
make
The veriest beauties of the work appear
The darkest faults : the sweet eyes frown :
the lips
Seem but a gash. My sole memorial
Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro'
sense and soul
And by the poplar vanish'd—to be found
Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping
beechen boughs
Of our New Forest. I was there alone:
The phantom of the whirling landaulet
For ever past me by : when one quick
peal
Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmer-
ing glades
Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth
On fern and foxglove. I.o. the face again,
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all
One bloom of youth, health, beauty,
happiness,
And moved to merriment at a passing jest.

There one of those about her knowing
me
Call'd me to join them ; so with these I
spent
What seem'd my crowning hour, my day
of days.

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,
The worse for her, for me ! was I content ?
Ay—no, not quite ; for now and then I
thought
Laziness, vague love-longings, the bright
May,

Had made a heated haze to magnify
The charm of Edith—that a man's ideal
Is high in Heaven, and lodged with
Plato's God,
Not findable here—content, and not con-
tent,
In some such fashion as a man may be
That having had the portrait of his friend
Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says,
' Good ! very like ! not altogether he.'

As yet I had not bound myself by
words,
Only, believing I loved Edith, made
Edith love *me*. Then came the day
when I,
Flattering myself that all my doubts were
fools
Born of the fool this Age that doubts of
all—
Not I that day of Edith's love or mine—
Had braced my purpose to declare my-
self :

I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.
The golden gates would open at a word.
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen
And lost and found again, had got so far,
Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I
heard

Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the
doors—

On a sudden after two Italian years
Had set the blossom of her health again,
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—
there,

There was the face, and altogether she.
The mother fell about the daughter's
neck,

The sisters closed in one another's arms,
Their people throng'd about them from
the hall,

And in the thick of question and reply
I fled the house, driven by one anger face,
And all the Furies.

I was bound to her ;
I could not free myself in honour—bound
Not by the sounded letter of the word,
But counterpressures of the yielded hand
That timorously and faintly echoed mine,

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes
 Upon me when she thought I did not see—
 Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but could I wed her
 Loving the other? do her that great wrong?
 Had I not dream'd I loved her yesternorn?
 Had I not known where Love, at first a fear,
 Grew after marriage to full height and form?
 Yet after marriage, that mock-sister there—
 Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of it—
 Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—
 What end but darkness could ensue from this
 For all the three? So Love and Honour join'd
 Tho' Love and Honour join'd to raise the full
 High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up and down
 Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote :

'My mother bids me ask' (I did not tell you—
 A widow with less guile than many a child.
 God help the wrinkled children that are Christ's
 As well as the plump cheek—she wrought us harm,
 Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?' (so ran
 The letter) 'you have not been here of late.
 You will not find me here. At last I go
 On that long-promised visit to the North.
 I told your wayside story to my mother
 And Evelyn. She remembers you.
 Farewell.
 Pray come and see my mother. Almost blind
 With ever-growing cataract, yet she thinks
 She sees you when she hears. Again
 farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped to warm so far
 That I could stamp my image on her heart!
 'Pray come and see my mother, and farewell.'
 Cold, but as welcome as free airs of heaven
 After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish, strange!
 What dwarfs are men! my strangled vanity
 Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vexed myself
 And all in vain for her—cold heart or none—
 No bride for me. Yet so my path was clear
 To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.

For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,
 Because the simple mother work'd upon
 By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it.
 And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day.

But on that day, not being all at ease,
 I from the altar glancing back upon her,
 Before the first 'I will' was utter'd, saw
 The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, passionless—

'No harm, no harm' I turn'd again, and placed
 My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,
 She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn clung
 In utter silence for so long, I thought
 'What, will she never set her sister free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and then,
 As tho' the happiness of each in each
 Were not enough, must fain have torrents, lakes,
 Hills, the great things of Nature and the fair,
 To lift us as it were from commonplace,
 And help us to our joy. Better have sent

Our Edith thro' the glories of the earth,
To change with her horizon, if true Love
Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I would
not live
Save that I think this gross hard-seeming
world
Is our misshaping vision of the Powers'
Behind the world, that make our griefs
our gains.

For on the dark night of our marriage-
day
The great Tragedian, that had quenched
herself

In that assumption of the bridesmaid—
she

That loved me—our true Edith—her
brain broke

With over-acting, till she rose and fled
Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain
To the deaf church—to be let in—to pray
Before *that* altar—so I think; and there
They found her beating the hard Protest-
ant doors.

She died and she was buried ere we
knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak. At
once
The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that
had sunn'd

The morning of our marriage, past away:
And on our home-return the daily want
Of Edith in the house, the garden, still
Haunted us like her ghost; and by and
by,

Either from that necessity for talk
Which lives with blindness, or plain
innocence

Of nature, or desire that her lost child
Should earn from both the praise of
heroism,

The mother broke her promise to the
dead,

And told the living daughter with what
love

Edith had welcomed my brief wooing of
her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt
the twins—

Did I not tell you they were twins?—
prevail'd

So far that no caress could win my wife
Back to that passionate answer of full
heart

I had from her at first. Not that her love,
Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of
love,

Had lessen'd, but the mother's garrulous
wail

For ever woke the unhappy Past again,
Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be
my bride,

Put forth cold hands between us, and I
feard

The very fountains of her life were
chill'd;

So took her thence, and brought her
here, and here

She bore a child, whom reverently we
call'd

Edith; and in the second year was born
A second—this I named from her own
self,

Evelyn; then two weeks—no more—she
joined,

In and beyond the grave, that one she
loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thro' dreams by night and trances of the
day,

The sisters glide about me hand in hand,
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell

One from the other, no, nor care to tell
One from the other, only know they
come,

They smile upon me, till, remembering
all

The love they both have borne me, and
the love

I bore them both—divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the grave—

I know not which of these I love the
best.

But *you* love Edith; and her own true
eyes

Are traitors to her; our quick Evelyn—

The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they
 talk,
 And not without good reason, my good
 son—
 Is yet antouch'd : and I that hold them
 both
 Dearest of all things—well, I am not
 sure—
 But if there lie a preference eitherway,
 Aïd in the rich vocabulary of Love
 'Most dearest' be a true superlative—
 I think I likewise love your Edith most.

THE VILLAGE WIFE ; OR, THE ENTAIL.¹

I.

'OUSE-KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur New
 Squire coom'd last night.
 Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll goä wi'
 tha back : all right ;
 Butter I warrants be prime, an' I war-
 rants the heggs be as well,
 Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya
 bræks the shell.

II.

Sit thysen down fur a bit : hev a glass o'
 cowslip wine !
 I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as
 thaw they was gells o' mine,
 Fur then we was all es one, the Squire
 an' 'is darters an' me,
 Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver
 not took to she :
 But Nelly, the last of the clutch,² I liked
 'er the fust on 'em all,
 Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died
 o' the fever at fall :
 An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but
 Miss Annie she said it wur draajins,
 Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an'
 arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paäns.
 Eh ! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer,
 I han't gotten none !
 Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is
 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.

¹ See note to 'Northern Cobbler.'

² A brood of chickens.

III.

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass : tha dosn'
 know what that be ?
 But I knows the law, I does, for the
 lawyer ha tow'd it me.
 'When theer's naw 'ead to a 'Ouse by
 the fault o' that ere maäle—
 The gells they counts fur nowt, and the
 next un he'taäkes the taäil.'

IV.

What be the next un like ? can tha tell
 ony harm on 'im lass ?—
 Naay sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowl !—
 hev another glass !
 Straänge an' cowl fur the time ! we may
 happen a fall o' snaw—
 Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm, but
 I likes to know.
 An' I 'oäps es 'e beänt boooklarn'd : but
 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere ;
 We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we
 haätes boooklarnin' ere.

V.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an'
 niver lookt arter the land—
 Whoäts or turmutts or taätes—'e 'ed
 hallus a beoök i' 'is 'and,
 Hallus aloän wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh
 upo' seventy year.
 An' booöks, what's booöks ? thou knows
 thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer.

VI.

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taäils, an'
 the lawyer he tow'd it me
 That 'is taäil were soä tied up es he
 couldn't cut down a tree !
 'Drat the trees,' says I, to be sewer I
 haätes 'em, my lass,
 Fur we puts the muck o' the land an'
 they sucks the muck fro' the grass.

VII.

An' Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an' gied
 to the tramps goin' by—
 An' all o' the wust i' the parish—wi'
 hoffens a drop in 'is eye.

An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn
ridin-erse to 'ersen,
An' they rampaged about wi' their grooms,
an' was 'untin' arter the men,
An' hallus a-dallack¹ an' dizen'd out,
an' a-buyin' new cloäthes,
While 'e sit like a graät glimmer-gowk²
wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noäse,
An' 'is noäse sa gruffed wi' snuff es it
couldn't be scroob'd awaäy,
Fur atween 'is reädin' an' writin' 'e sniffit
up a box in a daäy,
An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor
arter the birds wi' 'is gun,
An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e
leäved it to Charlie 'is son,
An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but
Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike,
For 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e
didn't take kind to it like;
But I ears es 'e'd gie fur a howry³ owd
book thutty pound an' moor,
An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen,
sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to be poor;
An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow
much—fur an owd scatted stoän,
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an'
'e got a brown pot an' a boän,
An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goä,
wi' good gowd⁴ the Queen,
An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an'
which was a shaame to be seen;
But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e
niver not seed to owt,
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an'
booöks, as thou knaws, beänt nowt.

VIII.

But owd Squire's laädy es long es she
lived she kep 'em all clear,
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed
none of 'er darters 'ere;
But arter she died we was all es one, the
childer an' me,
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens
we hed 'em to tea.
Lawk! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud
talk o' their Missis's waäys,

¹ Overdress in gay colours.² Owl.³ Filthy.

An' the Missis talk'd o' the lasses.—I'll
tell tha some o' these daäys.
Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop,
like 'er mother afoor—
'Er an' 'er blessed darter—they niver
derken'd my door.

IX.

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd
gotten a fright at last,
An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's
letters they foller'd sa fast;
But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e
says to 'im, meek as a mouse,
'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or the
gells 'ull goä to the 'Ouse,
Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oäps
es thou'll 'elp me a bit,
An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil I
may saäve mysen yit.'

X.

I

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e
sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im 'Noa.
I've gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an'
be dang'd if I iver let goä!
Coom! coom! feyther,' 'e says, 'why
shouldn't thy booöks be sowd?
I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe
worth their weight i' gowd.'

XI.

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd
'em, belong'd to the Squire,
But the lasses 'ed teärd out leaves i' the
middle to kindle the fire;
Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd
nigh to nowt at the saäle,
And Squire were at Charlie ageän to git
'im to cut off 'is taäil.

XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were
that outdacious at 'oäim,
Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out Hell
wi' a small-tooth coämb—
Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk
wi' the farmer's aäle,
Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't
cut off the taäil.

XIII.

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck ; and a
 thurn be a-grawin' theer,
 I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maäy
 es I see'd it to-year—
 Theerabouts Charlie joompt—and it gied
 me a scare tother night,
 Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i'
 the derk, fur it looökt sa white.
 'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp !—thaw
 the banks o' the beck be sa high,
 Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw
 niver a hair wur awry ;
 But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an'
 Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,
 Sa theer wur a hend o' the taäl, fur 'e
 lost 'is taäl i' the beck.

XIV.

Sa 'is taäl wur lost an' 'is booöks wur
 gene an' 'is boy wur deäd,
 An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e
 niver not lift oop 'is 'eäd :
 Hallus a soft un Squire ! an' 'e smiled,
 fur 'e hedn't naw friend,
 Sa feyther an' son was buried together,
 an' this wur the hend.

XV.

An' Parson as hesn't the call, nor the
 mooney, but hes the pride,
 'E reäds of a sewer an' sartan 'oäp o' the
 tofner side ;
 But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, how-
 siver they praäy'd an' praäy'd,
 Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their
 debts to be paäid.
 Siver the mou'ds rattled down upo' poor
 owd Squire i' the wood,
 An' I cried along wi' the gells, fur they
 weänt niver coom to naw good.

XVI.

Fur Molly the long un she walkt awaäy
 wi' a hofficer lad,
 An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin, sa o' coorse
 she be gone to the bad !
 An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, sweet-
 'arts she niver 'ed none—

IV.

Straänge an' unheppen¹ Miss Lucy ! we
 naämed her 'Dot an' gaw one !'
 An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out
 ony harm i' the legs,
 An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'eäd as
 bald as one o' them heggs,
 An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle as big
 i' the mouth as a cow,
 An' saw she mun hammergrate,² lass, or
 she weänt git a maäte onyhow !
 An' es for Miss Annie es call'd me afoor
 my awn foälks to my faäce
 'A hignorant village wife as 'ud hev to
 be larn'd her awn plaäce,'
 Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest hes now
 be a-grawin' sa howd,
 I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beänt
 not fit to be towd !

XVII.

Sa I didn't not taäke it kindly ov owd
 Miss Annie to saäy
 Es I should be talkin awaäin 'em, es soon
 es they went awaäy,
 Fur, lawks ! 'ow I cried when they went,
 an' our Nelly she gied me 'er and,
 Fur I'd ha done owt for the Squire an' 'is
 gells es belong'd to the land ;
 Booöks, es I said afoor, thebbe neyther
 'ere nor theer !
 But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur
 huppuuds o' twenty year.

XVIII.

An' they hallus paäid what I hax'd, sa I
 hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,
 An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they
 knaw'd what a hegg wur an' all ;
 Hugger-mugger they lived, but they
 wasn't that eäsy to pleäse,
 Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they
 laäid big heggs es tha seas ;
 An' I niver puts saäme³ i' my butter,
 they does it at Willis's farm,
 Taäste another drop o' the wine—tweänt
 do tha naw harm.

¹ Ungainly, awkward.² Emigrate.³ Lard.

XIX.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is
'and, an' owd Squire's gone;
I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter my
nightcap wur on;
Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he
coom'd last night sa laäte—
Pluksh ! ! ! the hens i' the peas ! why
didn't tha hesp the gaäte ?

IN THE CHILDREN'S
HOSPITAL.

EMMIE.

I.

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never
had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I
saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the Surgery-schools of France
and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big
merciless hands !
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but
they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in
trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd
so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who
would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved
him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish ooral— that
ever such things should be !

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of
our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile,
and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone
seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all
but a hopeless case :

¹ A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to
scare trespassing fowl.

And he had 'ted him gently enough : but
Hedden and Hedden were very kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had
seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly 'The lad will
need little more of your care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek
the Lord Jesus in prayer ;
They are all his children here, and I pray
for them all as my own :'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman,
can prayer set a broken bone ?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I
know that I heard him say
'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus
has had his day.'

III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd.
It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the
hope of the world were a lie ?
How could I bear with the sights and the
loathsome smells of disease
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when
ye do it to these ?'

IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward
where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our dar-
ling, our meek little maid ;
Empty you see just now ! We have lost
her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive
plant to the touch ;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often
moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have
found in a child of her years—
Nay you remember our Emmie ; you used
to send her the flowers ;
How she would smile at 'em, play with
'em, talk to 'em hours after hours !
They that can wander at will where the
works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a
cowslip out of the field.
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all
they can know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like
 the waft of an Angel's wing ;
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and
 her thin hands crost on her breast—
 Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire,
 and we thought her at rest,
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor
 said ' Poor little dear,
 Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll
 never live thro' it, I fear.'

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as
 far as the head of the stair,
 Then I return'd to the ward ; the child
 didn't see I was there.

VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so
 grieved and so vex't !
 Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd
 from her cot to the next,
 ' He says I shall never live thro' it, O
 Annie, what shall I do ?'
 Annie consider'd. ' If I,' said the wise
 little Annie, ' was you,
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to
 help me, for, Emmie, you see,
 It's all in the picture there : " Little
 children should come to me."'
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I
 find that it always can please
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with
 children about his knees.)
 ' Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, ' but then
 if I call to the Lord,
 How should he know that it's me ? such
 a lot of beds in the ward !'
 That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she
 consider'd and said :
 ' Emmie, you put out your arms, and you
 leave 'em outside on the bed—
 The Lord has so much to see to ! but,
 Emmie, you tell it him plain,
 It's the little girl with her arms lying out
 on the counterpane.'

VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I
 could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I
 could do it no more.
 That was my sleeping-night, but I thought
 that it never would pass.
 There was a thunderclap once, and a
 clatter of hail on the glass,
 And there was a phantom cry that I heard
 as I tost about,
 The motherless bleat of a lamb in the
 storm and the darkness without ;
 My sleep was broken besides with dreams
 of the dreadful knife
 And fears for our delicate Emmie who
 scarce would escape with her life ;
 Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd
 she stood by me and smiled,
 And the doctor came at his hour, and we
 went to see to the child.

VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we
 believed her asleep again—
 Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out
 on the counterpane ;
 Say that His day is done ! Ah why should
 we care what they say ?
 The Lord of the children had heard her,
 and Emmie had past away.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE
PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that,
 which lived
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee
 not
 From earthly love and life—if what we call
 The spirit flash not all at once from out
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's
 praise
 From thine own State, and all our
 breadth of realm,
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds
 in light,
 Ascends to thee ; and this March morn
 that sees
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom

Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
 And thine Imperial mother smile again,
 May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
 Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
 Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
 Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
 But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
 May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
 At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
 Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O
 banner of Britain, hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to
 the battle-cry!
 Never with mightier glory than when we
 had rear'd thee on high
 Flying at top of the foofs in the ghastly
 siege of Lucknow—
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but
 ever we raised thee anew,
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the
 hold that we held with our lives—
 Women and children among us, God help
 them, our children and wives!
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days
 or for twenty at most.
 'Never surrender, I charge you, but
 every man die at his post!'
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our
 Lawrence the best of the brave:
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd
 him—we laid him that night in
 his grave.

'Every man die at his post!' and there
 hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death
 from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and
 death at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket, and
 death while we stoop to the spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the
 wounded, for often there fell,
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro'
 it, their shot and their shell,
 Death—for their spies were among us, their
 marksmen were told of our best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the
 brain that could think for the rest;
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and
 bullets would rain at our feet—
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the
 rebels that girdled us round—
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from
 over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of the mosque and
 the palace, and death in the ground!
 Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down,
 down! and creep thro' the hole!
 Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear
 him—the murderous mole!
 Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of
 the pickaxe be thro'!
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and
 nearer again than before—
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the
 dark pioneer is no more;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew!

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
 times, and it chanced on a day
 Soon as the blast of that underground
 thunderclap echo'd away,
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like
 so many fiends in their hell—
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on
 volley, and yell upon yell—
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
 enemy fell.
 What have they done? where is it? Out
 yonder. Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the
 Bailey-gate ! storm, and it ran
 Surging and swaying all round us, as
 ocean on every side
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
 daily drown'd by the tide—
 So many thousands that if they be bold
 enough, who shall escape ?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
 know we are soldiers and men !
 Ready ! take aim at their leaders—their
 masses are gapp'd with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like
 the wave flinging forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the hand-
 ful they could not subdue ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were
 English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to
 command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garri-
 son hung but on him ;
 Still—could we watch at all points ? we
 were every day fewer and fewer.
 There was a whisper among us, but only
 a whisper that past :
 ' Children and wives—if the tigers leap
 into the fold unawares—
 Every man die at his post—and the foe
 may outlive us at last—
 Better to fall by the hands that they love,
 than to fall into theirs !'
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines
 by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and
 our poor palisades.
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure
 that your hand be as true !
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed
 are your flank fusillades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the
 ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter
 we drive them with hand-grenades ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another
 wild earthquake out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or
 twelve good paces or more.
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there
 from the light of the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying
 out : ' Follow me, follow me !'—
 Mark him—he falls ! then another, and
 him too, and down goes he.
 Had they been bold enough then, who
 can tell but the traitors had won ?
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an em-
 brasure ! make way for the gun !
 Now double-charge it with grape ! It is
 charged and we fire, and they
 run.
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the
 dark face have his due !
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
 fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and
 drove them, and smote them, and
 slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not
 what we do. We can fight !
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel
 all thro' the night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies,
 their lying alarms,
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and
 shoutings and soundings to arms,
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be
 done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should
 be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death
 from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse
 to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge
 of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite
 torment of flies,

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
 over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound
 that *would* not be heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-
 pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never
 could save us a life.
 Valour of delicate women who tended the
 hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the
 dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and
 never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering
 hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd
 for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming
 down on the still-shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands
 of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our
 banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what
 was told by the scout,
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way
 through the felf mutineers?
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing
 again in our ears!
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubi-
 lant shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer
 with conquering cheers,
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women
 and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of
 Havelock's good fusileers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the
 Highlander wet with their tears!
 Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are
 saved!—is it you? is it you?
 Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved
 by the blessing of Heaven!
 'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held
 it for eighty-seven!
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old
 banner of England blew.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD
COBHAM.

(IN WALES.)

MY friend should meet me somewhere
 hereabout
 To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded one,
 I throw—
 I read no more the prisoner's mute wail
 Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless stone;
 I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or
 none,
 For I am emptier than a friar's brains;
 But God is with me in this wilderness,
 These wet black passes and foam-churn-
 ing chasms—
 And God's free air, and hope of better
 things.

I would I knew their speech; not now
 to glean,
 Not now—I hope to do it—some scatter'd
 ears,
 Some ears for Christ in this wild field of
 Wales—
 But, bread, merely for bread. This
 tongue that wagg'd
 They said with such heretical arrogance
 Against the proud archbishop Arundel—
 So much God's cause was fluent in it—is
 here
 But as a Latin Bible to the crowd;
 'Bara!'—what use? The Shepherd,
 when I speak,
 Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hard
 'Dim Saesneg' passes, wroth at things
 of old—
 No fault of mine. Had he God's word
 in Welsh
 He might be kindlier: happily come the
 day!

Not least art thou, thou little Bethle-
 hem
 In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born;
 Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,
 Least, for in thee the word was born again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living
 word,
 Who whilome spakest to the South in
 Greek
 About the soft Mediterranean shores,
 And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,
 As good need was—thou hast come to
 talk our isle.
 Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,
 Must learn to use the tongues of all the
 world.
 Yet art thou thine own witness that thou
 bringest
 Not peace, a sword, a fire.
 What did he say,
 My frightened Wiclif-preacher whom I
 crost
 In flying hither? that one night a crowd
 Throng'd the waste field about the city
 gates:
 The king was on them suddenly with a
 host.
 Why there? they came to hear their
 preacher. Then
 Some cried on Cobham, on the good
 Lord Cobham;
 Ay, for they love me! but the king—nor
 voice
 Nor finger raised against him—took and
 hang'd,
 Took, hang'd and burnt—how many—
 thirty-nine—
 Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends,
 as rebels
 And burn'd alive as heretics! for your
 Priest
 Labels, to take the king along with
 him—
 All heresy, treason: but to call men
 traitors
 May make men traitors.
 Rose of Lancaster,
 Red in thy birth, redder with household
 war,
 Now reddest with the blood of holy men,
 Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—
 If somewhere in the North, as Rumour
 sang
 Fluttering the hawks of this crown-lust-
 ing line—

By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,¹
 That were my rose, there my allegiance
 due.
 Self-starved, they say—nay, murder'd,
 doubtless dead.
 So to this king I cleaved: my friend was
 he,
 Once my fast friend: I would have given
 my life
 To help his own from scathe, a thousand
 lives
 To save his soul. He might have come
 to learn
 Our Wiclif's learning: but the worldly
 Priests
 Who fear the king's hard common-sense
 should find
 What rotten piles uphold their mason-
 work,
 Urge him to foreign war. O had he
 will'd
 I might have stricken a lusty stroke for
 him,
 But he would not; far liever led my
 friend
 Back to the pure and universal church,
 But he would not: whether that hairless
 flaw
 In his throne's title make him feel so
 frail,
 He leans on Antichrist; or that his mind,
 So quick, so capable in soldiership,
 In matters of the faith, alas the while!
 More worth than all the kingdoms of
 this world,
 Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest.
 Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my
 dear friend!
 Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!
 Lord give thou power to thy two wit-
 nesses!
 Lest the false faith make merry over
 them!
 Two—nay but thirty-nine have risen and
 stand,
 Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,
 Before thy light, and cry continually—
 Cry—against whom?

Him, who should bear the sword
Of Justice—what! the kingly, kindly boy;
Who took the world so easily heretofore,
My boon companion, tavern-fellow—him
Who gibed and japed—in many a merry
tale

That shook our sides—at Pardoners,
Summoners,
Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries
And nunneries, when the wild hour and
the wine

Had set the wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth,
Or Amurath of the East?

Better to sink
Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and fling
Thy royalty back into the riotous fits
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and
mine,

Thy comrade—than to persecute the
Lord,

And play the Saul that never will be Paul.

Burnt, burnt! and while this mitred
Arundel

Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the
flame,

The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his
clerks

Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,
Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness, molten
Into adulterous living, or such crimes
As holy Paul—a shame to speak of
them—

Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted
To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him
Who hacks his mother's throat—denied
to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother
tongue.

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung
down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who
will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar.

Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,
meant

To course and range thro' all the world,
should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the
Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart,
and life

Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how
long,

O Lord, how long!

My friend should meet me here.
Here is the copse, the fountain and—a
Cross!

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor
knees.

Rather to thee, green boscaige, work of
God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfar-
ing-tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn
By this good Wiclif mountain, down from
heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native
tongue—

No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and
drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking me
To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine
arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
blood

And holier. That was heresy. (My good
friend

By this time should be with me.)
'Images?'

'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Penance.'

'Fast,
Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man
repent,

Do penance in his heart, God hears him.'
'Heresy—

No shriven, not saved?' 'What profits
an ill Priest

Between me and my God? I would not
spurn

Good counsel of good friends, but shrive
myself

No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'
(My friend is long in coming.) 'Pil-
grimages?'

'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-
dances, vice.

The poor man's money gone to fat the
friar.

Who reads of begging saints in Scripture?'
—'Heresy'—

(Hath he been here—not found me—gone
again?)

Have I mislearn't our place of meeting?)
'Bread—

Bread left after the blessing?' how they
stared,

That was their main test-question—
glared at me!

'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now He
veils

His flesh in bread, body and bread
together.'

Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd
wolves,

'No bread, no bread. God's body!'
Archbishop, Bishop,

Priors, Canons, Friars, bellringers,
Parish-clerks—

'No bread, no bread!'—'Authority of
the Church,
Power of the keys!'—Then I, God help
me, I

So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two
whole days—

I lost myself and fell from evenness,
And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever since
Sylvester shed the venom of world-wealth
Into the church, had only prov'n them-
selves

Poisoners, murderers. Well—God par-
don all—

Me, them, and all the world—yea, that
proud Priest,

That mock-meek mouth of utter Anti-
christ,

That traitor to King Richard and the
truth,

Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.
Amen!

Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of life
Be by me in my death.

Those three! the fourth
Was like the Son of God! Not burnt
were they.

IV.

On *them* the smell of burning had not
past.

That was a miracle to convert the king.
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arundel

What miracle could turn? *He* here
again,

He thwarting their traditions of Him-
self,

He would be found a heretic to Himself,
And doom'd to burn alive.

So, caught, I burn.
Burn? heathen men have borne as much
as this,

For freedom, or the sake of those they
loved,

Or some less cause, some cause far less
than mine;

For every other cause is less than mine.
The moth will singe her wings, and
sing'd return,

Her love of light quenching her fear of
pain—

How now, my soul, we do not heed the
fire?

Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach'd!
faint as I am,

God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes?
A thousand marks are set upon my
head.

Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it
then!

Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well
disguised,

I knew thee not. Hast thou brought
bread with thee?

I have not broken bread for fifty hours.
None? I am damn'd already by the
Priest

For holding there was bread where bread
was none—

No bread. My friends await me yonder?
Yes.

Lead on then. *Up* the mountain? Is
it far?

Not far. Climb first and reach me down
thy hand.

I am not like to die for lack of bread,
For I must live to testify by fire.¹

¹ He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

F 2

COLUMBUS.

CHAINS, my good lord : in your raised
brows I read
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.
We brought this iron from our isles of
gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit
him
Whom once he rose from off his throne
to greet
Before his people, like his brother king?
I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then
So bearded. Yes. The city deck'd
herself

To meet me, roar'd my name ; the king,
the queen

Bad me be seated, speak, and tell them all
The story of my voyage, and while I
spoke

The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace,
be still !'

And when I ceased to speak, the king,
the queen,

Sank from their thrones, and melted into
tears,

And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and
voice

In praise to God who led me thro' the
waste.

And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to
heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean !
chains

For him who gave a new heaven, a new
earth,

As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles ! chains
for him

Who push'd his prow into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the
Dragon's mouth,

And came upon the Mountain of the
World,

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise !

Chains ! we are Admirals of the Ocean,
we,

We and our sons for ever. Ferdinand
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic
queen—

Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals
we—

Our title, which we never mean to yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,
But our amends for all we might have
done—

The vast occasion of our stronger life—
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in
your Spain,

Lost, showing courts and kings a truth
the babe

Will suck in with his milk hereafter—
earth

A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No.

We fronted there the learning of all
Spain,

All their cosmogonies, their astronomies :
Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the
golden guess

Is morning-star to the full round of truth.
No guess-work ! I was certain of my goal ;
Some thought it heresy, but that would
not hold.

King David call'd the heavens a hide, a
tent

Spread over earth, and so this earth was
flat :

Some cited old Lactantius : could it be
That trees grew downward, rain fell up-
ward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and be-
sides,

The great Augustine wrote that none
could breathe

Within the zone of heat ; so might there
be

Two Adams, two mankind, and that
was clean

Against God's word : thus was I beaten
back,

And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,
And thought to turn my face from Spain,
appeal

Once more to France or England ; but
 our Queen
 Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses
 Were half-assured this earth might be a
 sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
 All glory to the mother of our Lord,
 And Holy Church, from whom I never
 swerved
 Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,
 I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—
 I sail'd
 On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights
 Of my first crew, their curses and their
 groans
 The great flame-banner borne by Tene-
 riffe,
 The compass, like an old friend false at last
 In our most need, appall'd them, and the
 wind
 Still westward, and the weedy seas—at
 length
 The landbird, and the branch with berries
 on it,
 The carven staff—and last the light, the
 light
 On Guanahani ! but I changed the name ;
 San Salvador I call'd it ; and the light
 Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad
 sky
 Of dawning over—not those alien palms,
 The marvel of that fair new nature—not
 That Indian isle, but our most ancient
 East
 Moriah with Jerusalem ; and I saw
 The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat
 Thro' all the homely town from jasper,
 sapphire,
 Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
 Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,
 Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve
 gates,
 Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death
 —I shall die—
 I am written in the Lamb's own Book
 of Life
 • To walk within the glory of the Lord

Sunless and moonless, utter light—but
 no !
 The Lord had sent this bright, strange
 dream to me
 To mind me of the secret vow I made
 When Spain was waging war against
 the Moor—
 I strove myself with Spain against the
 Moor.
 There came two voices from the Sepul-
 chre,
 Two friars crying that if Spain should
 oust
 The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce
 Soldan of Egypt, would break down and
 raze
 The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon I
 vow'd
 That, if our Princes harken'd to my
 prayer,
 Whichever wealth I brought from that new
 world
 Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead
 A new crusade against the Saracen,
 And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Gold ? I had brought your Princes
 gold enough
 If left alone ! Being but a Genovese,
 I am handled worse than had I been a
 Moor,
 And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,
 And given the Great Khan's palaces to
 the Moor,
 Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester
 John,
 And cast it to the Moor : but had I
 brought
 From Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all
 The gold that Solomon's navies carried
 home,
 Would that have gilded me ? Blue blood
 of Spain,
 Tho' quartering your own royal arms of
 Spain,
 I have not : blue blood and black blood
 of Spain,
 The noble and the convict of Castile,
 How'd me from Hispaniola ; for you
 know

The flies at home, that ever swarm about
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur
down

Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd
me so

That even our prudent king, our righteous
queen—

I pray'd them being so calumniated
They would commission one of weight
and worth

To judge between my slander'd self and
me—

Fonseca my main enemy at their court,
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—
who sack'd

My dwelling, seized upon my papers,
loos'd

My captives, feed the rebels of the crown,
Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing,
gave

All but free leave for all to work the
mines,

Drove me and my good brothers home in
chains,

And gathering ruthless gold—a single
piece

Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos
—so

They tell me—weigh'd him down into the
abysm—

The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
The seas of our discovering over-rolled

Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to the
shore.

There was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O
my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between
The thunders in the black Veragua
nights,

'O soul of little faith, slow to believe !
Have I not been about thee from thy
birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-
sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no
more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the
world?

Endure ! thou hast done so well for men,
that men

Cry out against thee : was it otherwise
With mine own Son ?

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when
drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his
voice,

'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the
hand,

Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work his will—
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and
king—

The first discoverer starves—his followers,
all

Flower into fortune—our world's way—
and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
And seeing what a door for scoundrel
scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
Their wives and children Spanish concu-
bines,

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in
blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the
scourge,

Some over-labour'd, some by their own
hands,—

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,
kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of
Spain—

Ah God, the harmless people whom we
 found
 In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!
 Who took us for the very Gods from
 Heaven,
 And we have sent them very fiends from
 Hell;
 And I myself, myself not blameless, I
 Could sometimes wish I had never led
 the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic
 Queen
 Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-
 forted!
 This creedless people will be brought to
 Christ
 And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who
 bore the Cross
 Thither, were excommunicated there,
 For curbing crimes that scandalised the
 Cross,
 By him, the Catalanion Minorite,
 Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe
 These hard memorials of our truth to
 Spain
 Clung closer to us for a longer term
 Than any friend of ours at Court? and yet
 Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd
 with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my
 bed,
 And I will have them buried in my grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are
 God's
 Own voice to justify the dead—perchance
 Spain once the most chivalric race on
 earth,
 Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm
 on earth,
 So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
 To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
 Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.
 Then some one standing by my grave
 will say,
 'Behold the bones of Christopher
 Colón?—

'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean
 —the chains?'—
 I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
 Who then will have to answer, 'These
 same chains
 Bound these same bones back thro' the
 Atlantic sea,
 Which he unchain'd for all the world to
 come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls
 in Hell
 And purgatory, I suffer all as much
 As they do—for the moment. Stay, my
 son
 Is here anon: my son will speak for me
 Ablier than I can in these spasms that
 grind
 Bone against bone. You will not. One
 last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you
 tell
 King Ferdinand who plays with me, that
 one,
 Whose life has been no play with him
 and his
 Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,
 fights,
 Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and
 condoned—
 That I am loyal to him till the death,
 And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic
 Queen,
 Who fain had pledged her jewels on my
 first voyage,
 Whose hope was mine to spread the
 Catholic faith,
 Who wept with me when I return'd in
 chains,
 Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,
 To whom I send my prayer by night and
 day—
 She is gone—but you will tell the King,
 that I,
 Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd
 with pains
 Gain'd in the service of His Highness,
 yet
 Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,

And readier, if the King would hear, to
 lead
 One last crusade against the Saracen,
 And save the Holy Sepulchre from
 thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted : you
 have dared
 Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor
 thanks!
 I am but an alien and a Genovese.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND.
 A.D. 700.)

I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had
 stricken my father dead—
 But I gather'd my fellows together, I
 swore I would strike off his head.
 Each of them look'd like a king, and was
 noble in birth as in worth,
 And each of them boasted he sprang from
 the oldest race upon earth.
 Each was as brave in the fight as the
 bravest hero of song,
 And each of them liefer had died than
 have done one another a wrong.
 He lived on an isle in the ocean—we
 sail'd on a Friday morn—
 He that had slain my father the day
 before I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean,
 and there on the shore was he.
 But a sudden blast blew us out and away
 thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we
 never had touch'd at before,
 Where a silent ocean always broke on a
 silent shore,
 And the brooks glitter'd on in the light
 without sound, and the long
 waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base
 of the mountain walls,
 And the poplar and cypress unshaken by
 storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
 And the pine shot aloft from the crag to
 an unbelievable height,
 And high in the heaven above it there
 flicker'd a songless lark,
 And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull
 couldn't low, and the dog couldn't
 bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but
 never a murmur, a breath—
 It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it
 quiet as death,
 And we hated the beautiful Isle, for
 whenever we strove to speak
 Our voices were thinner and fainter than
 any flittermouse-shrick.
 And the men that were mighty of tongue
 and could raise such a battle-cry
 That a hundred who heard it would rush
 on a thousand lances and die—
 O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—so
 fluster'd with anger were they
 They almost fell on each other; but after
 we sail'd away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we
 landed, a score of wild birds
 Cried from the topmost summit with
 human voices and words;
 Once in an hour they cried, and whenever
 their voices peal'd
 The steer fell down at the plow and the
 harvest died from the field,
 And the men dropt dead in the valleys
 and half of the cattle went lame,
 And the roof sank in on the hearth, and
 the dwelling broke into flame;
 And the shouting of these wild birds ran
 into the hearts of my crew,
 Till they shouted along with the shout-
 ing and seized one another and
 slew;
 But I drew them the one from the other;
 I saw that we could not stay,
 And we left the dead to the birds and we
 sail'd with our wounded away.

v.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers :
 their breath met us out on the seas,
 For the Spring and the middle Summer
 sat each on the lap of the breeze ;
 And the red passion-flower to the cliffs,
 and the dark-blue clematis, clung,
 And star'd with a myriad blossom the
 long convolvulus hung ;
 And the topmost spire of the mountain
 was lilies in lieu of snow,
 And the lilies like glaciers winded down,
 running out below
 Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the
 blaze of gorse, and the blush
 Of millions of roses that sprang without
 leaf or a thorn from the bush ;
 And the whole isle-side flashing down
 from the peak without ever a tree
 Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky
 to the blue of the sea ;
 And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and
 vaunted our kith and our kin,
 And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and
 chanted the triumph of Finn,
 Till each like a golden image was pollen'd
 from head to feet
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with
 thirst in the middle-day heat.
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of
 blossom, but never a fruit !
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we
 hated the isle that was mute,
 And we tore up the flowers by the million
 and flung them in bight and bay,
 And we left but a naked rock, and in
 anger we sail'd away.

vi.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits : all
 round from the cliffs and the capes,
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred
 fathom of grapes,
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun
 on the tawny sand,
 And the fig ran up from the beach and
 rioted over the land,
 And the mountain arose like a jewell'd
 throne thro' the fragrant air,

Glowing with all-colour'd plums and with
 golden masses of pear,
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries
 that flamed upon bine and vine,
 But in every berry and fruit was the
 poisonous pleasure of wine ;
 And the peak of the mountain was apples,
 the hugest that ever were seen,
 And they prest, as they grew, on each other,
 with hardly a leaflet between,
 And all of them redder than rosiest health
 or than utterest shame,
 And setting, when Even descended, the
 very sunset aflame ;
 And we stay'd three days, and we gorged
 and we madden'd, till every one
 drew
 His sword on his fellow to slay him, and
 ever they struck and they slew ;
 And myself, I had eaten but sparingly, and
 fought till I scolded the day,
 Then I bad them remember my father's
 death, and we sail'd away.

vii.

And we came to the Isle of Fire : we were
 lured by the light from afar,
 For the peak sent up one league of fire
 to the Northern Star ;
 Lured by the glare and the blare, but
 scarcely could stand upright,
 For the whole isle shimmer'd and shook
 like a man in a mortal affright ;
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we
 had gorged, and so crazed that at
 last
 There were some leap'd into the fire ;
 and away we sail'd, and we past
 Over that undersea isle, where the water
 is clearer than air :
 Down we look'd : what a garden ! O
 bliss, what a Paradise there !
 Towers of a happier time, low down in
 a rainbow deep
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal
 sleep !
 And three of the gentlest and best of my
 people, whate'er I could say,
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the
 Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where
 the heavens lean low on the land,
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd
 o'er us a sunbright hand,
 Then it open'd and dropt at the side of
 each man, as he rose from his
 rest,
 Bread enough for his need till the labour-
 less day dipt under the West ;
 And we wander'd about it and thro' it.
 O never was time so good !
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and
 the boast of our ancient blood,
 And we gazed at the wandering wave as
 we sat by the gurgle of springs,
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards
 and the glories of fairy kings ;
 But at length we began to be weary, to
 sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the
 sunbright hand of the dawn,
 For there was not an enemy near, but the
 whole green Isle was our own,
 And we took to playing at ball, and we
 took to throwing the stone,
 And we took to playing at battle, but
 that was a perilous play,
 For the passion of battle was in us, we
 slew and we sail'd away.

IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and
 heard their musical cry—
 'Come to us, O come, come' in the
 stormy red of a sky
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of
 dawn on the beautiful shapes,
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood
 on each of the loftiest capes,
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like
 white sea-birds in a row,
 And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced
 on the wrecks in the sand below,
 And a hundred splash'd from the ledges,
 and bosom'd the burst of the
 spray,
 But I knew we should fall on each other,
 and hastily sail'd away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle
 of the Double Towers,
 One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved
 all over with flowers,
 But an earthquake always moved in the
 hollows under the dells,
 And they shock'd on each other and butted
 each other with clashing of bells,
 And the daws flew out of the Towers and
 jangled and wrangled in vain,
 And the clash and boom of the bells rang
 into the heart and the brain,
 Till the passion of battle was on us, and
 all took sides with the Towers,
 There were some for the clean-cut stone,
 there were more for the carven
 flowers,
 And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd
 over us all the day,
 For the one half slew the other, and after
 we sail'd away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who
 had sail'd with St. Brendan of
 yore,
 He had lived ever since on the Isle and
 his winters were fifteen score,
 And his voice was low as from other
 worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
 And his white hair sank to his heels and
 his white beard fell to his feet,
 And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let
 be this purpose of thine !'
 Remember the words of the Lord when
 he told us "Vengeance is mine !"
 His fathers have slain thy fathers in war
 or in single strife,
 Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each
 taken a life for a life,
 Thy father had slain his father, how long
 shall the murder last ?
 Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer
 the Past to be Past.'
 And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and
 we pray'd as we heard him pray,
 And the Holy man he assail'd us, and
 sadly we sail'd away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown
from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I
saw him and let him be.
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble,
the strife and the sin,
When I landed again, with a tithe of my
men, on the Isle of Finn.

DE PROFUNDIS:

THE TWO GREETINGS.

I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddyding
light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Thro' all this changing world of change-
less law,
And every phase of ever-heightening life.
And ninelong months of autumnal gloom.
With this last moon, this crescent—her
dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest,
darling boy;
Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine
in one,
Indissolubly married like our love;
Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young
life
Breaking with laughter from the dark;
and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy
course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshatter'd; then full-current thro' full
man;

And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are
still.

II.

I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that great deep, before our world
begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he
will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that true world within the world
we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding
shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the
hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling
boy.

I.

For in the world, which is not ours, They
said
'Let us make man' and that which
should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and
moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit
half-lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being
born
And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
space
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite
One,
Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in
all—

Live thou! and of the grain and husk,
 the grape
 And ivyberry, choose; and still depart
 From death to death thro' life and life,
 and find
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who
 wrought
 Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
 But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
 With power on thine own act and on the
 world.

THE HUMAN CRY.

I.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluiah!—
 Infinite Ideality!
 Immeasurable Reality!
 Infinite Personality!
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou
 and in Thee;
 We feel we are something—that also has
 come from Thee;
 We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt
 help us to be.
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah!

PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fled to far and fast
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the
 skill
 Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
 Have charter'd this; where, mindful of
 the past,
 Our true co-mates regather round the
 mast;
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common
 will
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the
 blast;
 For some, descending from the sacred
 peak

Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued
 again
 Their lot with ours to rove the world
 about;
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn to
 seek
 If any golden harbour be for men
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of
 Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOK-
FIELD.

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that knew
 you best,
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth
 my rhymes,
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's
 chimes!
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and
 guest,
 Would echo helpless laughter to your
 jest!
 How oft with him we paced that walk of
 limes,
 Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden
 times,
 Who loved you well! Now both are gone
 to rest.
 You man of humorous-melancholy mark,
 Dead of some inward agony—is it so?
 Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away!
 I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark:
 Σκιὰς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
 God bless you. I shall join you in a
 day.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle
 sails,
 They kept their faith, their freedom, on
 the height,
 Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and
 night
 Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere
 scales
 Their headlong passes, but his footstep
 fails,

And red with blood the Crescent reels
 from fight
 Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone
 flight
 By thousands down the crags and thro'
 the vales.
 O smallest among peoples! rough rock-
 throne
 Of Freedom! warriors beating back the
 swarm
 Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
 Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
 Black ridges drew the cloud and brake
 the storm
 Has breathed a race of mightier moun-
 taineers.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,
 Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and
 fears,

French of the French, and Lord of human
 tears;
 Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels
 glance
 Darkening the wreaths of all that would
 advance,
 Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy
 peers;
 Weird Titan by thy winter weight of
 years
 As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of
 France!
 Who dost not love our England—so they
 say;
 I know not—England, France, all man
 to be
 Will make one people ere man's race be
 run:
 And I, desiring that diviner day,
 Yield thee full thanks for thy full
 courtesy
 To younger England in the boy my son.

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having
 sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with
 the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading
 England, was defeated by Athelstan and his
 brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunan-
 burh in the year 937.

I.

1 ATHELSTAN King,
 Lord among Earls,
 Bracelet-bestower and
 Baron of Barons,
 He with his brother,
 Edmund Atheling,
 Gaining a lifelong
 Glory in battle,
 Slew with the sword-edge
 There by Brunanburh,

¹ I have more or less availed myself of my
 son's prose translation of this poem in the *Con-
 temporary Review* (November 1876).

Brake the shield-wall,
 Hew'd the lindenwood,²
 Hack'd the battleshield,
 Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness
 Got from their Grandsires—
 Theirs that so often in
 Strife with their enemies
 Struck for their hoards and their hearths
 and their homes.

III.

Bow'd the spoiler,
 Bent the Scotsman,
 Fell the shipcrews
 Doom'd to the death.
 All the field with blood of the fighters
 Flow'd, from when first the great
 Sun-star of morningtide,
² Shields of lindenwood.

Lamp of the Lord God
 Lord everlasting,
 Glode over earth till the glorious creature
 Sank to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man
 Marr'd by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield.
 There was the Scotsman
 Weary of war.

V.

We the West-Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies

Troubled the track of the host that we
 hated,
 Grimly with swords that were sharp from
 the grindstone,
 Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before
 us.

VI.

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand-play,
 Sparing not any of
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bark's-bosom,
 Drew to this island:
 Doom'd to the death.

VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-
 stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fled to his warship:
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
 in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar-headed hero!

X.

Slender warrant had
 He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives—
 He that was rest of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war!

XI.

Slender reason had
 He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-glaive—
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties—
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter—
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelin,
 The crash of the charges,¹
 The wielding of weapons—
 The play that they play'd with
 The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nail'd prow
 Parted the Norsemen, a
 Blood-redden'd relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep-
 sea billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dy-
 flen² again,
 Shamed in their souls.

¹ Lit. 'the gathering of men.' ² Dublin.

XIII.

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own West-Saxon-
land,
Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin—
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear it,
and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend
it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge
it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

XV.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

ACHILLES OVER THE
TRENCH.

ILIAD, XVIII. 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and
round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas
flung
Her fringed ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden
cloud,

And from it lighted an all-shining
flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to
heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous
war
From their own city, but with set of
sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the
glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neigh-
bours round
May see, and sail to help them in the
war;
So from his head the splendour went to
heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood,
nor join'd
The Achæans—honouring his wise
mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far
away
Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the
foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet
shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a
town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidès;
And when the brazen cry of Æakidès
Was heard among the Trojans, all their
hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned horses
whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs
at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Pelæion's
head
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made
it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty
shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and
allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest
died
Among their spears and chariots.

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA
ON HER MARRIAGE.

O YOU that were eyes and light to the
King till he past away
From the darkness of life—
He saw not his daughter—he blest her :
the blind King sees you to-day,
He blesses the wife.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

NOT here ! the white North has thy
bones ; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

TO DANTE.

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE
FLORENTINES.)

KING, that hast reign'd six hundred years,
and grown
In power, and ever growest, since thine
own
Fair Florence honouring thy nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse from
me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades
away.

THE END.